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ARE WOMEN A FAILURE IN POLITICS?

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EVERY one has had his say about women in politics except the woman in politics. The man who didn't believe in suffrage breaks forth periodically to show how it has failed; the neutral woman essayist gives her opinion as to the mistakes the women are making; the man who thought it would reform the universe reveals his disillusionment; the woman who expected to remake a man-made world bewails her disappointment. Only the women who have deliberately gone into politics have been silent. Isn't it time that one of them should give her answer as to what women have done or gained in politics since women were given the franchise?

As such a woman I undertake the task. I may speak with authority. I am a professional politician. By that I mean that when ex-suffragists were faced with one of three choices: namely, to forget politics entirely now they have the vote; to continue to do political work through non-partisan or bi-partisan organizations; or to enter a political party and attempt to function therein—I chose the last. I became a member of my party, a ward worker, a member of a partisan committee, a nominal leader of the women of my party and, finally, by election, First Vice-Chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

This development is interesting because its steps are somewhat the steps of progress of the women into politics in the United States. But I mention it here merely as my credentials to speak for the women in politics.

If I were asked the straight question, "Have women done anything in politics, are women in politics?" I should say, "Yes and no." Let me take first my "No." Women have passed no laws. They have made no changes in party procedure, in campaign managements or tactics. They have affected to a slight degree the choice of candidates for important offices. They have not influenced party platforms or performances. Few have been elected to political offices. Few are placed in appointive offices of power.

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I know of no woman to-day who has any influence or political power because she is a woman. I know of no woman who has a following of women. I know of no politician who is afraid of the woman vote on any question under the sun. I can hear someone say quickly, "Not even the repeal of the 18th Amendment?" And I answer, "Not even the repeal of the 18th Amendment." The politicians who say that it cannot be repealed are thinking of the votes of *the people* of those southern and western states who favor Prohibition. The politicians of those states where *the people* favor this repeal believe it can be repealed.

Since women have had the vote but three pieces of legislation have passed the National Congress because of the activities and desires of women. One of these was a resolution calling for an amendment to the National Constitution making it possible for Congress to pass Child Labor laws. While this was urged and desired by men in large numbers and backed by an organization officered by men, much of the work, most of it in fact, was done by women, so that they may fairly call its passage their achievement. And when this amendment was sent to the States for ratification it met a vigorous opposition directed by business organizations mostly controlled by men, although numbering some women among their members and appealing to many women. It may fairly be said therefore that the Opposition was largely the work of men. This is the nearest to a definite woman and man line-up which has yet appeared. But there is hardly a doubt that the husbands of the women who desired this legislation and the wives of those who opposed it would, in case of a vote, be counted with their wives or husbands as the case might be. It, too, becomes then largely a line-up on economic and social lines.

Now what does all this mean? That women have no influence in politics? That the vote does them no good? That suffrage is a failure? By no means. A large organization of men, the American Federation of Labor, was deeply interested in the ratification of this amendment. Does it mean that they have no influence, or that man suffrage is a failure? No one would be so stupid as to contend that it does.

What these facts indicate is simply this: There is no woman block. Those who thought that suffrage would mean that women would organize along sex lines, nominate women, urge special legislation, vote en masse have a right to be disappointed. Woman suffrage has not yielded them their heart's desire. The women who have mated with men and borne men-children for countless ages have not decided to go off and wage political war against husbands and sons. The women who are daughters of fathers as well as mothers are not going to think differently from all men on any subject. The women who are open to the same prejudices, prey to the same emotions, worshipers of the same ideals as men will not be mobilized by any appeal to which men will prove invulnerable. In short, the events have shown what every rational person knew—that sex is not a line separating the brains, the prejudices, the ideals of men from women, and that manhood suffrage was not the only defense that kept men and women from civic and political warfare. Those to whom it was a bogie and those to whom it was a hope have both been enlightened. Woman suffrage did not mobilize a woman block.

I come now to my first answer, "Yes." Women have done something in politics. They count there.

When the question of woman suffrage was first discussed fifty years ago, one heard no talk of what women would do with the ballot, how they would reform the earth; one did not hear that they had a social instinct deeper than men's and would consider human interests more than property interests. What women like Susan B. Anthony asked was that women should have equal

rights as human beings before the law. They contended that the denial of suffrage was the denial of a right and that without it they were handicapped before the law as individuals. Take Susan B. Anthony herself. She had a brain that men flattered her by calling a man's brain. She was interested in abolition, in the tariff, in politics. She wanted to pass on her ideas. She wanted to write them into laws. But no, she was a woman. She did not even have a vote. She could neither express her opinions at the polls nor was it thinkable that she should, no matter what her ability, ever expect to occupy any place of power such as that of Congressman, or even Justice of the Peace. Of course the laws reflected the same unfairness to women. This would be righted if she could vote for the men who made these laws. It was for such reasons that the early suffragists dared abuse, ridicule, persecution in order to ask that women as well as men might vote. It was arguments they presented in those days, not promises. They talked of justice, of opportunity for themselves. When told that it was unwomanly, for instance, for a woman to wish to vote and speak in public, they asked why more unwomanly than to scrub. When told that marriage and a home was woman's opportunity, and she should not yearn for political place, they asked what about the woman who had no invitation to marriage and no home except another's. When told that politics was a man's prerogative, they asked who gave it to him. It was only after they realized, these courageous women, that it was an emotional and sentimental sex of whom they must win this right, that some of them hit upon an emotional, a sentimental appeal—namely that women would ennoble and purify politics.

The sociological reformers, a later school of suffragists, picked up this argument and enlarged on it, concluding it would put the vote into the hand of "the conserver of human life, the part of society interested primarily in human rights rather than property ones." These women were reformers first and suffragists only as a means; but those early suffragists, how they must have stuck their tongues in their cheeks! They were rationalists. They knew that women would be no better in their use of suffrage than they were in their use of money. Those who were willing to live off money ill-gotten or who asked no questions as to how it was come by would be willing to support laws that gave them and their family unfair advantages. They knew women would vote their own interests. They could not expect that one-half of a family would be fighting for a property right and the other half fighting against it. They knew that women would be as foolish, as easily led as men on issues, on candidates. But they believed that not for nothing Eve ate the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. They wanted their chance to live in the world.

Now at last long after those suffragists are dust the suffrage comes to women. And we forget about the equal rights for which they fought, and bewail that women have not stood for idealism and unselfish legislation.

Those early suffragists were not feminists, not at least in any sense of dividing sex against sex. What they wanted was a chance to move out of the narrow confines of the sphere fixed for their sex and into a larger sphere where they might function as human beings. What they saw was a world of human beings in which sex played only that part reserved for sexual functioning and did not regulate the whole duty and experience of women.

What these suffragists would ask, if they came down to earth to-day, would not be whether women had elected women to office, but whether some woman had been elected by the people! Not whether women had forced the passage of welfare legislation but whether any woman had had a part in framing general legislation. And by the answers to those questions would they measure the

success or failure of suffrage. Remembering the state of the public mind when they began their fight and the length of time it took to change it, they would not ask for many officers or much legislation. They would probably be content wth very small signs if only they indicated a change in the right direction.

Two women Governors of States! They would pounce upon this fact with joy. They would read that sentence thus: Two women, Governors of States! Not two women-governors of States. The cause of their joy would be that two women had been enabled to become governors, and not that two states had women for governors; for setting that fact against the intermingled dismay and fury such a situation would have caused in their day, they would realize, as we do not, that it indicates a change in the whole attitude of society. And such indeed it is. That neither one of these governors was the candidate of women, that she had never consorted with suffragists, and had had no training with the organized women of her state, would not mitigate a trifle the joy of these women. If some sex-conscious feminist of to-day strove to call their attention to the fact that one of these governors had been elected as the widow to carry out her husband's program, they would doubtless retort, "My dear child, inheritance of a man's political assets by a woman is a great step forward. Why, in our day, a woman did not even inherit her own money, or her own child, let alone the opportunities and the responsibilities that she and her husband had built up together." As to the suggestion that the other governor had been elected as the agent of her husband, the risibilities of the old suffragists would probably not allow them to make answer. Remembering the Hypatias and the Pompadours who had been the inspirers and advisors of men, not to mention the Eugenies and the Louises and the Isabellas, how their funny-bones would ache to see a dominant male reduced to self-expression through a woman agent! And yet how surely would they realize, as too many feminists do not, that it is indeed a new day for women when an electorate will ratify such an agency.

The truth is that we who have seen this new day dawn without a brilliant sunrise do not take in the whole significance of these women governors. They were elected for political reasons. One may or may not approve the reasons. The fertile fact, so far as suffrage is concerned, is that their sex was not a serious handicap.

The defeat of a woman candidate is usually attributed by press and public and her own friends to the fact that she is a woman. It is probably true that if sex were the only difference between political nominees, as it is between the circus charioteers, the woman nominee would probably lose the campaign as often as the Roman maiden wins the race, and for the same psychological reason. But as no political contest between a man and a woman on sex qualifications, or even on personal qualifications, has yet been waged, this is a surmise. Too many elements enter into a contest between nominees of opposing parties to justify any one into interpreting defeat for the nominee who happens to be a woman as a defeat because she is a woman. In the case of Mrs. Oleson, the little David went against a Goliath who had been twelve years "selling himself" as a savior to a people outraged with their economic wrongs. In the case of Mrs. Hooper, candidate for the United States Senate from Wisconsin, this gifted and devoted woman went against another Goliath who for years had overthrown all comers. At that, she ran ahead of the men on her ticket.

On the other hand, take the women who have won public office. Wyoming wanted a governor who would carry out the program of the one who had died. Mrs. Ross was the most available person to do that job. It therefore chose her. Texas wanted to punish the Klan and approve a man who would fight them. The election of Mrs. Ferguson would do

both. The fact that these candidates were women counted not at all. They were elected on issues. Surely it is something gained for women that their sex does not count against them with the voters who believe they are right on issues and have confidence in their performance.

Those who expected to see a horde of women office holders spring up over night may shrug their shoulders deprecatingly. Not many, they may say: two governors out of forty-eight, and no senators. True, it is a small beginning. But it is a beginning. It points the direction in which we are moving. And for those with eyes to see it does more. It shows the way by which a woman can move into office, namely by becoming identified in the public mind with issues of which it approves and by winning that public's confidence as to performance—which is exactly the way by which a man comes into office. It is equality. Those early suffragists did not ask a government for and by women. They would have hated a matriarchate. And the fact that in four years of suffrage only two women had become governors would not dishearten them. They would say that probably only two women had qualified. Nor would they look forward to a preponderance of women governors. They would hardly expect half and half. They would ask only that which has happened in the cases of these two — that sex should not count.

What the feminists of to-day charge is that Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Ferguson were identified with issues and gained the confidence of the voters because of their husbands, that they do not owe their election to their own endeavor. This may be true, though I have known wives of popular public men whom the voter would not trust. But whether true or not, it has no bearing on women's way to office-holding unless it can be proved that wifehood is the only road to identification with public issues and the public confidence. It is perhaps the easiest one. The wives who have inherited their husband's following and policies have the same advantage over the women who have come into public life since the suffrage that the heir to a fortune has over the boy his own age who must win it for himself. They inherit what other women must earn. Nevertheless it can be earned. It is possible for women to become identified with issues and to win confidence by other means than by inheritance, but it takes much longer. Public confidence is difficult to capture. It takes a long acquaintance, much publicity, or great gifts to win it. Is it much wonder that few, if any women, have done it in five years?

In many of the State legislatures there are women on their way. They are becoming identified with policies, building up a reputation for achievement and ability, acquiring a following. Some of them will run for Congress before long and win. Then they may have some chance for the Senate. That we have no women senators is cited as one proof of the failure of suffrage. Occasionally men have sprung overnight into senatorships; but when one remembers the competition for membership in that body, the slow process by which one wins that membership—a process which one might call a survival of the politically fit—is it so strange that in four years of political majority no woman has outdistanced every man in her state who has had his eye upon it, the millionaires who could buy their way to it, the politicians who have been fighting their way towards it, the men with opportunities to meet voters, to please and advantage henchmen, to satisfy business colleagues, the public servants who have in this or other places served constituents faithfully for twenty or more years, aye, even the statesmen — and there are some in the Senate — whose integrity and intellects have revised constitutions, made fiscal policies, led a nation through a victorious war?

There has been much surprise expressed that so few women in the old suffrage movement or from the women's clubs have made a place for themselves in politics or secured political recognition. But it should not be surprising if one realizes how little the general voting public knew of women's organizations before suffrage and recognizes how zealous these same organizations have been to keep their policies out of politics since suffrage.

My own opinion is that the interests of the club women are too remote from the political interests of the general public to make club work a springboard into public office. Even those items on club programs that might make a direct appeal to public opinion have been so divorced from political fortunes that the identification of a woman with them is seldom a political asset. It is true that club activity often gains for a woman favorable introduction to the people through the public press; but since her political neutrality is usually emphasized—and must be if she is to hold the confidence of the bi-partisan club women—the public pigeonholes her as a non-political person. And it is extremely difficult to force the public or the press to take a person out of the category into which she has once been sorted.

Naturally, the winning of suffrage focused attention on the large organizations of women. It was assumed generally that they represented a sex-conscious group that would seek to make a direct contribution to politics. The press and public therefore saw political method and significance in all they did. When these organizations did not take political leadership, the same public and press criticized them harshly for political ineptitude. The assumption was unfair. Neither the groups organized before suffrage nor the one organized afterwards are political organizations.

To understand the relation of the national organizations of women to politics one must recall how they came into being. Many years ago women joined in clubs for cultural improvement or for pleasure. They found it desirable to meet with other clubs and exchange ideas. Gradually a system of federation was developed. Partly because their study showed the need for improvement of social conditions, and partly because their Anglo-Saxon consciences required a justification for the pleasure found in conventions, the various federations undertook programs of social reform. It is important to remember that the reforms were not the cause of the local organizations. They were its by-products. One does not make an issue out of a by-product. One does not go into politics for it. And the women's organizations did not do either. They have pursued the even tenor of their pre-suffrage way, raising standards of good living, studying health conditions and ways to improve them, urging good citizenship. I have no desire to belittle the good accomplished by these organizations. They have been effective agencies for improving social conditions and will continue to be. But they are of no more political significance than the Federation of Churches or the American Bar Association.

We might infer from its name that one at least of the women's national organizations, the League of Women Voters, is a political organization. Perhaps its founders had such ambitions for it when they gave it that name. But what it has become is an organization of people interested in good government—and to that end in educating women for citizenship, getting out the vote, devising methods for greater efficiency in government—who happen to be women and voters, rather than an organization of women-voters who are employing their votes to make these results "woman's contribution to politics."

It is true that women make up its membership, but this is because the enfranchisement of women offered an opportunity to arouse the interest of new voters in these subjects. It could be composed of men and women without

changing its program or procedure one iota, and many men do give money to its support. It is true that it was woman's suffrage that made the organization possible, but that is because disfranchised people could not discuss these matters and seek to improve government without savoring of the ridiculous. It would be like the halt teaching the able-bodied how to walk. Yet so far as its political action or method is concerned, it could as well be made up of disfranchised persons.

The place of the League in our system is somewhat similar to that of the Chamber of Commerce or the American Federation of Labor or some one of the great agricultural organizations. Like them, it is composed of people with common interests and ideas. It employs similar methods of publicity and attack and backs specific measures that will accomplish its designs. Its relation to the public and to the government is the same as theirs. The difference lies in their purposes. While each of the other organizations is founded on a common economic need and a common economic interest, the League is founded on a common social need, the need that many people feel to serve what they think to be the public good; and it enables them to unite to do this service just as the Chamber of Commerce enables business men to unite in the service of business. It has as much political import as the Chamber of Commerce, and no more.

Since the altruism of most families, like their religion, is in the women's hands, the larger share of this welfare work naturally falls to the women. Consequently the larger part of it will be done by the women's organizations, although they may be financed to a very large extent by the kind of men who have the same social urge.

Naturally, since their membership is women, the leaders of these organizations are women. This leadership gives certain individual women great prestige and influence. It enables them to have a very great influence on affairs. Mrs. Catt, Mrs. Parke, Miss Sherwin, Mrs. Winter, Mrs. Sherman, Mrs. Pennypacker—these are names to conjure with. Because the members of these organizations follow them, because their leadership gives them a great public audience, because women who attain these positions are persons of ability and power, what they say and think and do becomes socially and politically important.

But let us be very clear about this. They are heard, not because they are women and not even because they are leaders of women, but because they speak for the organized social sense of this country. Just as the Chamber of Commerce speaks for Business, so they speak for Altruism or Welfare. If the old suffragists were to see one of them in conference at the White House or in the office of some senator she would say, "Eureka! At last there are some women who wield influence." And the fact that they were discussing the World Court or a Child Labor Amendment would not confuse the thinking of an Anna Howard Shaw. She would see that there was more "equality" and power in leadership of a group than in leadership of a sex.

I am not unaware of the Women's Joint Legislative Committee composed of a representative from each of the large national organizations of women which lobbies before the National Congress for social legislation. So long as there are lobbyists for any special interests, there should surely be lobbyists for this welfare group. Some of the measures for which they work are welfare measures; some are educational; and one, at least—that for adherence to the World Court—is administrative. But there are many organizations employing lobbyists before Congress. Interest in legislation does not of itself give to any organization a political character.

I would not be misunderstood in this matter. Political importance both these women's organizations and their leaders undoubtedly have; the same sort possessed by the American Federation of Labor or the National Association of

Manufacturers. Their political importance gives them some influence, the amount variable and the effect indirect, on legislation and political action. Politicians, nominees, platform committees, and public officials try to please them, for their action is reaction to just such groups. This influence however, is very different from the direct action that too many people attribute to them.

Perhaps it would be as well to clarify my use of the word "political," which may have a different meaning for different people. A prominent member of a woman's organization said to me not long ago, "The political method is dickering and bargaining. You give up something and get something. We don't employ that method." To me the political method is the using of votes to get results. What you give is a vote and what you get is victory or defeat for your candidate or your measure. In this sense none of the women's organizations is "political."

Yet the view that the women's organizations are of political character, and therefore antagonistic to, or competitive of the political parties, is all too common. It is a view that has hampered the work of the women's organizations and caused them to put an emphasis on non-partisanship which is sometimes almost ludicrous, as for instance when every speaker of one party must be neatly balanced by one of another. It has obscured the work being done by the women who are really in politics. The sooner, therefore, that these organizations are recognized for what they are, the largest and the most effective social welfare and educational groups in the country, who happen for social reasons to be composed of women and incidentally voters, the better for them and for women in politics.

Whatever the old suffragists may have thought, politics does not mean to the average person to-day office-holding or influencing legislation. It means attending conventions, choosing nominees, and possibly electing them. What part, the average person would ask, have women taken in the selection of Presidential nominees? Analyzed, this means what part do women take in party committeeships and conventions?

When asked this question, I always feel tempted to answer—as much part as the average man citizen who has never made a business of politics. It is the truth but not, perhaps, illuminating. To be illuminating one would need discuss the whole question of boss rule, machine politics, the insignificance of the isolated voter, the power in "organization," the qualities of leadership, and the psychology of the follower, and that I have not space to do.

I said that my experience was typical of the way of women into politics. I have been a voter but five years. And I am Vice-Chairman of a National Committee. No man with so short a political experience as mine could hope to win such a position. No man who had done so little "for the party." No man who can do so little for the party.

Some women were protesting to a national leader that no woman had been invited into a caucus called to decide upon a policy. The leader said to them, "I have been twenty-five years qualifying to be of service in such a caucus. That is why I shall be there. What woman would you suggest?" Yet because he did not wish to offend these women and to give the impression that women were excluded because they were women, this man invited me into the caucus. I have no illusions that I contributed anything to that caucus. For me to have done so one of two things would have been necessary: Either my ability and opinion should have commanded the confidence of the other members, or I should have been able to speak with authority for an impressive group of voters. I could do neither. I have not been functioning long enough in politics for the men of the caucus to have had enough evidence of my ability to have confidence in it, and I had not been sent there by a group of sex-conscious

women voters united on behalf of any special political policy. I was simply stage furniture and nothing more.

Many times during the hectic days at the Madison Square Convention women came to me, and men too, and begged that I would call a meeting of the women and urge them to put an end to the deadlock. Some of those who came thought such a meeting would benefit their candidate. Some actually thought that the women might take some dramatic action that would really save the situation. But when I asked them if they thought the McAdoo women would abandon their candidate before the McAdoo men or that the Smith women would give up to McAdoo before the Smith men did, there was no answer. And any action that could be taken meant one or the other of these things. What they refused to see was that the women in the convention had been sent by the same state conventions as the men on their delegation, that they represented the same voters, the same ideas, and policies. The women at the convention have been blamed for the deadlock. It has been said they were less ready than the men to compromise. When I hear that I think of the City Boss who told me "the third day out" that the trouble with the women was that they would not stay hitched, that they changed their minds so often. Some of his delegates had opinions of their own, it seemed. The last day the same man said, "The trouble with the women is that they can't compromise. They won't give up." Women may perhaps take consolation in the thought that one does not blame figureheads.

The women at that convention, it must be remembered, did not come there as women but as Democrats. The hallucination that women have a special sex-cohesion or reaction is persistent, and it is the persistence of this hallucination that makes for all this stupid expectation of what women will do in politics and disappointment that they do not.

In a certain state a woman now holds the position of Secretary of the State Committee. But she was not elected to the place because she was a woman. She was elected because the majority of the Committee wanted her, because she has the confidence of the men who rule the party in that state. She is a lawyer. She has worked with men both in and out of politics. Her opinion is valued and sought. She serves the whole party. She is not stage furniture. She is a political factor in her own right.

Sometimes the stage-scenery women resent a woman like this, for her success serves to emphasize the artificiality of their own position. Yet they should not. They should realize that all that their positions as women vice-chairmen and women secretaries can give them is an opportunity to show to the voters and to their co-workers what political stuff is in them: an opportunity they might never have had they to win their position against the men in the party by a fair fight and no favor. If they make the most of that opportunity, if they have political ability, if they win the confidence of voters, then they, too, will become political factors in their own right. Their stage places give them the advantage which Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Ferguson gained from their wifehood—an opportunity to identify themselves with an issue and an audience. But it brings also a disadvantage. The man politician does not like the "official woman"—the woman who is elected because she is a woman—and she has to break down this prejudice before she can embrace her opportunity. This cannot be done by conflict or by antagonism. Confidence must be won and not demanded. She must make these men forget, if she can, that she is a woman; then she must prove to them by demonstration that she has ability, that she can deliver. This is not easy. But then the way for a woman into politics is neither wide nor smooth. It is an arduous rocky ascent over bristles and stones. Small wonder that it is not crowded.

How long special places will be set for women because women cannot earn them for themselves through political contest one does not predict. But as more and more women come to earn places as individuals the special places will probably disappear.

For the present they are necessary, not only to encourage the women and place them on a more equal footing with the men, but as a practical proposition. Politicians do not stop to cure the public of hallucinations. They try to satisfy them. And this stage setting satisfies the hallucination of woman-cohesiveness. It also serves to encourage women to come into partisan politics. The politicians want them inside badly enough to offer them inducements—not because they love them inside but because they fear them outside. On the woman's part, too, it is a practical proposition. With the exception of the wives and a few lawyers and professional women, it is the only way they could get into partisan politics. And they know it and welcome it.

The battle of woman suffrage was a fight to win opportunity for women. Already it has won for some women an opportunity to become governors, a few to become congressmen, one to become a judge of a State Supreme Court, many to reach appointive offices, more to be elected to state legislatures and county offices. It has opened the door of party organizations. It has placed women in state and national conventions. It has won for all women a right to political opinions. To those who asked nothing more and expected nothing less this is not a bad showing for five years of woman suffrage.

And do I mean to say that woman suffrage will not change politics at all, that the woman voter will not remake the world? Have women in business made any difference in the ways of offices, their atmosphere, and their manners? Have women buyers and women clerks made any change in stores? Have they made any change in the professions, in industry, in the arts? So much and no more can they be expected to make in politics.

NEW DELIGHTS

BY W. H. DAVIES

DAY after day I find some new delight:
It was the grass that pressed upon my cheeks,
That had a touch as soft as Death's, when he
Comes to a sleeping child that never wakes.

And now the wind and rain: it was the rain
That made the wind reveal his breath at last;
But 'twas the wind that, traveling high and far,
Furrowed the Heavens with clouds from east to west.

And when the night has come, perhaps the Moon,
With her round face all shining clear and bright,
Will ride the dark, humped clouds with camels' backs—
And end my day with that last new delight.

HOLY LAND

A STORY

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

THE blond man across the table from me, the man with a cheery, knowing squint, gossiped in a mixture of languages about Egyptian politics. Very gently the *Venetia* rolled on her way to Alexandria. The blue Mediterranean sea line, visible through the porthole at my left, rose and dipped by but an inch or two. I listened carefully to the blond man. But haphazard, half-articulate sounds farther to my right stole upon me with a winning, teasing familiarity. The blond man became for a moment intent upon his food and I heard a woman's voice, clear now even above a swishing on the deck without:

"I don't think much of *this* chicken, do you, Lew?"

Two thick, bulgy men separated me from the speaker. I had to crane a little. She was frankly middle-aged, tall, thin, wistful—wistful yet positive. She sucked her teeth in a comfortable self-satisfied way at the memory of the real chicken to which she was accustomed at home. Her husband, large, comfortable, fleshy, turned to her a kindly, crinkled, shrewd face.

"We've had worse'n this."

"I'd like to know where!"

"Oh, at a lot o' these places."

His vivid, unimaginative gray eyes met mine. He saw that I understood and grinned a grin of male fellowship. He almost winked as he said to her but, obviously, for me to overhear:

"The drinks are a whole lot better."

She followed his glance and, also for my benefit, gurgled in her genuine though so belated girlishness:

"Why, Lew Morrison, I'm surprised at you!"

A few minutes later I came upon them on deck. She was resting on her deck chair, eager even in her reclining position; Morrison was standing by the railing, generously moistening the end of a handsome American cigar. He nodded and said:

"I *thought* you were an American!"

In a moment, under his drily humorous, tolerant glance she was telling me about them, about herself. She spurted. It wasn't the tourist season. Americans had evidently been few. Since she could speak only English and that, as she said, maybe "not so good," she was famished for communication.

"We're from Albion, Wisconsin. Did you ever hear of it? It's quite a town. Oh, yes, we've been all over Europe. London and Paris and Venice. Did you see the churchyard where Gray wrote his elegy? Didn't you just love it? London was crowded. Oh, wasn't it *just?* But the Exposition was dandy!"

"And now," I said, "you're going East too."

She leaned forward; she tucked a wisp of straight brownish hair back under her Leghorn traveling hat. The wistfulness in her face was more marked now than the positiveness, than the communicativeness.

"I always felt like I wanted to see the places where our Lord lived. We're not so terribly religious." There was a queer

little apology in her voice. She meant, of course, that they weren't bigoted and rancorous. But I knew that from the way she had teased her husband about drinking. "I've always though—" She stopped. She was articulate enough in her way. But any speech beyond the special formulas of her environment found her shy. I sat down on an unoccupied chair beside her. She looked away from me. "It's like this. We're Congregationalists. But my father—he's been dead for years and years—he was a Methodist minister. I want to tell you he was a saint if ever there was one. You know that old hymn, 'There is a green hill far away'?" A faint beautiful emotion came into her eyes. "The way father used to repeat that! When I was about sixteen father had a charge in a little bit of a town in Southern Wisconsin. We lived right next to a little white church. My, but that was a quiet place! Sunday you didn't hear a sound hardly. Just the bell of the church and maybe a rooster crowing. You know the people in that congregation didn't have much of an education. Of course we've sent our boy and girl—I've got to show you their pictures—up to Madison. But in those days it was different. Well, I want to tell you, my father just told his people about Jesus. You just felt's if you could see Nazareth and Galilee and all the places that our Saviour was in, you know. And somehow"—she straightened up and brightened up into her more conventional self—"I've always said that early impressions last longest. Don't you think so yourself? My, but it's a grand day!"

Morrison had turned around. He stood facing us with his broad, crinkly, indulgent smile.

"Tell you a secret about the wife. The ladies got up some sort of a club in Albion a couple o' years ago. She's quite a leader in it. Well, they read papers there about . . . about authors, say, or the trips they've been on. So the wife sort of figured out that if we took this trip she'd certainly have an original subject!" He laughed a merry but subterranean kind of a laugh—an inward chuckle. She was accustomed to his teasing. Her protest was a formula: "Why, Lew Morrison, how can you say that!"

I got up and joined him at the railing. He rolled his cigar comfortably. His tone was intimate—man to man.

"We had a pretty good year up our way. I'm in the contracting business 'n connected with the First National of Albion. The farmers had money—all of 'em, seems like. Well, I'd just as soon 've gone to Florida or to the Coast. But she"—he nodded toward his wife—"wanted to take this trip. It's been kind of a dream she's had. Just like she told you. Well, I'm having a good time, all right. They got some mighty fine Scotch down in the smoking-room and they don't hardly charge you nothing for it." He winked at me. "Shall we have a little drink?"

Morrison and I, strolling toward the door of the smoking room, heard her voice with its belated girlishness, "I know what you two are up to, all right!"

Morrison chuckled, "'Snot so hard to guess!"

A Cook's agent met them at Alexandria, and I lost sight of them in the turbulent Arab crowd. Alighting from the train in Cairo that evening, I thought I glimpsed for a moment a slightly bewildered face that was Mrs. Morrison's. But I wasn't sure. They were stopping at Shepheard's, of course, for a week or ten days. I was hurrying through to make my connection for Palestine at Kantara. The Morrisons faded from my mind.

It was exactly twelve days later that I came upon them again. They strolled hesitantly into the dining room of the Allenby Hotel in Jerusalem. There were only half a dozen people in the rather bare room: a long-faced bronzed old Egyptian merchant and his youngish European wife, a couple of blond, chirpy Englishmen, a well-groomed American

Zionist. Mrs. Morrison saw me at once and fluttered happily, as though in sudden sight of refuge, in my direction.

"Well, did you ever!" she exclaimed.

Her husband, following closely, grasped my hand with unexpected cordiality. They scarcely waited for my invitation to sit at my table. They were so obviously relieved to find me. We exchanged the inevitable questions. They had arrived only the day before; they had a guide of whom Mrs. Morrison "didn't think much." His English was so fast and so unintelligible. I asked them what their impression of the Holy City was. Morrison said, "Oh, I guess it's all right." His wife looked at me a little wanly. "It's wonderful, wonderful." I looked at her closely. She seemed unaccountably more faded than before. "The light is terrible," she said. I advised smoked glasses. They already had them. There was something pathetic about her, something at once eager and frustrated. "Suppose we take a walk this afternoon," I suggested. With a quite uncharacteristic gesture she put her hand over mine. "Oh, that would be dandy!" That word "dandy" seemed, in this place, of an innocent weirdness; it seemed of a strange, remote childlikeness. My eye happened to fall on the face of the Egyptian merchant. It had suddenly a Pharaonic cruelty and agelessness.

We met, at the appointed hour, in front of the hotel. The Jaffa road was very much alive. We dodged a few carriages on our short walk toward the Jaffa gate of the old city. At the corner I stopped and quietly pointed toward the right where the citadel of Suleiman rises loftily, where the long sublime slopes of the Judaean hills begin. Mrs. Morrison was wide eyed. But she seemed fascinated, despite herself, by things in the foreground—an Arab café at the corner, a tall ragged Bedouin on a tiny ass, a group of agile, importunate bootblacks.

We entered at the Jaffa gate. Mrs. Morrison and I walked on ahead. Morrison followed. I guided her down the steps of the uneven, crooked little street. I kept her from being jostled. She seemed frightened. I told her that the Arabs meant nothing by bumping into her. They simply had no sense of orderliness. She glanced shyly into the greasy, open shops, nervously dodged the large wooden platter of a cake-vendor, stared at the magnificently severe faces of two old Galician Jews. I pointed out to her a window in an immemorial arch that spanned the alley. "Look, here you have a symbol of the ancient East. There is something fantastic and humble and arrogant, something mean and yet elevated about this arch, this window." She said nothing. From behind came Morrison's first remark, "I guess they don't try to clean up much around here."

The Via Dolorosa was fairly empty and still. It was no feast day. It lay forlorn between the blind walls in its alternation of fierce light and sharp, black shadows. A few filthy Arab children, waiting for stray tourists, cried for an alms. Mrs. Morrison stumbled over the smooth cobblestones. "This is where our Lord . . ." She panted a bit. I nodded. "Did you imagine it differently?" I asked. "Oh, I don't know." She tried to sound cheerful.

We knocked at the gate of the French convent built over the house of Pontius Pilate. In the cool little church a French nun with an expressionless face explained in accurate but uneloquent English something of the associations of the spot. In the cool gloom behind the altar, amid a flat smell of faded flowers, she showed us the ruined façade of the Roman governor's house.

The nun disappeared the moment her toneless voice had done its duty and we were back in the fierce glow of the light. The Morrisons stood beside me. He was grave and noncommittal. Her eyes wandered. "I suppose it's the way you're brought up," she said thoughtfully. There was a genuine gentleness in her tone. "I know, I know we mustn't judge. My father always said

so. But do you feel just at home in Catholic churches?"

It was clear, at least, that she didn't. Nor did she feel more comfortable when I took them to the Wall of Wailing, where in front of the gigantic and terrible stones a little group of Jews intoned their violent yet austere prayers.

Back at the Allenby she thanked me profusely. "I'm going to rest a while now," she said. "My, but it's hard walking! To-morrow the guide is going to take us to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and on a donkey ride around the walls."

"And then?" I asked.

"Oh, we'll see everything here. Then we're going to Bethlehem and Nazareth and Tiberias. Isn't that the way it is, Lew?"

He nodded. His crinkly smile came back and his male confidentialness to me.

"I guess we'll live through it."

My business took me to the north. I saw Haifa, glittering through the night from the heights of Carmel, and Safed upon its holy hill. Through the thronging hills I drove over the lofty roads to Tiberias. There I heard about the Morrisons. Mrs. Morrison's left eyelid had become slightly inflamed. She had seen so many Arabs horribly blind from trachoma that a sort of panic had seized both her and her husband and he had asked whether there was such a thing as a decent doctor in this damned hole. The Jewish hotel keeper had, of course, taken the Morrisons to the clinic at the Zionist Medical Service where an English-speaking oculist had reassured them. They had been enormously relieved and grateful. Mr. Morrison had wrung the doctor's hand. A fee being refused, he had sworn that he would send a check to Zionist headquarters. Mrs. Morrison had remarked, almost with tears of joy, that some of her *best* friends in Albion were Jews—lovely people, fine citizens. They had then driven off at once.

Since this had happened but a day or two before, I thought it possible that I might see them again. And I wanted to see them. I found it hard to formulate the character of my interest in them. A pathos clung to them in my vision of them. To her, at least. He was detached enough from their whole adventure. Indeed, it wasn't his at all. After the manner of American husbands, he was trying to please her. He could afford it. So why shouldn't he? But she! A touch of wistful poetry in her heart had brought her here, an aroma of religious romance that had clung to her Wisconsin girlhood of the saintlike father and the still, small, white church amid those northern fields. And now?

I could have gone back to Haifa, but instead I drove to Nazareth. It was late when I reached the Hotel Germania. Yes, their names were in that extraordinary hotel register where people are inscribed from all the ends of the earth—from New York and Lebanon, from Teheran and Vienna. So I would see them in the morning.

I went to my small, austere, cell-like room. I was tired and slept. But in a couple of hours I awoke. A wind had risen, a wild, disturbing wind. I threw on a dressing-gown and stood before my arched window. I saw a wall that looked like the oldest wall in the world. In the wall was a little wooden door and over the door swung a dim, sooty lantern. Behind the wall stood cypresses and their tops swayed in the wind. And the black, swaying tops of those cypresses seemed to sweep against the sky, against the stars, the incomparable stars of Palestine, the low, large, drooping prophetic stars. Suddenly, from afar, another sound came faintly through the soughing of the wind. The night was cool. Caravans were on foot. The sound was the sound of camel bells. I went out of my small room into the hall which had great arched, paneless windows through which one could see the roofs of Nazareth and the farther hills. The wind swept through the hall; the sound of the bells came nearer. The caravan came in sight. The tall grave camels were like

shadows. About them and their drivers there was something remote and eternal. The bells clanged.

Suddenly I heard a gasp behind me. I turned and saw Mrs. Morrison wrapped in a kimono. Her frightened eyes met mine. "Oh, it's you!" There was a sob in her voice. I tried to be matter-of-fact. "It's hard to sleep in this wind. Do you see the caravan?"

She nodded dumbly. Her hands were clasped in front of her, holding her kimono together. She stood quite still. Her face was tense. Her eyes were full of a helpless sadness, a child-like confusion.

"What is it?" I asked gently.

She shuddered. "Everything!"

"Didn't you have a pleasant time?"

"Do you know Bethlehem?"

I nodded.

"And the Church of the Nativity? Why you can't see the stable. It's all over images and things. They're Greek, aren't they? Oh, and the garden of Gethsemane. There're Russian monks all over it. And everywhere there're Arabs and Jews. Oh, please don't be offended, I don't mean nice Jews like you and the doctor in Tiberias, but awful outlandish people. I couldn't imagine our Lord or Peter on Tiberias, on the lake, you know. I can't imagine anything anywhere—anywhere. I'm asking Lew to leave as soon as we can. I want to get away; I want to get out of this terrible dago country."

She sobbed.

"But this is the Holy Land," I said.

She gazed beyond me, beyond the arch of the tall window. She murmured, "'There is a green hill far away!'"

"Well?" I urged her.

There was a wail in her voice. "It's all so different, so, so foreign . . ."

"Jesus was a Jew," I said quietly, "and a son of this ancient land."

She nodded. But her lips were compressed and something of her blithe, American positiveness came back to her.

"Of course. But I just somehow don't seem to feel right here. I guess things have changed a lot since our Lord's time. I can think of Him better at home. D'you know what I'm going to do?"

"What?"

"When we get home I'm going to take a trip to Liberty, Wisconsin—that's the place I always remember from the time when I was a girl. And I'll go to the little church in which my father used to preach and have a good prayer and a good cry and try—" she hesitated and finished with a little break in her voice—"and try to find my Saviour again."

She smiled at me pathetically.

"Don't tell Lew how I've carried on. I don't want him to think I'm the least bit disappointed. The trip's been kind of slow for him."

I came down to breakfast a few minutes before the Morrisons. It was a primitive little dining room with one long table. At one end of it sat a small, intense Sephardic Jew in a red fez. So I sat down at the opposite end to form a refuge for the Morrisons. They came in late. Lew Morrison wrung my hand. She looked very wan, but smiled bravely.

"I've got a surprise for you," I said. She winced, but I smiled at her reassuringly. "I bet you haven't had any good oatmeal for breakfast in a long time."

"I'll say we haven't!" Morrison grunted. "Say, d'you remember that stuff they called 'porridge' on the *Venetia*?"

"Wait," I said. "The inn-keeper here is a German and he cooks the most delicious oatmeal. I've ordered it and cream too."

The breakfast was brought in.

"I tell you," said Lew Morrison, "we know how to live in America. I don't care what anybody says. I'll be glad to get back to the good old U. S. A."

His wife laid a hand on his strong arm.

"So will I, Lew, so will I."

FAKE NEWS AND THE PUBLIC

HOW THE PRESS COMBATS RUMOR, THE MARKET RIGGER, AND THE PROPAGANDIST

BY EDWARD McKERNON

Superintendent of the Eastern Division of The Associated Press

THE rush of the day seemed to have ended in the New York office of The Associated Press on the afternoon of June 8, 1921. The wires hummed monotonously with Wall Street's closing prices, baseball scores, the price of pork, to-morrow's weather. In about twenty minutes the final editions in the East would go to press. The night shift was nearly due. The Day Editor, that autocrat of the news room, looked at his watch and yawned.

Suddenly out of the air flashed an S O S followed by "Struck an iceberg off Newfoundland. Leaking." There was no signature, the name of the vessel in distress having been lost somewhere as her cry for help was picked up by the British liner *Orduna* and relayed to the wireless station at the Charlestown Navy Yard. Now this message in itself might have caused no great excitement except for the coincidence that during the preceding night the French line steamer *Rochambeau* had wirelessed the offices of the line in New York that she had "sighted ice off the North Atlantic coast."

The *Rochambeau* was known to be in the general locality from which the S O S had come. Instantly the two messages were associated. As quickly members of the Associated Press staff were communicating with the offices of the French line. Others were locating by sea charts and shipping reports every large vessel in the iceberg zone and rushing wireless inquiries to the commanders. The wire men were connecting the news room with North Sydney, Nova Scotia, by direct cable in order to pick up any wireless messages intercepted there. Ten minutes passed. They worked fast. But rumor worked faster. It had shipping offices by the ears. Telephone calls choked the switchboard. "What about the *Rochambeau*?" "We hear the *Rochambeau* struck an iceberg." "Have you any word of a collision at sea?" To all went the same answer: "We do not know of any disaster."

The Day Editor took out his watch. He knew some papers were going to press with the rumor. If it were true, it was news of the first magnitude. The A. P. might be licked. But it was the same editor who had released the first news of the *Titanic* horror and now the specter of that tragedy of the sea rose before his eyes. The peace of mind of many was in his keeping. "We'll wait," he said. Twelve minutes of suspense—thirteen—fourteen—fifteen— A flash from the cable: "*Rochambeau* reports all well." The Day Editor put up his watch and took out his cigarettes.

Any unimaginative reader with a passion for details is referred to the files of the New York morning papers of June 9, 1921, where among the day's news may be found an inconspicuous item to the effect that the British freighter *Seapool*, lumbering along the Newfoundland coast, bumped an iceberg and took

in some water but later wirelessed that she was proceeding, apparently in no danger of foundering, to St. John's; also that the French liner *Rochambeau*, westward bound, reported sighting ice in the North Atlantic.

This incident illustrates vividly the task of the responsible modern editor who would sift fact from rumor. The wear and tear on his mind, heart, and whole nervous system is due not to exciting situations, to which he becomes accustomed, but largely to his daily dilemma—whether he shall risk being beaten on the street with important news or being responsible for circulating a false report.

The consequences of such a report may be most serious. There never is a disaster involving great suffering and loss of life that does not cause the illness, insanity, or death of persons at great distances from the scene who had no relation to the original victims or acquaintance with them. Reports of insanity and suicide attributable to such causes are common. Your physician will tell you that thousands of people are barely hanging on to life and can be jarred off like ripe fruit from a tree. Every newspaper man knows that a week of rain will double the daily average of suicides reported to the police. Yet the facts, of a disaster as of a political campaign, must be told.

The burden of responsibility to the public carried by The Associated Press and other distributors of news has always been great, yet it has increased enormously in recent years by reason of the rapidly increased efficiency of the distributing mechanism. Advantage has been taken of every device of wit and science to speed up the report until the swift transmission of news is in itself a source of unprecedented danger. The conclusion of Sophocles that "a lie never lives to be old" was reached before the days of instantaneous communication and multiple presses. The tradition in newspaper offices that a lie never can be overtaken has more foundation in fact. Eternal vigilance is the price of a truthful news report, for be it understood, too, that what science has done for the honest reporter it has done for the knave also. Once the news faker obtains access to the press wires all the honest editors alive will not be able to repair the mischief he can do. An editor receiving a news item over the wire has no opportunity to test its authenticity as he would in the case of a local report. The offices of the members of The Associated Press in this country are connected with one another, and its centers of news gathering and distribution by a system of telegraph wires that in a single circuit would extend five times around the globe. This constitutes a very sensitive organism. Put your finger on it in New York, and it vibrates in San Francisco.

An aviator ascended at Los Angeles. At a height of one mile his plane turned turtle and fell. The news that the aviator was falling to his death was flashing across the continent before his body had struck the ground. During the World's Series at Washington an Associated Press reporter dictated a running story, play by play, to an operator who transmitted it over an unbroken telegraph circuit of forty thousand miles stretching through the United States, and south to Havana. Before the ball from the bat of McNeely, whose clean hit ended the series, had rolled itself dead, a crowd in front of a bulletin board in Seattle knew the Senators had won.

On March 30, 1921, Cambridge defeated Oxford by a length in the annual boat race on the Thames. The words "Cambridge wins" were transmitted from the bank of the Thames to the news room of The Associated Press in New York in exactly nineteen seconds. Arrangements to expedite the news had been carefully made. The difference between instantaneous transmission and the nineteen seconds was due to two relays: one from the telegraph wire extending from the river to the cable office

in London, and the other from the terminus of the cable in New York to the office of The Associated Press. These were what are called "visible" relays. That is, while one operator is copying the message at the end of one circuit another operator reads over his shoulder and transmits at the same time on another circuit. The second operator need be only one letter behind the first. Where a circuit is continuous the transmission is virtually instantaneous.

A notable recent instance of swift relay transmission was on March 9th last, when President Coolidge announced his decision as arbitrator in the thirty-year-old Tacna-Arica dispute between Chile and Peru. The award had been awaited in Latin-America with intense interest. Chile wished a plebiscite, and to this Peru was opposed. Announcement of the decision was made in Washington just before 10 A.M. It was received in the New York office of The Associated Press at 9:58 in this form: "Plebiscite ordered." The two words were flashed from the news room over a telegraph circuit to the office of the All America Cables at 89 Broad Street, there relayed by cable to Lima, Peru, and at the latter point relayed automatically to a third circuit terminating at Buenos Aires. The message en route was copied at Santiago and Valparaiso. From New York to Buenos Aires the message traveled, through two relays, 6,250 miles in exactly one minute. The full text of the decision, amounting to 17,000 words, was later transmitted by The Associated Press and others to the newspapers of Peru, Chile, and Argentina in time for publication by them the next morning.

Not so long ago something might have occurred in Washington so portentous as momentarily to shake public confidence in our institutions without causing a ripple of excitement a thousand miles from the capital. By the time the news reached Chicago, Washington would have regained its mental equilibrium. So as the news wave rolled slowly on district after district might be convulsed, but never the whole country at once. But not now. There is no chance to "break the news gently." It explodes with a bang and its echoes are heard in the four corners of the earth. The millions of the nation may be moved as one man. If this sounds overdrawn, recall the results of the false report of the signing of the Armistice in 1918.

What makes the problem of distributing accurate news all the more difficult is the number of people—a number far greater than most readers realize—who are intent on misinforming the public for their own ends. The news editor has to contend not only with rumor, but with the market rigger, the news faker, the promoter of questionable projects, and some of our best citizens obsessed with a single idea.

There is a marked difference between rumors and reports. The latter generally can be run down and pinned to some person or set of circumstances. Rumors, like Topsy, just grow. From long observation I am convinced that they originate, when innocent, usually in an association of shadowy ideas. In the subway a man catches a glimpse of his neighbor's paper and his subconsciousness registers a picture of the King of The Hedjaz who is celebrating, let us say, his fiftieth wedding anniversary. Struggling with the crowd at his stop, he overhears something about the unexpected death of a man named King. That, too, sinks in. The next day at the club he is introduced to a native of The Hedjaz. Hedjaz? Somewhere he has heard the name before. Oh, yes; its king is dead. He offers his condolences. His new acquaintance is shocked. Where did he hear that? To save his life our friend cannot recall, but to save his face he puts it on the newspapers. The other rushes to a telephone and tells a friend in Wall Street that His Majesty has been assassinated. Wall Street calls up some newspaper. The newspaper calls up a press association. The latter cables its London office. Lon-

don—but enough. A full-fledged rumor is on its merry way around the globe.

Innocent rumors are disposed of frequently by the simple process of elimination. Chicago was celebrating Fourth of July in the old-fashioned way when some one released a rumor that a steamer on Lake Michigan, crowded with excursionists, had overturned and hundreds of persons had been drowned. Suddenly the office of The Associated Press in Chicago was besieged by anxious ones. The telephone rang constantly. Every one seemed to have heard the rumor. Investigation developed that not a word giving substance to the rumor had been received by those who should have been the first to know of a disaster. The newspapers, police, steamship offices, and wireless stations had no information, but the rumor persisted. The process of elimination was resorted to. The Associated Press determined from its records that there were exactly twelve steamers which might be in trouble. To each steamer a reporter was assigned with instructions to locate his vessel. One after the other the steamers were accounted for, the twelfth vessel being reported "all safe" twenty-nine minutes after the first alarm.

A dangerous character is the fellow who delights in posing among his friends as the custodian of "inside information" not known to the press. Sometimes he poses so successfully that his friends, deeply impressed, feel that the papers should know. Then the trouble begins. During the World War The Associated Press received an immense amount of "strictly confidential news," ninety-five per cent of which existed only in the imagination or conceit of this gentleman. Once I was well fooled for a few hours. At a Sunday evening church service in a New England city I met a friend of many years, a woman of unimpeachable integrity, who had dined that day in the company of a foreigner who represented his government—one of the Allies—in a confidential capacity at Boston. During the meal this gentleman had told the others that that very morning he had witnessed the capture of two German spies. The two had arrived at the port of Boston on an Italian liner, well disguised as immigrants bound for Canada, but an examination of their baggage had revealed to the custom officials maps of Canada and blue prints of all the railroad bridges in that country. This was soon after the capture of Werner Horn, the German reservist who had attempted to dynamite the Canadian Pacific Railroad bridge at Vanceboro, Maine.

My friend said it was a good news story, and I agreed. I called up the Boston bureau of The Associated Press, and two men were sent after the details. To make a long story short, it was soon established that there was not a word of truth in the yarn. While they were about it, the reporters thought they would discover the genesis of the "fake." This was easily done. An Italian liner had arrived that morning and it had been boarded by the loquacious foreigner. In fact, he not only boarded the vessel but he had breakfast with the captain and, according to the latter, his guest was an excellent judge of Italian wine.

Dismissing—as so familiar to editors as to be rendered harmless ordinarily—the press agent who writes interviews for his principal, the notoriety seeker who says what he does not believe in the hope of breaking into print, the gasbag promoter, the peanut politician, and the half-wit who turns in false alarms for the joy of seeing the fire engines tear down the street, we come to the arch enemies of the Public and the Press. They are the Market Rigger, the News Faker and the Professional Propagandist.

The Market Rigger, whose business it is to cause prices in Wall Street to rise or fall suddenly in order that he or his associates may profit thereby, is clever and dangerous. He watches for the psychological moment when the public may be most easily stampeded. He frequently originates and sets in circulation

rumors anticipating events such as the passing of a man powerful in financial circles whose end, known to be approaching, is expected to affect the market. He can rarely hope that his fakes will be published. He is satisfied to have them well circulated. Wall Street is sensitive to any rumor, and brokers' wires, the most common channel for rumors, will carry to the Street any rumor that can get any kind of a start. The President of the United States is the Market Rigger's favorite subject. In the past twenty years The Associated Press has received mysterious reports concerning the health of the President, or perhaps suggesting some accident to him, on an average of about once every four months. The Market Rigger apparently believes that if The Associated Press, at any of its many offices, can be persuaded to inquire of its Washington office regarding a rumor affecting the President, the rumor may leak in transmission and so be started in still another direction. The news organization, however, long ago took care of that possibility and has no trouble in keeping in the closest touch with the President's state of health without betraying its interest. No rumor is ignored but none is encouraged.

The Associated Press has always at hand two effective antidotes for suspicious rumors. One is instantly to label a rumor as a rumor and make it plain that it is to be accepted only as such pending a prompt investigation. The other is to "isolate" the rumor—that is, to establish facts which in themselves dispel the rumor, assuming it to be false. The latter method was applied quickly and effectively on the morning of November 7, 1918, when the rumor that the Allies and Germany had signed an armistice first showed its head. This—as I think is not generally understood—was some time before the rumor was picked up at Brest, France, by the president of a news agency and sent to newspapers in this country as a fact, the agency assuming responsibility for its truthfulness. Thus the damage was done. Had this agency also treated the rumor as a rumor, it would have been recognized in this country as the one which had been racing around the world for hours and it would have died a natural death after the natural life of such rumors, which is from three to four hours. The matter was made still worse by giving the "news" a Paris date though it was actually filed at Brest. Newspaper publishers were misled because they assumed that, coming from Paris, it had been censored by the French government. Unfortunately the dispatch appears to have escaped censorship altogether.

To establish that the agency announcement was nothing more than the original rumor assuming the dignity of a news dispatch, it is necessary only to compare it with what had already been published in America. The agency dispatch was distributed in this country a little after 12 o'clock. As early as 8 o'clock in the forenoon a Boston paper published a despatch from Toronto, Canada, quoting Lord Shaughnessy as authorizing the statement that he had received a private message from London stating that Germany had signed the armistice terms. At 11 A. M. the Boston *Globe* received the rumor in more specific form and, as the records in the *Globe* office show, sent it to the composing-room at 11:15. It appeared in the noon edition of the *Globe* but under a heading that discredited it, as follows:

Another Busy Day For
Mr. P. Cablegram

According to a private cablegram from Paris the Allies and German representatives signed the armistice at 11 o'clock this morning. Hostilities ceased at 2 o'clock (French time). The cable was received by Bartlett-Frazier Company of Chicago and was transmitted to their Boston agent, A. S. Maynard.

Note the similarity in the wording of the news agency despatch that startled the world an hour later:

Paris, November 7.—The Allies and Germany signed an armistice at 11 o'clock this morning. Hostilities ceased at 2 o'clock this

afternoon. The Americans took Sedan before the Armistice became effective.

The point I wish to make is that so long as this rumor was treated as a rumor it was virtually harmless. It was only when the news agency accepted responsibility for it and sent it out as a fact known to that agency, under a date which seemed to assure its authenticity, that the public was deceived.

The Associated Press received the rumor at its Boston office from the Boston *Globe*. Its London office also received it, it having been sent to London from Paris by the same person who sent it to Brest through official channels. Thus received, American officials at Brest were deceived into believing it "official," as was the president of the news agency, who thereupon assumed responsibility for its authenticity.

Meanwhile The Associated Press had "isolated" the rumor in this way: It was known that the delegates had not even met and could not meet at least for several hours. The Germans had been instructed to proceed to the French outposts on the Chimay-Fourmies-La Capelle-Guise road, where they were to be met and conducted to the temporary quarters of Marshal Foch established in a train that stood on a siding near Château de Francfort. On the morning of the 7th, when the rumor appeared, the Germans had not arrived at the French lines and once there, would still have a four hours' journey to the point at which Foch awaited them. It was not difficult to deduce from this that the rumor of the signing of an armistice was false.

I have always believed that this rumor was first started deliberately as a market-rigging plot. As to where and with whom it originated, one can only speculate. The gamble was a good one. A momentous event impended. A premature announcement might reasonably be expected to depress "war stocks" and boom "peace" shares. A violent reaction following an exposure of the canard was possible. That the conspiracy was not a complete success was due largely to the refusal of The Associated Press to give recognition to the rumor, the later denial of it from the State Department, and the action of the Board of Governors in closing the Stock Exchange a half hour earlier than usual. As it was, the immediate effect of the rumor was a confused movement of prices with sharp breaks in several "war stocks" and advances in railroads and various other "peace" shares. The next day the market was nervous and irregular, an early advance in railroads, steel, copper, and oil being followed by reactions in railroads and recoveries in some war stocks.

The moral to be drawn from the bad reporting which in this case played into the hands of the Market Rigger is that the reporter should assume authority only for stories of whose accuracy he has definite knowledge. If his story is based on hearsay or received second hand, he should frankly state what these sources are in order that the newspaper reader may determine for himself what measure of credence is to be given to the matter reported.

The News Faker shares the infamy of the Market Rigger. The growth of press associations has almost put out of business the "piker" type of News Faker who in other days preyed upon individual newspapers. His practice was to "localize" events. For example: a tramp might be killed in a railroad switching yard within the territory of the Faker. The Faker would send telegrams to the newspapers of perhaps a dozen cities at a safe distance, reading something like this: "Traveling man believed from papers found on him to be from your city killed by train when alighting here. How much?" (Meaning, how long a dispatch do you order?)

A reasonable number could be expected to order the details and pay accordingly. Women's colleges were occasionally exploited. Newspapers would receive a message like this: "Eight girls

at Blank College face expulsion as result midnight escapade. Authorities making desperate effort to hush up matter but reported two of girls belong prominent families your city. How much?" If details were ordered, the Faker drew upon his imagination to picture the "escapade" and buttressed his story by adding that a "diplomatic denial" of the "facts" might be expected.

Some years ago Wellesley College was made the scene of fictitious events that continued for several months, until the Faker was frightened off by means adopted to identify him.

Nowadays, when a newspaper receives a suspicious offering—and they come occasionally—the editor refers the matter to his press association and the latter, through its nearest regional office, usually can determine quickly the truth or falsity of the story for sale.

However, misinformation is still circulated in the guise of news, and the dishonest reporter operating on a big scale is a greater menace to society than ever before. The very efficiency of the cooperative effort of newspapers in gathering news has caused the Faker to resort to gross exaggeration or absolute fiction in order to make his wares attractive. For obvious reasons he prefers to operate in fields foreign to his market.

On December 18, 1923, the French dirigible *Dixmude* left her airdrome near Toulon for a three days' flight to Insalah, a town of the Algerian Sahara, and return. At 2:28 A.M. of the 21st—as was later definitely established by official inquiry—the airship was struck by lightning when off the coast of Southern Sicily. The wreckage fell into the Mediterranean and the crew of fifty-two officers and men was lost. For a week after the dirigible had sunk in the sea, but before her fate was known, there were daily reports from widely separated points that she had been sighted. On December 23d she was said to be drifting helplessly in a violent gale over the Gulf of Gabes on the North Coast of Africa; on the 24th she sailed for hours over Tunis apparently in a fruitless search for a landing place, and at six o'clock that night she was "sighted" in the Tatahouin region, her headlights lit and the craft apparently under control. On the 27th Insalah reported that the *Dixmude* had passed over Insalah, heading south.

All of these reports, which were circulated in this country as unconfirmed rumors, for what they might be worth, may be charged up to honest mistakes due to a confusion of lights seen in the sky and cases of "nerves" on the part of anxious watchers; but the limit of credulity was reached when the imagination of one news artist described the landing of the *Dixmude* in the desert and Arabs prostrating themselves in worship before what they mistook for a strange god from the heavens!

The threatened diphtheria epidemic at Nome, Alaska, developed a good deal of dramatic news, and one dispatch that caused much amusement in newspaper offices. To appreciate it one must understand that there is a settlement in Alaska named Old Woman. It consists of a roadhouse and a few cabins and is approximately the halfway point on the Alaskan ninety-mile trail from Unalaklik to Kaltag. Old Woman got on the news page by reason of the fact that it was on the trail of Seppala and his famous dog team which carried a supply of antitoxin from Anchorage to Nome. The spectacular race was followed with much interest, and on January 31st a dispatch to The Associated Press from Anchorage said:

> The last report received placed Seppala at Old Woman near Norton Sound, which is an arm of the Behring Sea, with his dogs in full run.

Soon afterwards this version of his progress, purporting to come from Anchorage, was circulated by another agency:

> Last word of Seppala received to-day by radio told of an aged Eskimo woman who had seen Seppala on the trail near Unalakleet.

"It was Seppala, the Finn," she said. "I knew him. But he did not stop. He was going like wind."

It would appear that Old Woman suddenly had become animated and in the character of an "aged Eskimo woman" permitted itself to be interviewed.

On May 1st a privately owned news agency caused to be widely printed in America a cablegram dated London and saying that according to her London agent, Betty Blythe, film star, had been kidnaped by Bedouins in Palestine. According to this yarn, two of the actress's companions were severely wounded in a fight with the Bedouins and she was carried away. The agent had applied to American and British authorities to rescue the actress and it was reported that troops had been despatched to the scene. Unfortunately for the accuracy of the story, Miss Blythe was located the same night quite safe at Mount Carmel and the authorities at the scene received their news of the terrible happening from London.

There remains the Professional Propagandist. Be prepared for surprises. There is an erroneous impression in the minds of many that the Church, Big Business, and the Government exercise a sinister influence on the press. After many years in journalistic posts of some responsibility, I am happy to be able to say that I never have been approached on the ground of religious prejudice, that I never have been made aware of an opportunity through my profession to make a dollar dishonestly, and that I never have felt the menace of the official fist. So much for a popular bugaboo! I have been, however, occasionally entreated, abused, and threatened by high-minded people who had only—to them—unselfish ends in view.

One of the recognized types of Propagandist is the harmless sort who wishes to promote himself or some good cause, perhaps. This fellow invites his would-be accomplices to a feast. I do not know whether it is because he thinks that newspaper men do not have enough to eat at home, but he always launches his attack at a luncheon. He invites the managing editors and gets cub reporters. After a desultory conversation in which the reporters betray their ignorance of the antecedents of the host, the latter, concealing his disappointment, decides to make the best of his audience, dismisses the waiter who is hovering about with a fresh box of cigars, and begins, "Gentlemen of the Press, It is a great pleasure to have you here . . ."

Some Propagandists seem to feel that the end justifies the means. There is a clergyman whom I much admire. He is a man of conscience and a splendid preacher and, if there ever was a hard worker in the vineyard, he is one. One night in distress he telephoned me at my home. He was at one of our offices, where he had submitted an interesting piece of news only to be told by the night editor that it could not be carried in the form in which it was presented. "He objects to the introductory paragraph," he said. I asked him to read me what he had prepared. It began like this:

> Announcement was made to-night that John Jones had given $500,000 to Blank College. The trustees have indicated that they will accept the gift and propose to use it for the construction of long-needed buildings.

"Anything wrong with that?" he asked.

"Not yet," I replied; "but read on."

He continued, and way down near the end of the story I recognized the stumbling block in the way of editorial approval. It was this:

> It is expected that other friends will rally to the aid of the college and provide an equal amount in accordance with the conditions of the gift.

I pointed out that his story as prepared would be a fraud on headline writers and careless readers inasmuch as the opening paragraph gave the impression that an outright gift of half a million dollars had been made and accepted,

whereas in fact the gift was conditional and the trustees might never be in position to receive it.

"But," he protested, "that is the way the Bishop wrote it!"

An especially dangerous type of Propagandist is the organized mouthpiece of a society which exists primarily so that he can air his views on some subject in which he is interested. He exploits the editorial habit of treating as privileged that which is "officially" promulgated. This man might talk his head off on the street corner and no one would pay the least attention to him. So he organizes a society, has himself elected president or chairman of the executive committee, gets a letterhead bearing all the impressive names that he can borrow and, lo! he speaks with authority for the International Society for the Uplift of a Downfallen Race. He means well, but the point is that he attempts to obtain newspaper space under false pretenses. Speaking ostensibly for many in high places, he is actually speaking only for himself.

I used to have as a caller the secretary of a society interested in the welfare of a certain class of citizens whenever anything regarding these citizens appeared in print. The society "resolved" on the slightest provocation. One day he appeared within an hour after the newspapers containing the sort of story for which he always was looking were put on sale. He had a set of resolutions all ready for the wires. "Why," said I, "have you had a meeting of the society since the afternoon papers were out?" "Oh, no," said he, "that's not necessary. As secretary I am authorized to issue resolutions at any time"!

This set me to thinking about the real news value of these occasional pronouncements and the obligation of the newspapers properly to assess them. The thing was still on my mind when one day in came another regular customer. He, too, was a secretary and salaried publicity representative of a society, but a society interested in world politics and of some influence, I believe, among the peoples of every civilized land. The roll of its officers, vice-presidents, and committee members makes up a company as distinguished as you could wish to meet. During our conversation I casually inquired whether it was not a bit difficult to bring so many men of so many minds into accord when the attitude of the society on any current issue was to be defined.

"Oh," he replied, with that ingratiating smile that has helped so much to make his path smooth, "we do not try to do that. The executive committee has the authority. When I think that something ought to be said I prepare a statement. Then I call up the chairman, Doctor Blank, and tell him what I think we should do, and if he agrees, as he usually does, I call up the other members of the committee and generally the thing is done. In fact,"—this sotto voce—"Doctor Blank *is* the executive committee."

Thus spoke the individual in the name of the many and his voice was heard in the chancelleries of Europe!

The struggle between the honest editor on the one hand and the would-be exploiters of the press on the other is never-ending. To-day, as you read these words, men at newspaper copy desks all over the country are blue-penciling page after page of speculation, half-truth, propaganda, and falsehood foisted upon them in the guise of news. Sometimes, with the terrific odds against them of instantaneous communication and rapid printing, they slip. Theirs is a tough job at best, and they are not infallible. But in the main they are successful in their daily effort to assess the importance of what comes to them, to isolate rumors, defeat News Fakers, and propagandists, and present to you the honest facts you must have if your picture of the world in which you live is to be truthful and complete.

THE WORST CRIME IN THE WORLD

A STORY

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

FATHER BROWN was wandering through a picture gallery with an expression which suggested that he had not come there to look at the pictures. Indeed, he did not want to look at the pictures though he liked pictures well enough. Not that there was anything immoral or improper about those highly modern pictorial designs. He would indeed be of an inflammable temperament who was stirred to any of the more pagan passions by the display of interrupted spirals, inverted cones, and broken cylinders with which the art of the future inspired or menaced mankind. The truth is that Father Brown was looking for a young friend who had appointed that somewhat incongruous meeting place, being herself of a more futuristic turn. The young friend was also a young relative—one of the few relatives that he had. Her name was Elizabeth Fane, simplified into Betty, and she was the child of a sister who had married into a race of refined but impoverished squires. As the squire was dead as well as impoverished, Father Brown stood in the relation of a protector as well as a priest, and in some sense a guardian as well as an uncle. At the moment, however, he was blinking about at the groups in the gallery without catching sight of the familiar brown hair and bright face of his niece. Nevertheless, he saw some people he knew and a number of people he did not know, including some that, as a mere matter of taste, he did not much want to know.

Among the people the priest did not know and who yet aroused his interest was a lithe and alert young man, very beautifully dressed and looking rather like a foreigner, because while his beard was cut in a spade shape like an old Spaniard's, his dark hair was cropped so close as to look like a tight black skullcap. Among the people the priest did not particularly want to know was a very dominant-looking lady, sensationally clad in scarlet, with a mane of yellow hair too long to be called bobbed but too lose to be called anything else. She had a powerful and rather heavy face of a pale and rather unwholesome complexion, and when she looked at anybody she cultivated the fascinations of a basilisk. She towed in attendance behind her a short man with a big beard and a very broad face, with long sleepy slits of eyes. The expression of his face was beaming and benevolent, if only partially awake; but his bull neck, when seen from behind, looked a little brutal.

Father Brown gazed at the lady, feeling that the appearance and approach of his niece would be an agreeable contrast. Yet he continued to gaze, for some reason, until he reached the point of feeling that the appearance of anybody would be an agreeable contrast. It was therefore with a certain relief, though with a slight start as of awakening, that he turned at the sound of his name and saw another face which he knew.

It was the sharp but not unfriendly face of a lawyer, named Granby, whose

patches of gray hair might almost have been the powder from a wig, so incongruous were they with his youthful energy of movement; he was one of those men in the City who run about like schoolboys in and out of their offices. He could not run round the fashionable picture gallery quite in that fashion; but he looked as if he wanted to, and fretted as he glanced to left and right, seeking somebody he knew.

"I didn't know," said Father Brown smiling, "that you were a patron of the New Art."

"I didn't know that you were," retorted the other. "I came here to catch a man."

"I hope you will have good sport," answered the other. "I'm doing much the same."

"Said he was passing through to the Continent," snorted the solicitor, "and could I meet him in this cranky place." He ruminated a moment and said abruptly, "Look here, I know you can keep a secret. Do you know Sir John Musgrave?"

"No," answered the priest, "but I should hardly have thought he was a secret; though they say he does hide himself in a castle. Isn't he the old man they tell all those tales about—how he lives in a tower with a real portcullis and drawbridge and generally refuses to emerge from the Dark Ages? Is he one of your clients?"

"No," replied Granby shortly, "it's his son, Captain Musgrave, who has come to us. But the old man counts for a good deal in the affair, and I don't know him; that's the point. Look here, this is confidential, as I say, but I can confide in you." He dropped his voice and drew his friend apart into a side gallery containing representations of various real objects, which was comparatively empty.

"This young Musgrave," he said, "wants to raise a big sum from us on a *post-obit* on his old father in Northumberland. The old man's long past seventy and presumably will *obit* some time or other; but what about the *post*, so to speak? What will happen afterwards to his cash and castles and portcullises and all the rest? It's a very fine old estate, and still worth a lot, but, strangely enough, it isn't entailed. So you see how we stand. The question is, as the man said in Dickens, is the old man friendly?"

"If he's friendly to his son you'll feel all the friendlier," observed Father Brown. "No, I'm afraid I can't help you. I never met Sir John Musgrave, and I understand very few people do meet him nowadays. But it seems obvious you have a right to an answer on that point before you lend the young gentleman your firm's money. Is he the sort that people cut off with a shilling?"

"I'm doubtful," answered the other. "He's very popular and brilliant and a great figure in society; but he's a great deal abroad, and he's been a journalist."

"Well," said Father Brown, "that's not a crime. At least, not always."

"Nonsense," said Granby curtly, "you know what I mean. He's rather a rolling stone, who's been a journalist and a lecturer and an actor and all sorts of things. I've got to know where I stand . . . why, there he is."

And the solicitor, who had been stamping impatiently about the emptier gallery, turned suddenly and darted at a run into the more crowded room. He was running towards the tall and well-dressed young man with the short hair and the foreign-looking beard.

The two walked away together, talking; and for some moments afterwards Father Brown followed them with his screwed short-sighted eyes. His gaze was shifted and recalled, however, by the breathless and even boisterous arrival of his niece Betty. Rather to the surprise of her uncle, she dragged him back into the emptier room and planted him on a seat which was like an island in that sea of floor.

"I've got something I must tell you," she said. "It's so silly that nobody else will understand it."

"You overwhelm me," said Father Brown. "Is it about this business your mother started telling me about? Engagements and all that; not, I hope, what the military historians call a general engagement."

"You know," she said, "that she wants me to be engaged to Captain Musgrave."

"I didn't," said Father Brown with resignation, "but Captain Musgrave seems to be quite a fashionable topic."

"Of course mother and I are very poor," she said, "and it's no good saying it makes no difference."

"Do you want to marry him?" asked Father Brown, looking at her through his half-closed eyes.

She frowned at the floor and answered in a lower tone:

"I thought I did. At least I think I thought I did. But I've just had rather a shock."

"Then tell us all about it."

"I heard him laugh," she said.

"It is an excellent social accomplishment," he replied.

"You don't understand," said the girl. "It wasn't social at all. That was just the point of it . . . that it wasn't social."

She paused a moment and then went on firmly, "I came here early, and saw him sitting quite alone in the middle of that gallery with the new pictures which was quite empty then. He had no idea I or anybody was near; he was sitting quite alone, and he laughed."

"Well, no wonder," said Father Brown. "I'm not an art critic myself, but as a general view of the pictures, taken as a whole—"

"Oh, you *won't* understand," she said almost angrily. "It wasn't a bit like that. He wasn't looking at the pictures. He was staring right up at the ceiling; but his eyes seemed to be turned inwards and he laughed so that my blood ran cold."

The priest had risen and was pacing the room with his hands behind him. "You mustn't be hasty in a case of this sort," be began. "There are two kinds of men . . . but we can hardly discuss him just now, for here he is."

Captain Musgrave entered the room swiftly and swept it with a smile. Granby the lawyer was just behind him and his legal face bore a new expression of relief and satisfaction.

"I must apologize for everything I said about the Captain," he said to the priest, as they drifted together towards the door. "He's a thoroughly sensible fellow and quite sees my point. He asked me himself why I didn't go north and see his old father; I could hear from the old man's own lips how it stood about the inheritance. Well, he couldn't say fairer than that, could he? But he's so anxious to get the thing settled that he offered to take me up in his own car to Musgrave Moss. That's the name of the estate. I suggested that, if he was so kind, we might go at once; and we're starting to-morrow morning."

As they spoke Betty and the Captain came through the doorway together, making in that framework, at least, a sort of picture which some would be sentimental enough to prefer to cones and cylinders. Whatever their other affinities, they were both very good-looking; and the lawyer was moved to a remark on the fact, when the picture abruptly altered.

Captain James Musgrave looked out into the main gallery, and his laughing and triumphant eyes were riveted on something that seemed to change him from head to foot. Father Brown looked round, as under an advancing shadow of premonition, and he saw the lowering almost livid face of the large woman in scarlet under its leonine yellow hair. She always stood with a slight stoop, like a bull lowering its horns; and the expression of her pale pasty face was so oppressive and hypnotic that they hardly saw the little man with the large beard standing beside her.

Musgrave advanced into the center of the room towards her almost like a

beautifully dressed waxwork wound up to walk. He said a few words to her that could not be heard. She did not answer; but they turned away together, walking down the long gallery as if in debate, the short bull-necked man with the beard bringing up the rear like some grotesque goblin page.

"Heaven help us!" muttered Father Brown, frowning after them. "Who in the world is that woman?"

"No pal of mine, I'm happy to say," replied Granby with grim flippancy. "Looks as if a little flirtation with her might end fatally, doesn't it?"

"I don't think he's flirting with her," said Father Brown.

Even as he spoke, the group in question turned at the end of the gallery and broke up, and Captain Musgrave came back to them in hasty strides.

"Look here," he cried, speaking naturally enough, though they fancied his color was changed. "I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Granby, but I find I can't come north with you to-morrow. Of course you will take the car all the same. Please do; I shan't want it; I—I have to be in London for some days. Take a friend with you, if you like."

"My friend, Father Brown," began the lawyer.

"If Captain Musgrave is really so kind," said Father Brown gravely, "I may explain that I have some status in Mr. Granby's inquiry; and it would be a great relief to my mind if I could go myself."

This was how it came about that a very elegant car, with an equally elegant chauffeur, shot north the next day over the Yorkshire moors, bearing the incongruous burden of a priest who looked rather like a black bundle and a lawyer who had the habit of running about on his feet instead of racing on somebody else's wheels.

They broke their journey very agreeably in one of the great dales of the West Riding, dining and sleeping at a comfortable inn and, starting early next morning, began to run along the Northumbrian coast till they reached a country that was a maze of sand dunes and rank sea-meadows, somewhere in the heart of which lay the old Border castle which had remained unique and yet so secretive a monument of the old Border wars. They found it at last by following a path running beside a long arm of the sea that ran inland and turned eventually into a sort of rude canal ending in the moat of the castle. The castle really was a castle, of the square embattled plan that the Normans built everywhere from Galilee to the Grampians. It did really and truly have a portcullis and a drawbridge; and they were very realistically reminded of the fact by an accident that delayed their entrance.

They waded amid long coarse grass and thistle to the bank of the moat, which ran in a ribbon of black with dead leaves and scum upon it, like ebony inlaid with a pattern of gold. Barely a yard or two beyond the black ribbon was the other green bank and the big stone pillars of the gateway; but so little, it would seem, had this lonely fastness been approached from outside that, when the impatient Granby hallooed across to the dim figures behind the portcullis, they seemed to have considerable difficulty even in lowering the great rusty drawbridge. It started on its way, turning over like a great falling tower above them and then stuck, sticking out in midair at a threatening angle.

The impatient Granby, dancing upon the bank, called out to his companion:

"Oh, I can't stand these stick-in-the-mud ways! Why, it'd be less trouble to jump."

And with characteristic impetuosity he did jump, landing with a slight stagger in safety on the inner shore. Father Brown's short legs were not adapted to jumping. But his temper was more adapted than most people's to falling with a splash into very muddy water. By the promptitude of his companion, he escaped falling in very far; but as he was being hauled up the green slimy

bank, he stopped with bent head, peering at a particular point upon the grassy slope.

"Are you botanizing?" asked Granby irritably. "We've got no time for you to collect rare plants after your last attempt as a diver among the wonders of the deep. Come on, muddy or no, we've got to present ourselves before the baronet."

When they had penetrated into the castle they were received courteously enough by an old servant, the only one in sight; and after indicating their business, were shown into a long oak-paneled room with latticed windows of antiquated pattern. Weapons of many different centuries hung in balanced patterns on the dark walls and a complete suit of fourteenth-century armor stood like a sentinel beside the large fireplace. In another long room beyond could be seen through the half-open door the dark colors of the rows of family portraits.

"I feel as if I'd got into a novel instead of a house," said the lawyer. "I'd no idea anybody did really keep up the Mysteries of Udolpho in this fashion."

"Yes; the old gentleman certainly carries out his historical craze consistently," answered the priest, "and these things are not fakes either. It's not done by somebody who thinks all medieval people lived at the same time. Sometimes they make up suits of armor out of different bits; but that suit all covered one man, and covered him very completely; you see it's the late sort of tilting-armor."

"I think he's a late sort of host if it comes to that," grumbled Granby. "He's keeping us waiting the devil of a time."

"You must expect everything to go slowly in a place like this," said Father Brown. "I think it's very decent of him to see us at all: two total strangers come to ask him highly personal questions."

And, indeed, when the master of the house appeared they had no reason to complain of their reception, but rather became conscious of something genuine in the traditions of breeding and behavior that could retain their native dignity without difficulty in that barbarous solitude and after those long years of rustication and moping. The baronet did not seem either surprised or embarrassed at the rare visitation; though they suspected that he had not had a stranger in his house for a quarter of a lifetime, he behaved as if he had been bowing out duchesses a moment before. He showed neither shyness nor impatience when they touched on the very private matter of their errand; after a little leisurely reflection, he seemed to recognize their curiosity as justified under the circumstances. He was a thin, keen-looking old gentleman, with black eyebrows and a long chin; and though the carefully curled hair he wore was undoubtedly a wig, he had the wisdom to wear the gray wig of an elderly man.

"As regards the question that immediately concerns you," he said, "the answer is very simple indeed. I do most certainly propose to hand on the whole of my property to my son, as my father handed it on to me; and nothing—I say advisedly nothing—would induce me to take any other course."

"I am most profoundly grateful for the information," answered the lawyer. "But your kindness encourages me to say that you are putting it very strongly. I would not suggest that it is in the least likely that your son would do anything to make you doubt his fitness for the charge; still he might—"

"Exactly," said Sir John Musgrave dryly. "He might. It is rather an under-statement to say that he might. Will you be good enough to step into the next room with me for a moment?"

He led them into the farther gallery, of which they had already caught a glimpse, and gravely paused before a row of the blackened and lowering portraits.

"This is Sir Roger Musgrave," he said, pointing to a long-faced person in a black periwig. "He was one of the lowest liars and rascals in the rascally time of William of Orange, a traitor to

two kings and something like the murderer of two wives. That is his father, Sir Robert, a perfectly honest old Cavalier. That is his son, Sir James, one of the noblest of the Jacobite martyrs and one of the first men to attempt some reparation to the Church and the poor. Does it matter that the House of Musgrave—the power, the honor, the authority—descended from one good man to another good man through the interval of a bad one? Edward the First governed England well. Edward the Third covered England with glory. And yet the second glory came from the first glory through the infamy and imbecility of Edward the Second, who fawned upon Gaveston and ran away from Bruce. Believe me, Mr. Granby, the greatness of a great house and history is something more than these accidental individuals who carry it on even though they do not grace it. From father to son our heritage has come down, and from father to son it shall continue. You may assure yourselves, gentlemen, and you may assure my son that I shall not leave my money to a home for lost cats. Musgrave shall leave it to Musgrave till the heavens fall."

"Yes," said Father Brown thoughtfully, "I see what you mean."

"And we shall be only too glad," said the solicitor, "to convey such a happy assurance to your son."

"You may convey the assurance," said their host gravely. "He is secure in any event of having the castle, the title, the land, and the money. There is only a small and merely private addition to that arrangement. Under no circumstances whatever will I ever see or speak to him as long as I live."

The lawyer remained in the same respectful attitude but he was now respectfully staring.

"Why, what on earth has he—"

"I am a private gentleman," said Musgrave, "as well as the custodian of a great inheritance. And my son did something so horrible that he has ceased to be, I will not say a gentleman, but even a human being. It is the worst crime in the world. Do you remember what Douglas said when Marmion his guest offered to shake hands with him?"

"Yes," said Father Brown.

"'My castles are my King's alone, from turret to foundation stone,'" said Musgrave. "'The hand of Douglas is his own.'"

He turned towards the other room and showed his rather dazed visitors back into it.

"I hope you will take some refreshment," he said in the same equable fashion. "If you have any doubt about your movements, I should be delighted to offer you the hospitality of the castle for the night."

"Thank you, Sir John," said the priest in a dull voice, "but I think we had better go."

"I will have the bridge lowered at once," said their host; and in a few moments the creaking of that huge and absurdly antiquated apparatus filled the castle like the grinding of a mill. Rusty as it was, however, it worked successfully this time, and they found themselves standing once more on the grassy bank beyond the moat.

Granby was suddenly shaken by a shudder.

"What in Hell was it that his son did?" he cried.

Father Brown made no answer; but when they had driven off again in their car and pursued their journey to a village not far off, called Graystones, where they alighted at the inn of the Seven Stars, the lawyer learned with a little mild surprise that the priest did not propose to travel much farther: in other words that he had apparently every intention of remaining in the neighborhood.

"I cannot bring myself to leave it like this," he said gravely. "I will send back the car and you, of course, may very naturally want to go with it. Your question is answered: it is simply whether your firm can afford to lend money on young Musgrave's prospects. But my

question isn't answered; it is whether he is a fit husband for Betty. I must try to discover whether he's really done something dreadful or whether it's the delusion of an old lunatic."

"But," objected the lawyer, "if you want to find out about him why don't you go after him? Why should you hang about in this desolate hole where he hardly ever comes?"

"What would be the use of my going after him?" asked the other. "There's no sense in going up to a fashionable young man in Bond Street and saying, 'Excuse me, but have you committed a crime too horrible for a human being?' If he's bad enough to do it, he's certainly bad enough to deny it. And we don't even know what it is. No, there's only one man that knows, and *may* tell, in some further outburst of dignified eccentricity. I'm going to keep near him for the present."

And in truth Father Brown did keep near the eccentric baronet, and did actually meet him on more than one occasion, with the utmost politeness on both sides. For the baronet, in spite of his years, was very vigorous and a great walker and could often be seen stumping through the village and along the country lanes. Only the day after their arrival Father Brown, coming out of the inn on to the cobbled market place, saw the dark and distinguished figure stride past in the direction of the post office. He was very quietly dressed in black, but his strong face was even more arresting in the strong sunlight; with his silver hair, swarthy eyebrows, and long chin, he had something of a reminiscence of Henry Irving or some other famous actor. In spite of his hoary hair, his figure as well as his face suggested strength, and he carried his stick more like a cudgel than a crutch. He saluted the priest and spoke with that same air of coming fearlessly to the point which had marked his revelations of yesterday.

"If you are still interested in my son," he said, using the term with an icy indifference, "you will not see very much of him. He has just left the country. Between ourselves, I might say fled the country."

"Indeed," said Father Brown with a grave stare.

"Some people I never heard of called Grunov have been pestering me, of all people, about his whereabouts," said Sir John, "and I've just come in to send off a wire to tell them that, so far as I know, he's living in the Poste Restante, Riga. Even that has been a nuisance; I came in yesterday to do it but was five minutes too late for the post office. Are you staying long? I hope you will pay me another visit."

When the priest recounted to the lawyer his little interview with old Musgrave in the village, the lawyer was both puzzled and interested.

"Why has the Captain bolted?" he asked. "Who are the other people who want him? Who on earth is Grunov?"

"For the first, I don't know," replied Brown. "Possibly his mysterious sin has come to light. I should rather guess that the other people are blackmailing him about it. For the third, I think I do know. That horrible fat woman with yellow hair is called Madame Grunov and that little man passes as her husband."

The next day Father Brown came in rather wearily and threw down his black bundle of an umbrella with the air of a pilgrim laying down his staff. He had an air of some depression. But it was, as it was so often in his criminal investigations, not the depression of failure, but the depression of success.

"It's rather a shock," he said in a dull voice, "but I ought to have guessed it. I ought to have guessed it when I first went in and saw the thing standing there."

"When you saw what?" asked Granby.

"When I saw there was only one suit of armor," answered Father Brown.

There was a silence during which the lawyer only stared at his friend and then the friend resumed:

"Only the other day I was just going

to tell my niece that there are two types of men who can laugh when they are alone. One might almost say the man who does it is either very good or very bad. You see he is either confiding the joke to God or confiding it to the devil. But anyhow he has an inner life. Well, there really is a kind of man who confides the joke to the devil. He does not mind if nobody sees the joke; if nobody can safely be allowed even to know the joke. The joke is enough in itself if it is sufficiently sinister and malignant."

"But what are you talking about?" demanded Granby. "*Whom* are you talking about? Which of them, I mean? Who is this person who is having a sinister joke with his Satanic Majesty?"

Father Brown looked across at him with a ghastly smile.

"Ah," he said, "that's the joke."

There was another silence; but this time the silence seemed to be rather full and oppressive than merely empty; it seemed to settle down on them like the twilight that was gradually turning from dusk to dark. Father Brown went on speaking in a level voice, sitting stolidly with his elbows on the table.

"I've been looking up the Musgrave family," he said; "they're a vigorous and long-lived stock, and even in the ordinary way I should think you would wait a good time for your money."

"We're quite prepared for that," answered the solicitor, "but anyhow it can't last indefinitely. The old man is nearly eighty, though he still walks about and the people at the inn here laugh and say they don't believe he will ever die."

Father Brown jumped up with one of his rare but rapid movements, but remained with his hands on the table, leaning forward and looking his friend in the face.

"That's it," he cried in a low but excited voice. "That's the only problem. That's the only real difficulty. How will he die? How on earth is he to die?"

"What on earth do you mean?" asked Granby.

"I mean," came the voice of the priest out of the darkening room, "that I know the crime which James Musgrave committed."

His tones had such a chill in them that Granby could hardly repress a shiver; he murmured a further question.

"It was really the worst crime in the world," said Father Brown. "At least, many communities and civilizations have accounted it so. It was always from the earliest times marked out in tribe and village for tremendous punishment. But anyhow, I know now what young Musgrave really did and why he did it."

"And what did he do?" asked the lawyer.

"He killed his father," answered the priest.

The lawyer in his turn rose from his seat and gazed across the table with wrinkled brows.

"But his father is at the castle," he cried in sharp tones.

"His father is in the moat," said the priest, "and I was a fool not to have known it from the first when something bothered me about that suit of armor. Don't you remember the look of that room—how very carefully it was arranged and decorated? There were two crossed battleaxes hung on one side of the fireplace, two crossed battleaxes on the other. There was a round Scottish shield on one wall, a round Scottish shield on the other. And there was a stand of armor guarding one side of the hearth and an empty space on the other. Nothing will make me believe that a man who arranged all the rest of the room with that exaggerated symmetry left that one feature of it lopsided. There was almost certainly another man in armor. And what has become of him?"

He paused a moment and then went on in a more matter-of-fact tone.

"When you come to think of it, it's a very good plan for a murder and meets the permanent problem of the disposal of the body. The body could stand inside that complete tilting-armor for

hours or even days, while servants came and went until the murderer could simply drag it out in the dead of night and lower it into the moat, without even crossing the bridge. And then what a good chance he ran! As soon as the body was at all decayed in the stagnant water, there would sooner or later be nothing but a skeleton in fourteenth-century armor; a thing very likely to be found in the moat of an old Border castle. It was unlikely that anybody would look for anything there; but if they did, that would soon be all they would find. And I got some confirmation of that. That was when you said I was looking for a rare plant—it was a plant in a good many senses, if you'll excuse the jest. I saw the marks of two feet sunk so deep into the solid bank I was sure that the man was either very heavy or was carrying something very heavy. Also, by the way, there's another moral from that little incident, when I made my celebrated graceful and catlike leap."

"My brain is rather reeling," said Granby, "but I begin to have some notion of what all this nightmare is about. What about you and your catlike leap?"

"At the post office to-day," said Father Brown, "I casually confirmed the statement the baronet made to me yesterday, that he had been there just after closing-time on the day previous; that is, not only on the very day we arrived but at the very time we arrived. Don't you see what that means? It means that he was actually out when we called and came back while we were waiting; and that was why we had to wait so long. And when I saw that, I suddenly saw a picture which told the whole story."

"Well," asked the other impatiently, "and what about it?"

"An old man of eighty can walk," said Father Brown. "An old man can even walk a good deal, pottering about in country lanes. But an old man can't *jump*. He would be an even less graceful jumper than I was. Yet if the baronet came back while we were waiting, he must have come in as we came in—by jumping the moat. For the bridge wasn't lowered till later; I rather guess he had hampered it himself to delay inconvenient visitors, to judge by the rapidity with which it was repaired. But that doesn't matter. When I saw that fancy picture of the black figure with the gray hair taking a flying leap across the moat, I knew instantly that it was a young man dressed up as an old man. And there you have the whole story."

"You mean," said Granby slowly, "that this pleasing youth killed his father, hid the corpse first in the armor and then in the moat, disguised himself, and so on?"

"They happened to be almost exactly alike," said the priest. "You could see from the family portraits how strong the likeness ran. And then you talk of his disguising himself. But in a sense everybody's dress is a disguise. The old man disguised himself in a wig and the young man in a foreign beard. When he shaved and put the wig on his cropped head and with a little make-up he was exactly like his father. Of course you understand now why he was so very polite about getting you to come up next day here by car. It was because he himself was coming up that night by train. He got in front of you, committed his crime, assumed his disguise, and was ready for the legal negotiations."

"Ah," said Granby thoughtfully, "the legal negotiations. You mean, of course, that the real old baronet would have negotiated very differently."

"He would have told you plainly that the Captain would never get a penny," said Father Brown. "The plot, queer as it sounds, was really the only way of preventing his telling you so. But I want you to appreciate the cunning of what the fellow did tell you. His plan answered several purposes at once. He was being blackmailed by these Russians for some villainy; I suspect for treason during the war. He escaped from them at a stroke and probably sent them

chasing off to Riga after him. But the most beautiful refinement of all was that theory he enunciated about recognizing his son as an heir but not as a human being. Don't you see that, while it secured the *post-obit*, it also provided an answer to what would soon be the greatest difficulty of all?"

"I see several difficulties," said Granby "which one do you mean?"

"I mean that if the son was not even disinherited it would look rather odd that the father and son never met. The theory of a private repudiation answered that. So there remained only one difficulty, as I say, which is probably perplexing the gentleman now—how the devil is the old man to die?"

"I know how he ought to die," said Granby.

Father Brown seemed to be a little bemused and went on in a more abstracted fashion.

"And yet there is something more in it than that," he said. "There was something about that theory which he liked in a way that is more—well, more theoretical. It gave him an insane intellectual pleasure to tell you in one character that he had committed a crime in another character—when he really had. That is what I mean by the infernal irony; by the joke shared with the devil. Shall I tell you something that sounds like what they call a paradox? Sometimes it is the joy in the very heart of hell to tell the truth. And above all to tell it so that everybody misunderstands it. That is why he liked that antic of pretending to be somebody else and then painting himself as black—as he was. And that was why my niece heard him laughing to himself all alone in the picture gallery."

Granby gave a slight start, like a person brought back to common things with a bump.

"Your niece," he cried—"didn't her mother want her to marry Musgrave? A question of wealth and position, I suppose."

"Yes," said Father Brown dryly, "her mother was all in favor of a prudent marriage."

FOLIE DE MINUIT

BY AMY LOWELL

NO WORD, no word, O Lord God!
Hanging above the shivering pillars
Like thunder over a brazen city.

Pity? Is there pity?
Does pity pour from the multiform points
Of snow crystals?
If the throats of the organ pipes
Are numb with cold,
Can the boldest bellow's blast
Melt their now dumb hosannas?

No word, august and brooding God!
No shrivelled specter of an aching tone
Can pierce those banners
Which hide your face, your hands,
Your feet at whose slight tread
Frore water curds to freckled sands
Seaweed incrusted.
The organ loft is draughty with faint voices
Weeping,
Which are not mine, nor would be.
I purposed anthems, copper-red and golden,
Thrusting to the hearts of Babylonian Kings,
Bowed down before Judea and its Highest,
That God of Hosts who screens himself with banners.
My finger-tips are cast in a shard of silence;
The wormy lips of these great narrow tunnels, the pipes,
Are choked with silence;
The banners, the banners, are brittle with decay
And rusted out of color.

The candles gutter in their sconces,
Curling long welts of evil-smelling smoke about my head.
The organ's voice is dead,
Or is it mine?
The banners flap
Like palls upon a bier
On windy midnight burials,
Where torches flare a glittering imposture
About the loneliness of violated sod
Gashed open for a grave.

Pity me, then,
Who cry with wingless psalms,
Spellbound in midnight and chill organ pipes.
Above my eyes the banners bleed
Their dripping dust-specks,
Proclaiming the gaunt glories of successful battles.
It would enchant me to see you afloat behind them,
Blown for a moment to an eye-catch.
But who are you to come for frozen hallelujahs!

And yet I go on silently playing.

WHITE MAGIC AND BLACK

THE JUNGLE SCIENCE OF DUTCH GUIANA

BY JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

THE Dutch colony of Suriname, on the north shore of South America, is the El Dorado of old legend. For five hundred years there have come from the tangle of its forests rumors, and sometimes glittering proofs, that here is a region richer in gold than the dreams of Spain. Thousands of men have sought it. But those few who have come away leave empty handed, angry, and afraid. The jungle has guarded its riches well. It will never give them up.

Along the shore of one of the forest rivers of Suriname stands a railway locomotive, left but a few short years ago by a group of men from the North who wanted gold but went away. They were courageous and clever men. They recognized the strength of the forest and sought to conquer it with the strength of steel. But they were driven out. And now the jungle has taken their monster and destroyed it. Vines that have grown around its belly of iron have cracked it like a nut. The rain and sun have crumpled the steel and given it to the wind to scatter away. When a few more relentless years have passed you will be able to find no faint trace of that once splendid thing.

Our science in the North has made us masters of our world. But it is worthless in the forests around the belt of the globe. The jungle does not want it. Build a fine road in the forest—but do not leave it. When you return you will find only the unhindered monotony of the trees. Their life will have sprung with double strength from the decay of your work. That is the forest way. It is always destroying that it may live. For all your tools and your crafts and your learning it cares not at all. The jungle has been master for ten thousand unchecked years. White men from the top of the world will never defeat that mastery.

But there are a people in Suriname who know the jungle and survive there. They are the Bushnegroes, descendants of rebellious African slaves who many years ago went back into the bush and there, in an environment much like that their ancestors had left behind, recreated the strange crafts of survival in the forest. The almost forgotten gods came back. The wise men found their old lost wisdom. Magic became real again.

Magic is the great reality of the jungle. We northern races, when we think of magic, see a vaudeville performer with a pack of marked cards. Magic is trickery, sleight of hand, legerdemain. It is serio-comic foolery. Magic to us is the thinnest stuff in the world—the semblance of empty illusion.

We must forget all that in the tropic forests. There magic is the vital craft of survival. In a land where a locomotive turns to dust, where all the science of Europe is empty and will avail nothing against the powers of the jungle, magic, developed through a thousand, thousand years has taught the Negro how to live, how to meet the terrors of the manifold deaths that lurk always amid the immutable silence of the trees. It is the most serious, most important

thing in the black man's world. It is never stained with trickery. There is no place for the charlatan of skillful fingers and the patter of the stage.

Jungle magic is never for effect. It is purposeful, studied. When famines, pestilences, and evils come upon the forest people, it is magic that wards them off. It deals with things—with medicines, potions, and ideas—which, in the forest, are more real than steel and far more dangerous. Magic saves. Then it is white. Magic kills. Then it is black. It is the science of the jungle.

The Bushnegro witch-doctor is the jungle scientist. His craft deals with materials, with causes and effects. Witchcraft is not priestcraft. It is never religious. It takes two ways—the way of Obeah, or white, good magic, and the *wissi*, or Voodoo way, the black way.

II

A few days before we started from Paramaribo, the capital of Dutch Guiana, for our first expedition into the bush, I was asked—"Have you had snake-cut yet?"

I had turned the conversation to snakes. The prospect of journeying into unknown regions of the tropic forests had aspects which were far from reassuring. A lean scientific gentleman had informed us that if one knew just where to look one could find fifty more or less deadly reptiles in any hundred square yards. All agreed that although in practice the traveler rarely encounters snakes in the Guiana forests, they do offer one of the real problems of survival. Then the question—"Have you had snake-cut yet?"

The gentleman explained. "It's a thing the Bushnegroes make. They call it magic." He laughed. "No one knows exactly how it's done. But everyone uses it. Snakes won't bother you if you take it. If you have a really good dose a snake will become helpless when you go near it. No one around here would think of going back into the bush without it."

I was fresh from the North. I subsequently asked questions. I found no two who agreed as to the exact extent to which this snake-cut is effective. But all assented it offers perfect protection against snakes.

Snake-cut, I learned among the Bushnegroes of the interior, has the form of a black, finely granulated, crystalline powder. It is made under secret conditions by wise men especially skilled in the lore of the jungle. The head and tail of a *labaria* (Guiana rattlesnake) are cut off and cooked for many hours over a slow fire—some say in a human skull. Into this are put certain herbs and the cooking continues until the entire potion is reduced to its final form.

It may be administered in two ways. The first and best method—the one used universally by the Bushnegroes themselves—is to rub a small quantity of the powder into the blood stream through an incision made in a vein in the arm or leg. Foreign travelers are usually content to drink it in water. But this is less satisfactory, witch-men assured me.

Snake-cuts vary. Some witch-doctors make a more satisfactory blend than others. It is for sale when there is more available than is wanted for the immediate needs of the village. At its best snake-cut has extraordinary qualities. The person who has been recently treated is always the first of a party to see a snake—a feat, in the matted shadows of the bush, far more remarkable than one might think. He may approach even the most vicious reptile with perfect impunity. When he is within a yard or so of the snake it becomes stiff and helpless. And some smaller kinds are stricken with sudden death. The state of rigid paralysis lasts for several hours after the person treated with snake-cut has gone his way.

That is the story—one which you hear in various forms from every side.

Even if you are so unlucky as not to have been recently dosed with snake-

cut and your bad luck continues until a venomous reptile sinks its fangs into your flesh, you may yet live if a supply of the precious powder is close at hand and you have a friend among the Bushnegroes who will rub a little of it into the black poison pits in your flesh. It is the only antidote in any land which is always efficacious.

I cannot explain snake-cut. It has been chemically analyzed at a careful European laboratory and come back with its ingredients set down in exact detail up to within a dozen per cent of the whole. This remainder the baffled chemists were forced to dismiss with "Constituents Unknown."

Blackamoni, our old canoe man, one steaming day on the river told me with a smile and a shake of his head that even should he learn to love me greatly and should in addition greatly forget the faith of his fathers, he *might* tell me just how the snake-cut is made. But what would that avail me? I might make it just as he told me, but still I should be bitten and die if I met a bushmaster. For it would not be magic. I, the super-inquisitive "Americaa baa-kaa," the outlander, could not learn magic. No man can learn magic unless he have a thousand years of jungle memories burned in his soul by the sun—unless he has heard always in his ears the echoes of the jungle night.

A friend in Paramaribo suggested that snake-cut produces an exhalation in the perspiration which is vividly perceptible to snakes, although it escapes human nostrils—that this exhalation produces the violent effect upon the snake's nervous system that has been noted. This seems a very intelligent suggestion. But I confess it does not interest me. . . . I have heard the baboons howl their echoing tune in the forest night; seen the moon come palely down the canyon of the trees on the river; heard the Bushnegro tom-tom far away talk to men and beasts and gods. . . . Somehow I am prepared to believe everything but an explanation.

III

The Suriname Bushnegroes are not a hunting people. They rely chiefly for food upon the feeble crops which they can trick from the ever-jealous forest. Yet they have hunting dogs, poor mongrel mutts, that as game procurers have no equals anywhere.

Imagine a dog that will take the scent of a hare on Monday morning, overtake it Tuesday night, and arrive with it at your feet on Wednesday evening! The Bushnegro dogs do that. It is Bushnegro magic.

Dressi-von-dago, it is called—this treatment that will turn a mongrel into a paragon of hunters. It is the business of the witch-men. The treatment, which must begin at the first phase of the waxing of the moon, lasts from six weeks to three months. It is throughout accompanied by secret, lonely ceremony in some clearing remote from the village. The treatment is always specifically for the hunting of one sort of animal—such as the savannah red deer, the bush hare, or that deformity among mammals, the tapir.

At dawn each day the witch-doctor washes the dog selected, feeds it secret herbs, and doses it with snake-cut as a protection in the bush. Then it is forced to eat in its food a brew made from a part of the animal which it is being trained to hunt—the gall and bladder of the hare or the lymph of the tapir or deer, for instance. The same mixture is rubbed over the dog's nose and body. And always there are incantations against *winti*, the destructive, evil demons of the bush that lie in wait for dog or man who ventures beyond the village clearing into the living silence, the mystery, the vengeful quiet chaos of the forest.

In Paramaribo I met a white man who had lived for some time on the outskirts of the bush, superintending a timber concession. He had learned in detail the lore of the *dressi-von-dago* and experimented upon a dog of his own. And

the dog would at the end venture not a pace beyond the clearing.

I have never heard of a failure when the treatment has been administered by a witch-man. Something was missing in the white man's ritual. The Bush-negro knows. The white man did not know, the white man can never know the magic of the jungle.

IV

These are white magic—the wise science of meeting the situation. They are the eminently practical aspects of the magic craft. We can mumble feebly hypothetical explanations that do not explain. But there are other, stranger things.

In former years there was an occasional custom among the Suriname Bush-negroes of sending in time of social calamity some offering down river to *Mamma Snaki*, the powerful, beneficent spirit of the bush that dwells in the great boa constrictor among the tree tops. In late years the custom has fallen into disuse, perhaps because there have for many years been no floods or famines or foreign pestilences to spread general tragedy among the jungle people. But the memory of the custom is fresh. Frobie, the ancient *granman*, chief of the village of Biri-Pudu-Madu, a hundred miles back country in the forests, remembered the custom well.

Frobie had at that time just taken unto himself a wife, so, he judged, all this must have taken place more than four hundred moons ago. It was a terrible time. The cassava crop all along the upper river had failed utterly. Some tiny red lice had appeared and eaten all the roots away. Babies that were born were born only to die, their bellies withered and their eyes staring. Men who went into the forest for game never came back. Even the dogs forgot their villages and their howling was heard no more. The jungle *winti* were everywhere. The good spirits, strangely angered, had fled to farther towns. It was kill, kill, kill. Starved corpses grew inert. Souls were everywhere but were too weak, too hungry to aid their families.

So the *granmans* and witch-men of all the villages met in long palaver. *Mamma Snaki* was far away. She must come back. *Mamma Snaki*, more strong than the evilest *witti*, would come back and help the jungle people if they sent her gifts worthy of her power. Downriver there was no famine. *Mamma Snaki* had gone with the floods of the big rainy season downriver and forgotten the people of the inland towns. The gifts must be very fine.

The cleverest makers of *corials* in all the region were set at work hewing out a great cedar log to make a canoe worthy of *Mamma Snaki*. Others gathered what precious food they could find . . . withered yams, some bunches of green plantain, a basket of fresh river fish and a red deer caught with a noose of vine by a clever huntsman. One very, very rich *granman* even contributed a liter of white rum, last among the villages.

Soon all was ready. All the witch-men of all the towns, regal in clinking *papa-muni* shells, their bodies ghastly with the smeared whiting of the *pimpatoti* stone, made final preparation. The yams, the plantains, the fresh-killed deer, the fish, and last and most reverently, the liter of white rum were loaded into the new *corial*, made lovely with the purple and white of passion flowers. The witch-men and *granmans*, each in his own canoe, then escorted the loaded *corial* to midstream and, while all the bush people watched, sent the splendid gift downstream to *Mamma Snaki*. Unescorted, but watched by the eyes and followed by the hopes of a people, it disappeared around a bend in the majestic stream.

It was never seen again. *Mamma Snaki* received it, was glad, and came back to help the people of the upper river. The red lice went away and the cassava grew again. Babes that were born grew round of belly and laughed

at their mothers. The *winti* went away defeated and the kindly spirits all returned.

That was the story of Frobie, the *granman* of Biri-Pudu-Madu. *Mamma Snaki received the corial filled with gifts.* In short, the loaded cedar canoe disappeared from the face of the earth. No one ever saw it again. There is record of a government bushranger who knew the exact time such a ceremony would take place and was curious. He waited in his canoe on the river a mile or so below the point where the *corial* was embarked. He waited all day, watching diligently. And nothing ever came—save only floating vines torn from the shore, dead branches fallen from the trees—the usual garbage of the forest stream. None has ever come.

No Bushnegro had tampered with it. Of that one may be as sure as of the sun. A gift for *Mamma Snaki* is more sacred, more inviolate than the oldest crucifix in Rome. No one will meddle with the fate of his people.

A *corial* may, in a fierce rapid, turn turtle. But it *cannot* sink. Yet it never came. *Mamma Snaki* received it, Frobie the *granman* says. Jungle magic—white magic—another forest mystery.

V

Sometimes among the Bushnegroes a man dies. His soul strides alone down the shadowed forest path, leaving his black body limp and quiet, and does not return. All the Bushnegroes know that only the very old soul, who is weary, goes away of its own accord. When a strong man dies it is the evil doing of an enemy. The family of the soul that has gone away must find out the enemy's name and take revenge. The dead man will tell. They will ask him.

The body is placed upon a plank carried on the heads of two men. All his family gather round and the witch-doctor, important with ceremony, sets out to find the name of the tribe that has committed the murder. The corpse bearers stand facing the witch-doctor. Before them, to the left and right, are two leaves upon the ground. One leaf represents Truth, the other Untruth. Only two men, those who have gone into the bush and selected the leaves, know the meaning each carries. They sit apart as umpires.

The witch-doctor begins his questioning.

"Did the family of Cracoe do this?"

"The people of the *granman* of the village of Kadjoe?"

The corpse upon the board, aided by the forward bearer, nods or shakes its head in reply. And, as the questioning goes on, the body upon its plank is slowly borne toward one leaf or the other—the soul of the dead man directing. For the truth of the dead must be proven. Sometimes it moves toward the Leaf of Untruth, and the witch-doctor knows he will not get the answer he seeks from the body. The spirit, perhaps, may be in frivolous mood, or be afraid—for the moment in dread of spirits stronger than itself.

In that case the two men who have selected the leaves stop the proceedings and the body is set down until the following day. Then two other men make choice of leaves and the ceremony is repeated. The Leaf of Untruth has never been selected a second time, all bear witness. And the nod of affirmation comes from the corpse invariably when, and only when, the true culprit is named. There is no trickery. Death and revenge are serious things. This is sacred magic. The Bushnegro knows no marked cards.

The true culprit, for, curious—to outlanders—though it is, a man or woman very, very rarely dies a natural death among the Bushnegroes except from a suddenly epidemic disease or from the calm decay of age. When an expert canoe man is upset one day in his *corial* and drowns in a rapid he has crossed a thousand times; when an able hunter is torn by an angry jaguar and devoured in the forest; or when a vigorous man or

woman simply sits down before the doorway of the hut and the soul quietly leaves forevermore, it is rarely accident or fate or the common misfortune of mortality which we in the North expect. It is the work of an enemy.

The way of an enemy is never direct. The mysterious ways of jungle death are the only ways down which death comes. Sometimes a Bushnegro, out of jealousy, anger, or fear, wishes another dead. So he sets his fetishes against his enemy, invokes the *winti* of the bush to set upon and destroy him. It is dangerous business, for the murderer knows that in time he will himself be almost inevitably destroyed. But there are stronger passions even than fear.

The spirits of evil are set in action. The one against whom they are working learns of his mortal danger. He attempts propitiation, seeks to make his protective fetishes stronger than the destructive fetishes of his enemy. But almost surely, soon or late, he dies, and his family know that he has been murdered. That is the forest way.

On one occasion, a few years ago, the headman of an upper-river village had been slightly ill, but was rapidly recovering. Some relatives of the man called upon a government bushranger who was in the district and were told to take home with them the message that he hoped the chief was faring well and would soon recover. Unfortunately, the bushranger opened the talk with the phrase "Is he still living?" and nothing he said after that was remembered. The words were taken to mean that the bushranger intended the man's death and was interested to learn if his destructive fetishes had yet taken effect.

The messengers returned to their village to find the headman flourishing. He had almost forgotten he had ever been ill. Then they delivered their garbled account of the official's words. That night the headman lay down to rest upon the floor of his house and never woke again. His protective fetishes had fled.

The bushranger was safe from revenge. Because he knows the Bushnegroes and because he is representative of the Dutch government he is inviolate. Only a greater power than he can reach him with injury. And the great chiefs of the Bushnegroes live many, many days journey back in the bush.

But let him who is not great above his fellows beware of the revenge that will destroy him if he has destroyed another. The Bushnegro has developed a system of revengeful magic which acts as a more powerful deterrent against crime than all the ten thousand musty law books of our own over-systematized civilization. It is *Kunu*—the blood revenge.

Kunu is a spirit. It is a destructive force. It is an individual. It is an indwelling spirit of destruction which inhabits the body of one member of each family. *Kunu* is fickle and sometimes leaves one man to possess and rule his brother, or his father, or his son. Where *Kunu* dwells and rules there is no other law. The *Kunu* man is above magic and above responsibility. It is the business of *Kunu* to revenge injuries against the family. If my family, or any member of my family, does any member of your family an injury which results in death, and you discover, by questioning the spirit of the dead, who has committed the sin, the *Kunu* of your people sets to work to destroy my people. We know who is destroying us—who causes our young men to die in the rapids, our women to die in childbirth. It is not the general revenge of your family against mine. It is the revenge spirit—*Kunu*—that possesses the soul of your brother who does this. And we are powerless to resist.

Long ago, in 1837, a *granman* of one of the Bushnegro towns was dismissed by the Dutch government. *Therefore* he died. It was a time of disgrace and unrest. In that time the son of the dead man took over his stick of office and made himself headman, disobeying the ancient laws of succession. Father

and son are of different families. Inheritance is always through the female line among the Bushnegroes. *Because* the son took the stick of office from his dead father's hand he had murdered his father. This was a crime of family against family which must be wiped out in blood. The *Kunu* of the dead *granman's* tribe began its work. The people of the interloper's family were powerless to resist. For many years the bloody, silent work went on. At last no single survivor of the son's family was left.

To-day the site of their village is a tangled mass of vines and monster trees, rising up two hundred feet to the sunlight and the wind high overhead. About the roots, lost forever in the rot of decay and ever-striving forest life, lie some broken shards and the crumbled rust of guns—all that remains to mark the passing of a people who sinned against the jungle law. And no hand was ever raised against another. All transpired in jungle silence, with the invincible, quiet tread of jungle mystery.

VI

Not without exception is the murderer's reliance upon ways of the spirit. Certain witch-doctors among the Bushnegroes are masters of the old craft of poisoning. Poisons are everywhere in the forest. The juice of the cassava plant is always the most ready, for cassava is the staple of life. Before cassava flour is available for food its natural deadly juices must be squeezed away. Common tapioca is nothing more than this virulent poison of the cassava simmered down. The raw juice fed to an unwary dog will produce death in a few minutes. But these are obvious things—unworthy of the craft of the man of magic.

No one in Suriname seemed able to tell me very much that is definite about this poison craft. It exists, it is highly specialized, it is rarely practiced. It is utterly mysterious.

Sometimes a man starts down river with a raft of timbers, bound for Paramaribo, the metropolis. He is blooming with health. A week later he arrives and shows a curious tendency to fall into sudden profound sleeps. Soon such a sleep continues into a state of comatose unconsciousness. He is taken to the excellently equipped Military Hospital in Paramaribo, conducted by the Dutch government. There, in spite of every effort on the part of the physicians, he dies. The doctors, baffled by his malady, suspect poison and perform an autopsy. They perform a very careful and able autopsy indeed. It reveals absolutely nothing whatever. Different poisons manifest themselves in different ways. All are common in one particular—they are undetectable by any means modern science knows.

And—sometimes—from far, far back in the vast jungles toward French Guiana and the Brazilian frontier, which explorers have never reached, comes an occasional hint of remote tribes of Bushnegroes to whom magic is a still more living thing. There are hinted legends of great witch-doctors who know the jungle and its ancient lore so well they can, with a thought and a sign, transcend space and time and the binding, material things and in a flash, change from man-shape into snake rise with a howl from the vanishing coil of scales in the form of a tiger, then, in a burst of sound fly zrumming away into the skies on the wings of the black carrion.

I have felt the power of the jungle, known the still menace of its greatness and its wisdom. I know the jungle itself is mystery, its defeats and its victories are, in their very fact, magic, black or white.

Magic belongs in the jungle. It is eternally old yet it is perpetually going forward. The black man's mind never rests. It is always seeking, trying always to find new answers to the titanic mysteries of the bush. He must learn them or he will die. Magic is the old, old craft of life.

Religion and Life

RELIGION AS AN ADVENTURE

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

A LETTER lies before me from a man who never has united with the Christian church. He cannot believe one of the highly philosophical doctrines on which he understands the churches to insist. He is reverent, spiritually minded, essentially religious, but he thinks that he must stay outside the church. To be sure, Jesus never mentioned the doctrine which constitutes his difficulty. It did not even emerge in the form which my correspondent finds indigestible until centuries after Jesus lived. Nevertheless, wanting to join the fellowship of Christian people, where his sympathies are naturally at home, he remains outside the church.

This case, typical of more people than one likes to think, illustrates the peril which vital religion faces in the very organizations that at first were intended to express it. Religion at its source is personal adventure on a way of living. A new idea of life's spiritual meaning, incarnate in a leader, summons men, and they cut loose from old entanglements and try the challenging adventure. By the time religion has been thoroughly organized, however, it often loses that daring quality and becomes instead a stereotyped system of doctrine and institution to be passively accepted and believed.

This tendency, illustrated wherever religion exists, is unmistakable in Christianity. Christianity began in a great adventure. Discipleship to Jesus, in those first days when the Master was presenting his way of living to the acceptance of those who had vision and courage enough to try it, was a costly spiritual exploit. In the New Testament it never loses that quality. The life to which Jesus summoned men required insight and bravery to undertake and fortitude to continue. In those days who could have dreamed that it ever would become in the eyes of multitudes a stiff and finished system to be passively received?

This development in historic Christianity from vitality to rigidity is clearly reflected in the changed meanings of the word "faith." Faith in the New Testament was a matter of personal venturesomeness. It involved self-committal, devotion, loyalty, courage. If one arranges the New Testament in the chronological order of its documents and thus enters the book by way of some of Paul's epistles, he feels a thrilling quality in the movement which there had gotten under weigh. It was the most influential uprush of spiritual power in human history, and all the participants in it would have ascribed their inspiration to their faith. But it was not faith in formal creeds, for no creeds had yet been written; it was not faith in the New Testament, for the New Testament was not yet in existence; it was not faith in the church, for the church was as yet inchoate and unorganized. That primary faith which launched the Christian movement antedated creeds, Book, and church. It was a personal relationship with Christ and

what he stood for. It had not yet been formalized. It was vital and dynamic.

How different are the meanings that "faith" soon acquired in Christianity! It ceased being primarily a daring thing—a mountain-mover, as Jesus said, or the victory that overcomes the world, as John called it. It was increasingly drained of its more vital elements, it was stereotyped and systematized until it tended to mean the acceptance of creedal and institutional finalities long worked out and awaiting only the credence of the faithful. The climate sadly changed between the New Testament and the classic formulations of the church's doctrine. Who can imagine Jesus facing a formula like this about himself: "Consubstantial with the Father according to the Godhead and consubstantial with us according to the Manhood . . . only begotten to be acknowledged in two natures, inconfusedly, unchangeably, invisibly, inseparably; the distinction of natures being by no means taken away by the union, but rather the property of each nature being preserved and concurring in one Person and one Substance?"

ONE does not mean that any one is consciously to blame for thus systematizing and organizing life's experiences, squeezing the adventure out of them, translating them into formulas, and leaving them dessicated and unreal. This is the fate of every lovely thing that human life creates. Music, too, has its Beckmessers who, if they could, would let no Walther sing the Prize Song. Art suffers as religion does, and even courtesy can be imprisoned in a stately mannerism and need to be delivered like a sleeping princess from her castle.

One does mean, however, that when this fate befalls spiritual values indispensable to man's wellbeing, the time for reformation has arrived. And this fate has befallen religion in America to-day. Organized, institutionalized, creedalized, ritualized—religion has become for multitudes a stuffy and uninteresting affair. The Beckmessers are ruining it by the very means they take to preserve it. They are hiding from this new generation the arresting fact that religion is the most thrilling adventure that life offers.

The one utter heresy in Christianity is thus to believe that we have reached finality and can settle down with a completed system. That is the essential denial of the living God, who cannot have said his last word on any subject or have landed his last hammer-blow on any task. It is strange that in religion we so desperately cling to static, settled, authoritative finality as though that were our safety and our strength. In no other realm should we dream of such an attitude. Says Froude, the historian, "If medicine had been regulated three hundred years ago by Act of Parliament; if there had been thirty-nine Articles of Physic, and every licensed practitioner had been compelled under pains and penalties to compound his drugs by the prescriptions of Henry VIII's physician, Dr. Butts, it is easy to conjecture in what state of health the people of this country would at present be found."

Why should we suppose that the fortunes of religion in the mind and experience of man are under a different set of psychological laws than the fortunes of medicine or art or music? In all realms, religion included, human life is creative. It spontaneously wells up into new insights and endeavors. It outgrows its old formulations as a child its early clothes. The continuity in any realm of human interest is not to be found in its formulations but in its abiding life. Health is a permanent problem and medicine goes on. Beauty is a deathless interest and art abides. The spiritual life of man in its relationship with the Eternal is an unescapable human interest and religion is indestructible. But it is an adventure both of life and thought. All its formulas, summarizing experience up to date, are sign posts, not boundary lines; and when Christianity forgets that, becomes preservative instead of creative, rests in assumed finalities instead of daring new sallies of the

spirit, retreats into supposed citadels instead of taking the open road, it not only is false to its historic origin in Christ, who did the very opposite, but by psychological necessity it dooms itself to stagnation and decay.

SO far is this from being disturbing, that only through a clear apprehension of it are we likely to regain anything resembling the thrill and liveliness and ardor of apostolic Christianity which so daringly struck its tents and ventured into new kinds of thought and action. Certainly, it is the lack of this which in part causes the dangerous alienation of the younger generation from organized Christianity. Many a young man and woman to-day who is not a Christian would like to be one. But often the churches do not help them. Preachers have a way of thinking of Christianity as a whole, of taking it en bloc. They treat it as a carefully articulated system of beliefs and practices. They present it as it has stiffened into settled finalities. They come to youth with this sum total of Christianity and plead that men accept this system of thought and practice and become Christians. Some preachers even say explicitly that the whole complex affair stands or falls together and that one must take it all or have nothing.

Many a youth, however, who may wistfully desire to be a Christian, finds such an approach impossible. He cannot start with wholesale acceptance of a finished system. He cannot begin by believing what he does not yet perceive the truth of. It is as psychologically absurd to expect a youth as precedent to to becoming a Christian to accept this institutionalized and creedalized bloc called Christianity as it would be to demand credence of the whole curriculum before a boy could become a Freshman.

Jesus' first followers were called disciples, learners; and a learner begins where he is. When Jesus met a man like Zacchaeus he did not foist on him a system of theology and institutionalism, both because he did not have one and because Zacchaeus would not have understood it if he had. He dealt with men one at a time. Nicodemus, the woman of Samaria, the rich young ruler, Peter, James, John—to no two of them did he give the same prescription. He had no predetermined mold into which he tried to run them all. He had no system to which all had to subscribe before they could follow him. He invited each, starting where each was, to begin a spiritual adventure in a hitherto untried way of living.

The first disciples started with a life lived under the mastership of Jesus and came to a theory afterward based on their experience. We often go at the matter from the opposite end. We call on men to believe some orthodox interpretation of Jesus, insist that only in holding this philosophy concerning Jesus is there salvation or motive power for Christian living. That whole method of approach is psychologically false. It asks men first to accept a formula instead of summoning them to undertake a life. It has led to endless unreality and hypocrisy. It is responsible for multitudes of people holding a theory and mistakenly supposing that thereby they have achieved a life. It has issued even in some who insist that all bona fide goodness springs from holding their theory and is dependent on it, whereas any one can see that plenty of people who hold another theory altogether or, it may be, none at all, have more sweetness and light in their characters, more high-mindedness, integrity, usefulness, and essential Christianity than the strict theorists have touched the fringes of.

As one who himself holds a high interpretation of Jesus and sympathetically understands Nicene fathers' victorious cry that "true God of true God" has come to us in him, I should like to hear more Christian preachers addressing the youth of to-day somewhat as follows:

We want you to be genuinely Christian. But as precedent to that it would not occur to us to demand that you

should believe even about Christ what we believe. What we see in Christ is not the question. The question is, What do you see in Christ? Surely, you do not mean that you see nothing to challenge your conscience, rebuke your life, summon your devotion! Will you start with that, follow that as far as it carries you and then go on if you see more? Interpose no objections based on your disbelief in this theological theory or that. No one is asking you just now to believe them. Start where you are and follow what you do see. Christianity is an adventure. Like friendship it is capable of being intellectually formulated, but primarily it is an experiment in living to be tried. If the Master himself saw you perceiving in him no more than you do perceive but wanting to try the venture of following him and applying his principles to life, he would rise on you like the sun in his encouragement, saying, Start where you are.

ALL experiences, when they have been tried out, explored, enjoyed, tend to get themselves expressed in formulas. We precipitate a living thing into the shorthand of an abstract statement. Even love has its creeds, although, happily, they have been expressed in poetry. Read the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" and see. But a man need not postpone love until he can subscribe to that finished expression of perfected experience. He never will subscribe to it with vital understanding if he does postpone the experiment itself. Love is an adventure.

So is prayer, loving one's enemies, being sincere. So is discovering spiritual resources which we can tap and thus be "strengthened with power through his Spirit in the inward man." So is repentance, forgiveness, restitution, and inward moral conquest. So is practical working faith in God and love for all sorts and conditions of men. So is the application of the principles of Jesus to racial, industrial, and international problems. Christianity is a stirring and costly adventure in personal character and social relationships. Theological theories can help. They can justify, clarify, direct, and extend the adventure. But they do not come first; they come last. They are the intellectual formulations of the adventure, not its primary cause, and whenever they grow stiff and intractable, become obsolete and deterrent, no longer help the ventures of the spirit, but hinder and confuse, they must give way to other forms of thought that will illumine and guide. For at all hazards the adventure of spiritual living must go on. That is indispensable to man's real life. That is genuine religion. And the tragedy of organized religion is that so often this adventure has to face, not only natural enemies in human carnality and skepticism, but artificial enemies in the petrified expressions of religion itself. Like a river dammed by its own ice, religion is held back by its congealed formulations.

This is the *raison d'être* of that movement in Christianity to-day which is seeking an "inclusive church." We are not careless of intellectual statements of faith. We suspect that soon enough—perhaps all too soon—we are likely to get formulations of religion in modern terms which our children, to use Phillips Brooks' figure, will have to beat back again like crust into the batter. Our formulations will be no more final than our fathers'. But in the meantime our churches ought to welcome all who have faith enough to try the spiritual adventure of Christian living. The exclusive features of the denominations, almost altogether non-spiritual as they are and remote from any influence on moral character, are a burden on the religious life of the nation. It never can be altogether well until they are gone and the churches become once more the natural home of all those in the community who in the spirit of Jesus wish to treat life seriously in terms of spiritual vision and valor.

BLUE MURDER

A STORY

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

AT Mill Crossing it was already past sunset. The rays, redder for what autumn leaves were left, still laid fire along the woods crowning the stony slopes of Jim Bluedge's pastures; but then the line of the dusk began and from that level it filled the valley, washing with transparent blue the buildings scattered about the bridge, Jim's house and horse-sheds and hay-barns, Frank's store, and Camden's blacksmith shop.

The mill had been gone fifty years, but the falls which had turned its wheel still poured in the bottom of the valley, and when the wind came from the Footstool way their mist wet the smithy, built of the old stone on the old foundations, and their pouring drowned the clink of Camden's hammer.

Just now they couldn't drown Camden's hammer, for he wasn't in the smithy; he was at his brother's farm. Standing inside the smaller of the horse paddocks behind the sheds he drove in stakes, one after another, cut green from saplings, and so disposed as to cover the more glaring of the weaknesses in the five-foot fence. From time to time, when one was done and another to do, he rested the head of his sledge in the pocket of his leather apron (he was never without it; it was as though it had grown on him, lumpy with odds and ends of his trade—bolts and nails and rusty pliers and old horseshoes) and, standing so, he mopped the sweat from his face and looked up at the mountain.

Of the three brothers he was the dumb one. He seldom had anything to say. It was providential (folks said) that of the three enterprises at the Crossing one was a smithy; for while he was a strong, big, hungry-muscled fellow, he never would have had the shrewdness to run the store or the farm. He was better at pounding—pounding while the fire reddened and the sparks flew, and thinking, and letting other people wonder what he was thinking of.

Blossom Bluedge, his brother's wife, sat perched on the top bar of the paddock gate, holding her skirts around her ankles with a trifle too much care to be quite unconscious, and watched him work. When he looked at the mountain he was looking at the mares, half a mile up the slope, grazing in a line as straight as soldiers, their heads all one way. But Blossom thought it was the receding light he was thinking of, and her own sense of misgiving returned and deepened.

"You'd have thought Jim would be home before this, wouldn't you, Cam?"

Her brother-in-law said nothing.

"Cam, look at me!"

It was nervousness, but it wasn't all nervousness—she was the prettiest girl in the valley; a small part of it was mingled coquetry and pique.

The smith began to drive another stake, swinging the hammer from high overhead, his muscles playing in fine big rhythmical convulsions under the skin of his arms and chest, covered with short blond down. Studying him cornerwise, Blossom muttered, "Well, *don't* look at me then!"

He was too dumb for any use. He was as dumb as this: when all three of the Bluedge boys were after her a year ago, Frank, the storekeeper, had brought her candy: chocolates wrapped in silver foil in a two-pound Boston box. Jim had laid before her the Bluedge farm and with it the dominance of the valley. And Camden! To the daughter of Ed Beck, the apple grower, Camden had brought *a box of apples!*—and been bewildered too, when, for all she could help it, she had had to clap a hand over her mouth and run into the house to have her giggle.

A little more than just bewildered, perhaps. Had she, or any of them, ever speculated about that? . . . He had been dumb enough before; but that was when he had started being as dumb as he was now.

Well, if he wanted to be dumb let him be dumb. Pouting her pretty lips and arching her fine brows, she forgot the unimaginative fellow and turned to the ridge again. And now, seeing the sun was quite gone, all the day's vague worries and dreads—held off by this and that—could not be held off longer. For weeks there had been so much talk, so much gossip and speculation and doubt.

"Camden," she reverted suddenly. "Tell me one thing; did you hear—"

She stopped there. Some people were coming into the kitchen yard, dark forms in the growing darkness. Most of them lingered at the porch, sitting on the steps and lighting their pipes. The one that came out was Frank, the second of her brothers-in-law. She was glad. Frank wasn't like Camden; he would talk. Turning and taking care of her skirts, she gave him a bright and sisterly smile.

"Well, Frankie, what's the crowd?"

Far from avoiding the smile, as Camden's habit was, the storekeeper returned it with a brotherly wink for good measure. "Oh, they're tired of waiting down the road, so they come up here to see the grand arrival." He was something of a man of the world; in his calling he had acquired a fine turn for skepticism. "Don't want to miss being on hand to see what flaws they can pick in 'Jim's five hundred dollars' wuth of expiriment'."

"Frank, ain't you the least bit worried over Jim? So late?"

"Don't see why."

"All the same, I wish either you or Cam could've gone with him."

"Don't see why. Had all the men from Perry's stable there in Twinshead to help him get the animal off the freight, and he took an extra rope and the log-chain and the heavy wagon, so I guess no matter how wild and woolly the devil is he'll scarcely be climbing in over the tailboard. Besides, them Western horses ain't such a big breed; even a stallion."

"All the same—(look the other way, Frankie)—" Flipping her ankles over the rail, Blossom jumped down beside him. "Listen, Frank, tell me something; did you hear—did you hear the reason Jim's getting him cheap was because he killed a man out West there, what's-its-name, Wyoming?"

Frank was taking off his sleeve protectors, the pins in his mouth. It was Camden, at the bars, speaking in his sudden deep rough way, "Who the hell told you that?"

Frank got the pins out of his mouth. "I guess what it is, Blossie, what's mixed you up is his having that name 'Blue Murder'."

"No sir! I got some sense and some ears. You don't go fooling me."

Frank laughed indulgently and struck her shoulder with a light hand.

"Don't you worry. Between two horsemen like Jim and Cam—"

"Don't *Cam* me! He's none of *my* horse. I told Jim once—" Breaking off, Camden hoisted his weight over the fence and stood outside, his feet spread and his hammer in both hands, an attitude that would have looked a little ludicrous had anyone been watching him.

Jim had arrived. With a clatter of hoofs and a rattle of wheels he was in

the yard and come to a standstill, calling aloud as he threw the lines over the team, "Well, friends, here we are."

The curious began to edge around, closing a cautious circle. The dusk had deepened so that it was hard to make anything at any distance of Jim's "expiriment" but a blurry silhouette anchored at the wagon's tail. The farmer put an end to it, crying from his eminence, "Now, now, clear out and don't worry him; give him some peace tonight, for Lord's sake! Git!" He jumped to the ground and began to whack his arms, chilled with driving, only to have them pinioned by Blossom's without warning.

"Oh, Jim, I'm so glad you come. I been so worried; gi' me a kiss!"

The farmer reddened, eying the cloud of witnesses. He felt awkward and wished she could have waited. "Get along, didn't I tell you fellows?" he cried with a trace of the Bluedge temper. "Go wait in the kitchen then; I'll tell you all about everything soon's I come in. . . . Well now—wife—"

"What's the matter?" she laughed, an eye over her shoulder. "Nobody's looking that matters. I'm sure Frank don't mind. And as for Camden—"

Camden wasn't looking at them. Still standing with his hammer two-fisted and his legs spread, his chin down and his thoughts to himself (the dumbhead) he was looking at Blue Murder, staring at that other dumbhead, which, raised high on the motionless column of the stallion's neck, seemed hearkening with an exile's doubt to the sounds of this new universe, tasting with wide nostrils the taint in the wind of equine strangers, and studying with eyes accustomed to far horizons these dark pastures that went up in the air.

Whatever the smith's cogitations, presently he let the hammer down and said aloud, "So you're him, eh?"

Jim had put Blossom aside, saying, "Got supper ready? I'm hungry!" Excited by the act of kissing and the sense of witnesses to it, she fussed her hair and started kitchenwards as he turned to his brothers.

"Well, what do you make of him?"

"Five hundred dollars," said Frank. "However, it's your money."

Camden was shorter. "Better put him in."

"All right; let them bars down while I and Frank lead him around."

"No thanks!" The storekeeper kept his hands in his pockets. "I just cleaned up, thanks. Cam's the boy for horses."

"He's none o' my horses!" Camden wet his lips, shook his shoulders, and scowled. "Be damned, no!" He never had the right words, and it made him mad. Hadn't he told Jim from the beginning that he washed his hands of this fool Agricultural College squandering, "and a man-killer to the bargain"?

"Unless," Frank put in slyly, "unless Cam's scared."

"Oh, is Cam scared?"

"Scared?" And still, to the brothers' enduring wonder, the big dense fellow would rise to that boyhood bait. "Scared? The hell I'm scared of any horse ever wore a shoe! Come on, I'll show you! I'll show you!"

"Well, be gentle with him, boys; he may be brittle." As Frank sauntered off around the shed he whistled the latest tune.

In the warmth and light of the kitchen he began to fool with his pretty sister-in-law, feigning princely impatience and growling with a wink at the assembled neighbors, "When do we eat?"

But she protested, "Land, I had everything ready since five, ain't I? And now if it ain't you it's them to wait for. I declare for men!"

At last one of the gossips got in a word.

"What you make of Jim's purchase, Frank?"

"Well, it's Jim's money, Darred. If *I* had the running of this farm—" Frank began drawing up chairs noisily, leaving it at that.

Darred persisted. "Don't look to me

much like an animal for women and children to handle, not yet awhile."

"Cowboys han'les 'em, pa." That was Darred's ten-year-old, big-eyed.

Blossom put the kettle back, protesting, "Leave off, or you'll get me worried to death; all your talk . . . I declare, where *are* those bad boys?" Opening the door she called into the dark, "Jim! Cam! Land's sake!"

Subdued by distance and the intervening sheds, she could hear them at their business—sounds muffled and fragmentary, soft thunder of hoofs, snorts, puffings, and the short words of men in action: "Aw, leave him be in the paddock to-night." . . . "With them mares there, you damn fool?" . . . "Damn fool, eh? Try getting him in at that door and see who's the damn fool!" . . . "Come on, don't be so scared." . . . "Scared, eh? Scared?" . . .

Why was it she always felt that curious tightening of all her powers of attention when Camden Bluedge spoke? Probably because he spoke so rarely, and then so roughly, as if his own thickness made him mad. Never mind.

"Last call for supper in the dining-car, boys!" she called and closed the door. Turning back to the stove she was about to replace the tea water for the third time when, straightening up, she said, "What's that?"

No one else had heard anything. They looked at one another.

"Frank, go—go see what—go tell the boys to come in."

Frank hesitated, feeling foolish, then went to the door.

Then everyone in the room was out of his chair.

There were three sounds. The first was human and incoherent. The second was incoherent too, but it wasn't human. The third was a crash, a ripping and splintering of wood.

When they got to the paddock they found Camden crawling from beneath the wreckage of the fence where a gap was opened on the pasture side. He must have received a blow on the head, for he seemed dazed. He didn't seem to know they were there. At a precarious balance—one hand at the back of his neck—he stood facing up the hill, gaping after the diminuendo of floundering hoofs, invisible above.

So seconds passed. Again the beast gave tongue, a high wild horning note, and on the black of the stony hill to the right of it a faint shower of sparks blew like fireflies where the herding mares wheeled. It seemed to awaken the dazed smith. He opened his mouth "*Almighty God!*" Swinging, he flung his arms toward the shed. "*There! There!*"

At last someone brought a lantern. They found Jim Bluedge lying on his back in the corner of the paddock near the door to the shed. In the lantern light, and still better in the kitchen when they had carried him in, they read the record of the thing which Camden, dumb in good earnest now, seemed unable to tell them with anything but his strange unfocused stare.

The bloody offense to the skull would have been enough to kill the man, but it was the second, full on the chest above the heart, that told the tale. On the caved grating of the ribs, already turning blue under the yellowish down, the iron shoe had left its mark; and when, laying back the rag of shirt, they saw that the toe of the shoe was upward and the cutting calk-ends down they knew all they wanted to know of that swift, black, crushing episode.

No outlash here of heels in fright. Here was a forefoot. An attack aimed and frontal; an onslaught reared, erect; beast turned biped; red eyes mad to white eyes aghast. . . . And only afterwards, when it was done, the blood-fright that serves the horses for conscience; the blind rush across the inclosure; the fence gone down. . . .

No one had much to say. No one seemed to know what to do.

As for Camden, he was no help. He simply stood propped on top of his logs of legs where someone had left him.

From the instant when with his "*Almighty God!*" he had been brought back to memory, instead of easing its hold as the minutes passed, the event to which he remained the only living human witness seemed minute by minute to tighten its grip. It set its sweat-beaded stamp on his face, distorted his eyes, and tied his tongue. He was no good to anyone.

As for Blossom, even now—perhaps more than ever now—her dependence on physical touch was the thing that ruled her. Down on her knees beside the lamp they had set on the floor, she plucked at one of the dead man's shoes monotonously, and as it were idly swaying the toe like an inverted pendulum from side to side. That was all. Not a word. And when Frank, the only one of the three with any sense, got her up finally and led her away to her room, she clung to *him*.

It was lucky that Frank was a man of affairs. His brother was dead, and frightfully dead, but there was tomorrow for grief. Just now there were many things to do. There were people to be gotten rid of. With short words and angry gestures he cleared them out, all but Darred and a man named White, and to these he said, "Now first thing, Jim can't stay here." He ran and got a blanket from a closet. "Give me a hand and we'll lay him in the ice-house over night. Don't sound good, but it's best, poor fellow. Cam, come along!"

He waited a moment, and as he studied the wooden fool the blood poured back into his face. "Wake up, Cam! You great big scared stiff, you!"

Camden brought his eyes out of nothingness and looked at his brother. A twinge passed over his face, convulsing the mouth muscles. "Scared?"

"Yes, you're scared!" Frank's lip lifted, showing the tips of his teeth. "And I'll warrant you something: if you wasn't the scared stiff you was, this hellish damn thing wouldn't have happened, maybe. Scared! you a blacksmith! Scared of a horse!"

"*Horse!*" Again that convulsion of the mouth muscles, something between irony and an idiot craft. "Why don't you go catch 'im?"

"Hush it! Don't waste time by going loony now, for God's sake. Come!"

"My advice to anybody—" Camden looked crazier than ever, knotting his brows. "My advice to anybody is to let somebody else go catch that—that—" Opening the door he faced out into the night, his head sunk between his shoulders and the fingers working at the ends of his hanging arms; and before they knew it he began to swear. They could hardly hear because his teeth were locked and his breath soft. There were all the vile words he had ever heard in his life, curses and threats and abominations, vindictive, violent, obscene. He stopped only when at a sharp word from Frank he was made aware that Blossom had come back into the room. Even then he didn't seem to comprehend her return but stood blinking at her, and at the rifle she carried, with his distraught bloodshot eyes.

Frank comprehended. Hysteria had followed the girl's blankness. Stepping between her and the body on the floor, he spoke in a persuasive, unhurried way. "What you doing with that gun, Blossie? Now, now, you don't want that gun, you know you don't."

It worked. Her rigidity lessened appreciably. Confusion gained.

"Well, but—Oh, Frank—well, but when we going to shoot him?"

"Yes, yes, Blossie—now, yes—only you best give me that gun; that's the girlie." When he had got the weapon he put an arm around her shoulders. "Yes, yes, course we're going to shoot him; what you think? Don't want an animal like that running round. Now first thing in the morning—"

Hysteria returned. With its strength she resisted his leading.

"No, now! *Now!* He's gone and killed Jim! Killed my husband! I won't have him left alive another min-

ute! I won't! *Now!* No sir, I'm going myself, I am! Frank, I am! *Cam!*"

At his name, appealed to in that queer screeching way, the man in the doorway shivered all over, wet his lips, and walked out into the dark.

"There, you see?" Frank was quick to capitalize anything. "Cam's gone to do it. Cam's gone, Blossie! . . . Here, one of you—Darred, take this gun and run give it to Camden, that's the boy."

"You sure he'll kill him, Frank? You *sure?*"

"Sure as daylight. Now you come along back to your room like a good girl and get some rest. Come, I'll go with you."

When Frank returned to the kitchen ten minutes later, Darred was back.

"Well, now, let's get at it and carry out poor Jim; he can't lay here. . . . Where's Cam gone *now*, damn him!"

"Cam? Why, he's gone and went."

"Went where?"

"Up the pasture, like you said."

"Like I—" Frank went an odd color. He walked to the door. Between the light on the sill and the beginnings of the stars where the woods crowned the mountain was all one blackness. One stillness too. He turned on Darred. "But look, you never gave him that gun, even."

"He didn't want it."

"Lord's sake; what did he say?"

"Said nothing. He'd got the log-chain out of the wagon and when I caught him he was up hunting his hammer innunder that wreck at the fence. Once he found it he started off up. 'Cam,' says I, 'here's a gun; want it?' He seem not to. Just went on walking on up."

"How'd he look?"

"Look same's you seen him looking. Sick."

"The damned fool!" . . .

Poor dead Jim! Poor fool Camden! As the storekeeper went about his business and afterwards when, the ice-house door closed on its tragic tenant and White and Darred had gone off home, he roamed the yard, driven here and there, soft-footed, waiting, hearkening—his mind was for a time not his own property but the plaything of thoughts diverse and wayward. Jim, his brother, so suddenly and so violently gone. The stallion. That beast that had kicked him to death. With anger and hate and pitiless impatience of time he thought of the morrow, when they would catch him and take their revenge with guns and clubs. Behind these speculations, covering the background of his consciousness and stringing his nerves to endless vigil, spread the wall of the mountain: silent from instant to instant but devising under its black silence (who-could-know-what instant to come) a neigh, a yell, a spark-line of iron hoofs on rolling flints, a groan. And still behind that and deeper into the borders of the unconscious, the storekeeper thought of the farm that had lost its master, the rich bottoms, the broad well-stocked pastures, the fat barns, and the comfortable house whose chimneys and gable-ends fell into changing shapes of perspective against the stars as he wandered here and there. . . .

Jim gone. . . . And Camden, at any moment . . .

His face grew hot. An impulse carried him a dozen steps. "I ought to go up. Ought to take the gun and go up." But there shrewd sanity put on the brakes. "Where's the use? Couldn't find him in this dark. Besides, I oughtn't to leave Blossom here alone."

With that he went around toward the kitchen, thinking to go in. But the sight of the lantern, left burning out near the sheds, sent his ideas off on another course. At any rate it would give his muscles and nerves something to work on. Taking the lantern and entering the paddock, he fell to patching the gap into the pasture, using broken boards from the wreck. As he worked his eyes chanced to fall on footprints in the dung-mixed earth—Camden's footprints, leading away beyond the little

ring of light. And beside them, taking off from the landing-place of that prodigious leap, he discerned the trail of the stallion. After a moment he got down on his knees where the earth was softest, holding the lantern so that its light fell full.

He gave over his fence-building. Returning to the house his gait was no longer that of the roamer; his face, caught by the periodic flare of the swinging lantern, was the face of another man. In its expression there was a kind of fright and a kind of calculating eagerness. He looked at the clock on the kitchen shelf, shook it, and read it again. He went to the telephone and fumbled at the receiver. He waited till his hand quit shaking, then removed it from the hook.

"Listen, Darred," he said, when he had got the farmer at last, "get White and whatever others you can and come over first thing it's light. Come a-riding and bring your guns. No, Cam ain't back."

He heard Blossom calling. Outside her door he passed one hand down over his face, as he might have passed a wash-rag, to wipe off what was there. Then he went in.

"What's the matter with Blossie? Can't sleep?"

"No, I can't sleep. Can't think. Can't sleep. Oh, Frankie!"

He sat down beside the bed.

"Oh, Frankie, Frankie, *hold my hand!*"

She looked almost homely, her face bleached out and her hair in a mess on the pillow. But she would get over that. And the short sleeve of the nightgown on the arm he held was edged with pretty lace.

"Got your watch here?" he asked. She gave it to him from under the pillow. This too he shook as if he couldn't believe it was going.

Pretty Blossom Beck. Here for a wonder he sat in her bedroom and held her hand. One brother was dead and the other was on the mountain.

But little by little, as he sat and dreamed so, nightmare crept over his brain. He had to arouse and shake himself. He had to set his thoughts resolutely in other roads. . . . Perhaps there would be even the smithy. The smithy, the store, the farm. Complete. The farm, the farmhouse, the room in the farmhouse, the bed in the room, the wife in the bed. Complete beyond belief. If . . . Worth dodging horror for. If . . .

"Frank, has Cam come back?"

"Cam? Don't you worry about Cam. . . . Where's that watch again? . . .

Far from rounding up their quarry in the early hours after dawn, it took the riders, five of them, till almost noon simply to make certain that he wasn't to be found—not in any of the pastures. Then when they discovered the hole in the fence far up in the woods beyond the crest where Blue Murder had led the mares in a break for the open country of hills and ravines to the south, they were only at the beginning.

The farmers had left their work undone at home and, as the afternoon lengthened and with it the shadows in the hollow places, they began to eye one another behind their leader's back. Yet they couldn't say it; there was something in the storekeeper's air today, something zealous and pitiless and fanatical, that shut them up and pulled them plodding on.

Frank did the trailing. Hopeless of getting anywhere before sundown in that unkempt wilderness of a hundred square miles of scrub, his companions slouched in their saddles and rode more and more mechanically, knee to knee, and it was he who made the casts to recover the lost trail and, dismounting to read the dust, cried back, "He's still with 'em," and with gestures of imperious excitement beckoned them on.

"Which you mean?" Darred asked him once. "Cam, or the horse?"

Frank wheeled his beast and spurred back at the speaker. It was extraordi-

nary. "You don't know what you're talking about!" he cried, with a causelessness and a disordered vehemence which set them first staring, then speculating. "Come on, you dumbheads; don't talk—*ride!*"

By the following day, when it was being told in all the farmhouses, the story might vary in details and more and more as the tellings multiplied, but in its fundamentals it remained the same. In one thing they certainly all agreed: they used the same expression—"It was like Frank was drove. Drove in a race against something, and no spering the whip."

They were a good six miles to the south of the fence. Already the road back home would have to be followed three parts in the dark.

Darred was the spokesman. "Frank, I'm going to call it a day."

The others reined up with him but the man ahead rode on. He didn't seem to hear. Darred lifted his voice. "Come on, call it a day, Frank. To-morrow, maybe. But you see we've run it out and they're not here."

"Wait," said Frank over his shoulder, still riding on into the pocket.

White's mount—a mare—laid back her ears, shied, and stood trembling. After a moment she whinnied.

It was as if she had whinnied for a dozen. A crashing in the woods above them to the left and the avalanche came—down-streaming, erupting, wheeling, wheeling away with volleying snorts, a dark rout.

Darred, reining his horse, began to shout, "Here they go this way, Frank!" But Frank was yelling, "Up here, boys! This way, quick!"

It was the same note, excited, feverish, disordered, breaking like a child's. When they neared him they saw he was off his horse, rifle in hand, and down on his knees to study the ground where the woods began. By the time they reached his animal the impetuous fellow had started up into the cover, his voice trailing, "Come on; spread out and come on!"

One of the farmers got down. When he saw the other three keeping their saddles he swung up again.

White spoke this time. "Be darned if I do!" He lifted a protesting hail, "Come back here, Frank! You're crazy! It's getting dark!"

It was Frank's own fault. They told him plainly to come back and he wouldn't listen.

For a while they could hear his crackle in the mounting underbrush. Then that stopped, whether he had gone too far for their ears or whether he had come to a halt to give his own ears a chance. . . . Once, off to his right, a little higher up under the low ceiling of the trees that darkened moment by moment with the rush of night, they heard another movement, another restlessness of leaves and stones. Then that was still, and everything was still.

Darred ran a sleeve over his face and swung down. "God alive, boys!"

It was the silence. All agreed there—the silence and the deepening dusk.

The first they heard was the shot. No voice. Just the one report. Then after five breaths of another silence a crashing of growth, a charge in the darkness under the withered scrub, continuous and diminishing.

They shouted, "Frank!" No answer. They called, "*Frank Bluedge!*"

Now, since they had to, they did. Keeping contact by word, and guided partly by directional memory (and mostly in the end by luck), after a time they found the storekeeper in a brake of ferns, lying across his gun.

They got him down to the open, watching behind them all the while. Only then, by the flares of successive matches, under the noses of the snorting horses, did they look for the damage done.

They remembered the stillness and the gloom; it must have been quite black in there. The attack had come from behind—equine and pantherine at once, and planned and cunning. A deliberate lunge with a forefoot again: the shoe which had crushed the backbone be-

tween the shoulder blades was a foreshoe; that much they saw by the match flares in the red wreck.

They took no longer getting home than they had to, but it was longer than they would have wished. With Frank across his own saddle, walking their horses and with one or another ahead to pick the road (it was going to rain, and even the stars were lost), they made no more than a creeping speed.

None of them had much to say on the journey. Finding the break in the boundary fence and feeling through the last of the woods, the lights of their farms began to show in the pool of blackness below, and Darred uttered a part of what had lain in the minds of them all during the return:

"Well, that leaves Cam."

None followed it up. None cared to go any closer than he was to the real question. Something new, alien, menacing and pitiless had come into the valley of their lives with that beast they had never really seen; they felt its oppression, every one, and kept the real question back in their minds: "*Does* it leave Cam?"

It answered itself. Camden was at home when they got there.

He had come in a little before them, empty-handed. Empty-headed too. When Blossom, who had waited all day, part of the time with neighbor women who had come in and part of the time alone to the point of going mad—when she saw him coming down the pasture, his feet stumbling and his shoulders dejected, her first feeling was relief. Her first words, however, were, "Did you get him, Cam?" And all he would answer was, "Gi'me something to eat, can't you? Gi'me a few hours' sleep, can't you? Then wait!"

He looked as if he would need more than a few hours' sleep. Propped on his elbows over his plate, it seemed as though his eyes would close before his mouth would open.

His skin was scored by thorns and his shirt was in ribbons under the straps of his iron-sagged apron; but it was not by these marks that his twenty-odd hours showed: it was by his face. While yet his eyes were open and his wits still half awake, his face surrendered. The flesh relaxed into lines of stupor, a putty-formed, putty-colored mask of sleep.

Once he let himself be aroused. This was when, to an abstracted query as to Frank's whereabouts, Blossom told him Frank had been out with four others since dawn. He heaved clear of the table and opened his eyes at her, showing the red around the rims.

He spoke with the thick tongue of a drunkard. "If anybody but me lays hand on that stallion I'll kill him. I'll wring his neck."

Then he relapsed into his stupidity, and not even the arrival of the party bringing his brother's body seemed able to shake him so far clear of it again.

At first, when they had laid Frank on the floor where on the night before they had laid Jim, he seemed hardly to comprehend.

"What's wrong with Frank?"

"Some more of Jim's 'expiriment'."

"Frank see him? He's scared, Frank is. Look at his face there."

"He's dead, Cam."

"Dead, you say? Frank dead? Dead of fright; is that it?"

Even when, rolling the body over they showed him what was what, he appeared incapable of comprehension, of amazement, of passion, or of any added grief. He looked at them all with a kind of befuddled protest. Returning to his chair and his plate, he grumbled, "Le'me eat first, can't you? Can't you gi'me a little time to sleep?"

"Well, you wouldn't do much to-night anyway, I guess."

At White's words Blossom opened her mouth for the first time.

"No, nothing to-night, Cam. Cam! *Camden!* Say! Promise!"

"And then to-morrow, Cam, what we'll do is to get every last man in the valley, and we'll go at this right. We'll lay hand on that devil—"

Camden swallowed his mouthful of cold steak with difficulty. His obsession touched, he showed them the rims of his eyes again.

"You do and I'll wring your necks. The man that touches that animal before I do gets his neck wrang. That's all you need to remember."

"Yes, yes—no—that is—" Poor Blossom. "Yes, Mr. White, thanks; no, Cam's not going out to-night. . . . No, Cam, nobody's going to interfere—nor nothing. Don't you worry there. . . ."

Again poor Blossom! Disaster piled too swiftly on disaster; no discipline but instinct left. Caught in fire and flood and earthquake and not knowing what to come, and no creed but "save him who can!"—by hook or crook of wile or smile. With the valley of her life emptied out, and its emptiness repeopled monstrously and pressing down black on the roof under which (now that Frank was gone to the icehouse too and the farmers back home) one brother was left of three—she would tread softly, she would talk or she would be dumb, as her sidelong glimpses of the awake-asleep man's face above the table told her was the instant's need; or if he would eat, she would magic out of nothing something, anything; or if he would sleep, he could sleep, so long as he slept in that house where she could know he was sleeping.

Only one thing. If she could touch him. If she could touch and cling.

Lightning filled the windows. After a moment the thunder came avalanching down the pasture and brought up against the clapboards of the house. At this she was behind his chair. She put out a hand. She touched his shoulder. The shoulder was bare, the shirt ripped away; it was caked with sweat and with the blackening smears of scratches, but for all its exhaustion and dirt it was flesh alive—a living man to touch.

Camden blundered up. "What the hell!" He started off two steps and wheeled on her. "Why don't you get off to bed, for Goll sake!"

"Yes, Cam, yes—right off, yes."

"Well, *I'm* going, I can tell you. For Goll sake, I need some sleep!"

"Yes, that's right, yes, Cam, goodnight, Cam—only—only you promise—promise you won't go out—nowheres."

"Go *out?* Not likely I won't! Not *likely!* Get along."

It took her no time to get along then—quick and quiet as a mouse.

Camden lingered to stand at one of the windows where the lightning came again, throwing the black barns and paddocks at him from the white sweep of the pastures crowned by woods.

As it had taken her no time to go, it took Blossom no time to undress and get in bed. When Camden was on his way to his room he heard her calling, "Cam! Just a second, Cam!"

In the dark outside her door he drew one hand down over his face, wiping off whatever might be there. Then he entered.

"Yes? What?"

"Cam, set by me a minute, won't you? And Cam, oh Cam, hold my hand."

As he slouched down, his fist inclosing her fingers, thoughts awakened and ran and fastened on things. They fastened, tentatively at first, upon the farm. Jim gone. Frank gone. The smithy, the store, and the farm. The whole of Mill Crossing. The trinity. The three in one. . . .

"Tight, Cam, for pity's sake! Hold it tight!"

His eyes, falling to his fist, strayed up along the arm it held. The sleeve, rumpled near the shoulder, was trimmed with pretty lace. . . .

"Tighter, Cam!"

A box of apples. That memory hidden away in the cellar of his mind. Hidden away, clamped down in the dark, till the noxious vapors, the murderous vapors of its rotting had filled the shut-up house he was. . . . A box of red apples for the apple-grower's girl . . . the girl who sniggered and ran away from him to laugh at him. . . .

And here, by the unfolding of a devi-

ous destiny, he sat in that girl's bedroom, holding that girl's hand. Jim who had got her, Frank who had wanted her lay side by side out there in the icehouse under the lightning. While he, the "dumb one"—the last to be thought of with anything but amusement and the last to be feared—his big hot fist inclosing her imprecating hand now, and his eyes on the pretty lace at her shoulder—He jumped up with a gulp and a clatter of iron.

"What the—" He flung her hand away. "What the—hell!" He swallowed. "Damn you, Blossie Beck!" He stared at her with repugnance and mortal fright. "Why, you—you—you—"

He moderated his voice with an effort, wiping his brow, "Good-night. You must excuse me, Blossie; I wasn't meaning—I mean—I hope you sleep good. *I* shall. . . . Good-night!"

In his own brain was the one word "Hurry!"

She lay and listened to his boots going along the hall and heard the closing of his door. She ought to have put out the lamp. But even with the shades drawn, the lightning around the edges of the window unnerved her; in the dark alone it would have been more than she could bear.

She lay so till she felt herself nearing exhaustion from the sustained rigidity of her limbs. Rain came and with the rain, wind. Around the eaves it neighed like wild stallions; down the chimneys it moaned like men.

Slipping out of bed and pulling on a bathrobe she ran from her room, barefooted, and along the hall to Camden's door.

"Cam!" she called. "Oh, Cam!" she begged. "Please, please!"

And now he wouldn't answer her.

New lightning, diffused through all the sky by the blown rain, ran at her along the corridor. She pushed the door open. The lamp was burning on the bureau but the room was empty and the bed untouched.

Taking the lamp she skittered down to the kitchen. No one there. . . .

"*Hurry!*"

Camden had reached the woods when the rain came. Lighting the lantern he had brought, he made his way on to the boundary fence. There, about a mile to the east of the path the others had taken that day, he pulled the rails down and tumbled the stones together in a pile. Then he proceeded another hundred yards, holding the lantern high and peering through the streaming crystals of the rain.

Blue Murder was there. Neither the chain nor the sapling had given way. The lantern and, better than the lantern, a globe of lightning, showed the tethered stallion glistening and quivering, his eyes all whites at the man's approach.

"Gentle, boy; steady, boy!" Talking all the while in the way he had with horses, Camden put a hand on the taut chain and bore with a gradually progressive weight, bringing the dark head nearer. "Steady, boy; gentle there, damn you; gentle!"

Was he afraid of horses? Who was it said he was afraid of horses?

The beast's head was against the man's chest, held there by an arm thrown over the bowed neck. As he smoothed the forehead and fingered the nose with false caresses, Camden's "horse talk" ran on—the cadence one thing, the words another.

"Steady, Goll damn you; you're going to get yours. Cheer up, cheer up, the worst is yet to come. Come now! Come easy! Come along!"

When he had unloosed the chain, he felt for and found with his free hand his hammer hidden behind the tree. Throwing the lantern into the brush, where it flared for an instant before dying, he led the stallion back as far as the break he had made in the fence. Taking a turn with the chain around the animal's nose, like an improvised hackamore, he swung from the stone pile to the slippery back. A moment's shying, a sliding caracole of

amazement and distrust, a crushing of knees, a lash of the chain-end, and that was all there was to that. Blue Murder had been ridden before. . . .

In the smithy, chambered in the roaring of the falls and the swish and shock of the storm, Camden sang as he pumped his bellows, filling the cave beneath the rafters with red. The air was nothing, the words were mumbo-jumbo, but they swelled his chest. His eyes, cast from time to time at his wheeling prisoner, had lost their look of helplessness and surly distraction.

Scared? He? No, no, no! Now that he wasn't any longer afraid of time, he wasn't afraid of anything on earth.

"Shy, you devil!" He wagged his exalted head. "Whicker, you hellion! Whicker all you want to, stud horse! To-morrow they're going to get you, the numb fools! To-morrow they can have you. *I* got you *to-night!*"

He was more than other men; he was enormous. Fishing an iron shoe from that inseparable apron pocket of his, he thrust it into the coals and blew and blew. He tried it and it was burning red. He tried it again and it was searing white. Taking it out on the anvil he began to beat it, swinging his hammer one-handed, gigantic. So in the crimson light, irradiating iron sparks, he was at his greatest. Pounding, pounding. A man in the dark of night with a hammer about him can do wonders; with a horseshoe about him he can cover up a sin. And if the dark of night in a paddock won't hold it, then the dark of undergrowth on a mountainside will. . . .

Pounding, pounding; thinking, thinking, in a great halo of hot stars. Feeding his hungry, his insatiable muscles.

"Steady now, you blue bastard! Steady, boy!"

What he did not realize in his feverish exaltation was that his muscles were not insatiable. In the thirty-odd hours past they had had a feast spread before them and they had had their fill. . . . More than their fill.

As with the scorching iron in his tongs he approached the stallion, he had to step over the nail-box he had stepped over five thousand times in the routine of every day.

A box of apples, eh? Apples to snigger at, eh? But whose girl are you now? . . . Scared, eh?

His foot was heavier of a sudden than it should have been. This five thousand and first time, by the drag of the tenth of an inch, the heel caught the lip of the nail-box.

He tried to save himself from stumbling. At the same time, instinctively, he held the iron flame in his tongs away.

There was a scream out of a horse's throat; a whiff of hair and burnt flesh.

There was a lash of something in the red shadows. There was another sound and another wisp of stench. . . .

When, guided by the stallion's whinnying, they found the smith next day, they saw by the cant of his head that his neck was broken, and they perceived that he too had on him the mark of a shoe. It lay up one side of his throat and the broad of a cheek. It wasn't blue this time, however—it was red. It took them some instants in the sunshine pouring through the wide door to comprehend this phenomenon. It wasn't sunk in by a blow this time; it was burned in, a brand.

Darred called them to look at the stallion, chained behind the forge.

"Almighty God!" The words sounded funny in his mouth. They sounded the funnier in that they were the same ones the blundering smith had uttered when, staring uphill from his clever wreckage of the paddock fence, he had seen the mares striking sparks from the stones where the stallion struck none. And he, of all men, a smith!

"Almighty God!" called Darred. "What you make of these here feet?"

One fore-hoof was freshly pared for shoeing; the other three hoofs were as virgin as any yearling's on the plains. Blue Murder had never been shod. . . .

PARENTS WHO HAVEN'T GROWN UP

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WHEN is a parent not a parent? If you have ever tried to help straighten out a family difficulty you will not find the question hard to answer. A parent is not a parent when he still remains a child. No adult is more mature than his emotions. If, in spite of years and experience, a parent persists in dealing with life in the emotional ways of his childhood, he is an adult only in bulk. The savage knew this and treated men of this type as "boys not yet made men." That we have parents who refuse to grow up is one of the recent discoveries of psychology and sociology. Of course there have always been such parents; the difference is that now we are beginning to understand what their difficulty is.

Men and women in their emotional life find growing up hard. Like Peter Pan, they don't want to grow up, at least not in that part of their life where wishes start and feelings are free. Adulthood means discipline, self-control, judgment, responsibility, and justice. These are all irksome to human nature, they make such demands upon it and challenge so frequently the desires upon which the heart is set. In his wishes and passions and his moods the immature adult behaves very much as he did when he was a child. When feeling runs strongly and throws aside for the moment caution and sanity, he falls back into the tantrum and emotional exploitation of his early years.

Jealous because of the attention shown his wife at a dance to which he has escorted her, he sneaks home early, throws himself on his bed without undressing, and refuses to speak or move when his perturbed spouse rushes in, expecting to find that he has fallen suddenly ill; all night he keeps his pose of rigidity and for the next two or three days cannot be inveigled into saying a word while within the doors of his own house; finally he blurts forth his tale of woe and tries to make his wife promise never to go to another dance. If she gives in to this, he will use similar methods to coerce her into playing up in other ways to his inflamed sense of self-esteem.

If the immature member of the marriage partnership happens to be the wife, tears and headaches, with frequent vituperation, are perhaps her commonest substitutes for the name-calling and sulking of the cry-baby moods she has carried over from childhood.

Of course all of us are childish at times in our fumbling attempts to do what we set ourselves to do. In the grip of anger, fear, jealousy, or hate our reactions are not very different from those of the child mastered by the same emotions. Experience provides a cloak with which we conceal somewhat our emotional immaturity, but the covering is thin and the deception works chiefly with ourselves.

Have you ever known intimately any adult who never takes an excursion back into the magic and freedom of infantile emotional reactions? The infantile type of adult is not satisfied to indulge in an occasional visit to the land of emotional abandonment; if he possibly can, he refuses to leave it at all, and clings to his self-centered and irresponsible ways of

dealing with people and situations. He knows what children do not and does what children can not, but if you lay bare his emotional life you find him still a child.

The adult with immature emotions is much too canny not to try to hide his childishness. He knows that he is expected to grow up, that society frowns upon emotional immaturity. His fault, however, defeats his efforts to cover up his weakness.

This emotional arrest which characterizes the adult who holds fast to infantile tendencies shows itself most clearly in the business of parenthood. The defect of the parent permeates the life of the growing child at every point and becomes an obstruction to wholesome development. In his struggle to free himself from his entanglements, the child frequently goes through a conflict whose scars he will always carry.

The parent who is himself a child storms and bosses, praises extravagantly, and in the same measure scolds, teases, hugs, spanks, and ignores his offspring in whirlwind pace, until the only thing the youngster is sure of is he never knows what is coming next, but that there will be plenty of it. Exaggeration and briefness of mood characterize youth, but they are practically harmless there: joined to the strength and authority of age in its contacts with youth they are harmful enough; driven by the immature parent's desire to perpetuate a relationship which gives him so much opportunity for the indulgence of his emotional caprices, they do more harm than can can be guaged.

The rapidly advancing science of conduct, therefore, has been forced to recognize as one of the perils of young life the emotional immaturity of the parent. Three sciences particularly have been gathering innumerable illustrations of the hazard the child faces in his attempt to unravel the mysteries of human behavior when one or both of his parents are emotionally immature. Psychology with its modern effort to understand human conduct, psychiatry with its practical problems of re-education for those who think themselves mentally sick, and sociology, in so far as it deals with concrete human situations—these sciences find again and again that human development is hurt and the weakness of one generation is transmitted through contact and suggestion to some form of weakness in the next, because of the infantile character of parents. In fiction this has never been better portrayed than in Butler's *Way of All Flesh*, whose theme represents a tragedy concerning which science is now getting detailed knowledge.

In our large cities we have habit clinics for young children. The parent who finds his child too much for him can bring the troublesome offspring to a clinic specialist and get counsel that will make the family life once again endurable. These habit clinics are really more for the parents than for the children, since it is usually discovered that it is the parents who must first be given new attitudes and new understanding or the child problem will remain hopeless.

The fact that the clinic must stress the child-side of its function shows the way adult emotions must be catered to, for a sensible parent would take for granted his share of responsibility for a child problem. Many of the parents most likely to need help would not visit the clinic at all if it were known as a habit clinic for children *and* parents. The intelligent parent realizes that at times every parent and child needs disinterested counsel, which can best be obtained from the experienced scientist.

One of the most common problems uncovered in the parent at the clinic is that of emotional immaturity, and the task of the specialist is to find a way to develop the parent by using the opportunity presented by the difficulty which the parent is having with his child. No diplomat has greater need of tact, shrewdness, and insight into human nature than the family adviser who is forced to deal with a childish parent who, through his own failings, has created a family situa-

tion so serious that assistance has to be sought. This is because the parent disguises his immature emotions by all sorts of reasons that at least hide from him his own failure. This is the familiar process of rationalization, which the practical psychologist and sociologist are forced to recognize in almost every difficulty of adjustment. Human nature is forever trying to get its emotional satisfactions with a clear conscience, and so it dresses up its unworthy motives in a fiction of good purposes.

No one has so great a chance to nourish self-deceit as the parent. The child has to take what is meted out to him, and if the parent does the unwise thing for his own gratification he can cover up his motives by insisting that he is doing it for the good of the child. To see this working in concrete cases would be most amusing were it not such a desperately serious thing for the persons concerned, especially for the child.

The adjustment of mother and daughter in a family came to my attention repeatedly. Sometimes the daughter asked for counsel, sometimes the mother, and once or twice they both came together—this in itself being somewhat extraordinary. This young student persisted in unusual infantile habits that constantly showed in her college career, especially in her fraternity life, to the discomfort and even disgust of her comrades, as when she whined in a near-to-tears voice over the minor difficulties of life, or cried over a misplaced slipper as she was dressing for a dance. Her childish lack of self-control in trifles of this sort was no secret, but was widely known on the campus. The least annoyance, and she began to weep or indulged in an emotional outburst in no way different from that of a six-year-old child. Yet this young woman was intellectually alert and efficient. Physically well made, with a face of strong features and a clear, penetrating voice, she made a favorable first impression.

After graduation from college, against the will of her mother, the daughter took a position that carried her away from close contact with home. This step met with great opposition from the mother, who came to me to enlist my support for her plan to keep the daughter at home. It was necessary to explain with some frankness the risk the mother ran of losing the daughter's sympathies altogether by the course she persisted in following. Confronted by the probability that if she hampered her daughter too much she might lose all control, the mother reluctantly withdrew her objections. Then came the inevitable marriage engagement, with an intense family upheaval. Again the mother was made to see the selfish and childish character of her hostility and its serious danger of becoming a permanent basis of separation.

I was not surprised, several months after the marriage, to have a visit from both the daughter and the mother. The daughter came first with a tale of woe which showed that her infantile habits were beginning to make trouble between her and her husband. The young woman had considerable self-knowledge and, recognizing her problem, she was eager to have counsel as to how she could help herself. A few days later the mother appeared at my office. She hardly knew what she wanted. First, she expressed her regret that her daughter had ever married; her child was the kind that ought never to have married, and it was clear that her marriage was a failure. The mother could suggest nothing that could be done to save the situation. When she was asked to tell frankly whether she was hoping the marriage would be a failure and what she thought she could gain if it so turned out, she found herself face to face with a great moral crisis. Of course she wanted her daughter to be happy. It was hard to think that she could be happy in an attachment with another human being. This was plain jealousy, childish jealousy, and the mother had to be told again that this was the flaring up of the same menacing attitude which she had shown for so many years. She also had to be told

clearly that, if she used her influence in any way to perpetuate the difficulty of the two young people, the daughter would surely turn against her as the despoiler of her happiness. She had sense enough to see that this was true; and, keeping her hands off, she was amazed at the rapid progress the new family made in adjusting itself to the requirements of marriage happiness.

The mischief is that parenthood, since it has the best opportunity to affect young life, provides the most dangerous conditions for the child when a parent maintains childish emotions. The child is so open to the influence of the parent, so ill-prepared to discriminate between the best and the worst of the parent's attitudes, that his life is warped in the early years before he has the contacts with the outside world that would otherwise show him his parent's weakness.

Family life is so intimate that it provides a freedom of expression which can be found nowhere else. The parent still a child, therefore, finds in the home an opportunity for the expression of emotional reactions that he would not dare show elsewhere. Indeed, the exigencies of life have frequently forced maturity in the other relationships, but at home one can be oneself, which often means that one can be one's childish self, knowing full well that there can be no serious criticism, as there certainly is in business and professional relationships if one gives way constantly to childish motives.

If the outside public recognizes that there is something wrong with the family, the blame is more likely to fall upon the child than upon the parents, for it is taken for granted that the parents wish the happiness of their children. This is a great fallacy, at least if it is assumed to be true of all parents. Many parents wish the happiness of their children only as long as that happiness is in agreement with their own purposes. The child represents an outlet for their emotional immaturity, which they by no means wish to lose. If the child goes their way, all is good; if he goes his own way—which not infrequently is far the better way since it is more in harmony with his real needs for growth—nothing is good. A struggle ensues, in which parental authority is used with drastic force, until the child is driven into conduct that seems to prove his evil make-up, which the undiscriminating outside world has taken for granted all through the contest.

This explains why children brought up in supposedly excellent homes sometimes do not turn out as expected. Such homes often have good habits and strict discipline, to which the children conform. They obey, however, only because they are forced to; they follow the line of least resistance. Their conformity is merely from the outside. Along with their habit of action grows an increasing inner hostility to the regime which they have to follow. As a result, they also have an emotional habit of protest, altogether different from their outward behavior. What the observer sees is but the shell; the substance is out of all sympathy with the home conditions. Naturally, at the first opportunity, the child revolts, throws aside all his training, both good and bad. Then those who are acquainted with his manner of life in early childhood wonder how so bad a character can come from so good a home, and express skepticism with reference to the influence of home life, saying, perhaps, "Some children are inherently bad; it makes little difference what you do. X is a good illustration. No child was more properly brought up, and see what has become of him."

One of the common forms of emotional arrest is a father or mother fixation. The child dependent upon the parent is carried over into adulthood without ever accepting self-responsibility. He is always talking about his parent, allowing the parent's ideas to dominate his life. Usually the son is fixed upon his mother, the daughter upon her father. This form of emotional immaturity is forever causing jealousy and friction in the home.

A business friend once invited me to

stay at his home when I was speaking in his neighborhood. I knew him slightly and had heard that his business career had been disappointing. When I entered his home the reason for his lack of success was not difficult to discover. His wife, who had just recovered from one of her intermittent attacks of neurasthenia, began talking of her father and comparing others with him, to their disadvantage. Her husband was of course included in the comparison. She intimated her desire that her husband should be more like her father. If her persistent father-wishes irritated the casual visitor, it was clear what their effect would be on members of her household. Husband, mother-in-law, and children were cowed by her constant father-eulogy. The purpose of the husband in inviting me was soon confessed. He wanted me to use my lecture to reveal to his wife her selfish and childish attitude. The wife was apparently suspicious of his desire and gave one excuse after another for not going to the lecture. Finally she accidentally cut her finger with a kitchen knife—with what the Freudians would have called a subconscious determination. Even this, however, did not allow her to escape, for opportunity was found for me to talk with her in private, later, and to give her as much unwelcome insight as she appeared likely to tolerate and profit from. Whether this helped or not I do not know, but speaking to her husband strengthened his determination to harden himself against the expression of his wife's tyranny.

I have known adults who have made it their life purpose to prevent the growing up of a child. In such cases the adult's selfishness is itself built upon an unwillingness to face life with maturity and sincerity. Some twenty-five years ago a young girl only eighteen took over the management of a large family upon the death of her mother. Lonely as a result of the household responsibilities she assumed with her sacrifice for family loyalty, she was easily exploited by a male friend of her father's, and gave birth to an illegitimate child which soon died, whereupon her emotions fixed themselves upon her youngest brother. After a time these two were left together, all the other members of the family having died or left home. For the last three or four years there has been constant difficulty between the brother and sister, the sister having an emotional upset of a very serious character if the brother pays any attention at all to other women. She regards even the thought of marriage on his part as treason and a contemptuous disregard of her sacrifice. As Fra Lippo Lippi found that he had sworn his life away for a taste of bread when he was a hungry lad, so it appears that when the brother in his helpless childhood accepted his sister's help he was supposedly making a contract to remain always a child, or from her viewpoint become a traitor in affection. The contract he simply cannot fulfill. He is too honest to conceal this fact. As a result his sister plays constantly upon his sympathies and by upbraiding him, shedding tears, and becoming sick tries to drive him back to childhood and a complete subserviency to her emotions.

We are all familiar with the common tendency of human nature when angry with someone from whom the emotion must be concealed to take it out on somebody else. It is not strange that children are often the victims of parents who immoderately scold or punish their offspring as a means of venting the anger or dissatisfaction they cannot safely show to the employer, customer, or rival who roused it. This situation is so commonplace that everybody knows it and takes it for granted. On the other hand, it is not so widely recognized that this same mechanism works with reference to other emotions. For example, anyone suffering from chronic feelings of inferiority will seek opportunities to show power just as one suffering a secret anger finds some substitute for an immediate expression of feeling.

The strict discipline of a parent who wants to show his authority in the home

in order to gain relief from his inner sense of inferiority is not for the good of the child, but entirely for the parent's own personal satisfaction. Instead of benefiting from such discipline, the child reacts to it with antagonism because he is keen enough to interpret the real basis of his forced obedience.

Recently a young man came for advice with reference to an adjustment problem. His father had been a business man in a small way, and for some reason apparently had always had a strong feeling of social inequality. Meek on the outside, he had been a perfect tyrant at home. His two children have been brought up with exceptional severity; all their natural desires for self-expression have been thwarted. The father has dominated the home at every point and constantly intruded his authority into the affairs of his children. Under this home influence the son also has developed an excessive feeling of social inferiority. It was this that was making for him his problem of adjustment. As soon as the subject of his father came up, he gave way to an emotional upheaval that showed the nature of his difficulty. I had never before come in contact with such intense hatred of a parent. The young man frankly said that if the father died it would give him great pleasure. To quote his own words, "If father died to-night, my only feeling would be one of intense relief. I would do nothing to bring about the event, but I should be most happy to have it happen."

The more one has to do with problems of family life, the more one is impressed by the fact that so many difficulties are the result, not of lack of good will, or deliberate malice, but lack of understanding. This does not seem so strange when one remembers how little attention is given to the preparing of human beings for parenthood. If an intelligent person starts even to keep hens, he usually buys some book to give him information. It is surely not easier to keep children than hens, but many a parent would feel you were criticizing him if you suggested that he needed to get information regarding the raising of children.

Fortunately it has become common for parents of an intelligent type to realize that they at least need books of instruction regarding the physical welfare of their very young children. This is an advantage to the children and makes for better parenthood. Excellent books have been provided by medical authorities, and they are widely sold and carefully read. But the child is not all body; the other side of his personality is no easier to handle than his physical needs. The value of books on child training is not only that they give important information, but also that they stimulate the thought of the parent and sharpen his attention with reference to the personality difficulties of the child.

In talking over child problems with parents I have found it effective when they have had experience with dogs to use the puppy as an illustration. Anyone who has tried to train a dog realizes the significance of early happenings and how easily the animal can be hurt. It is well understood that any expression of anger, for example, may quickly spoil the puppy's disposition and ruin his training. When it is pointed out that this is equally true in the training of children, the comparison has force. Indeed, judging by the display of books on the training of dogs in the book-stores, there is a greater demand for books on the care of dogs than for books on child training. Apparently, a great many parents have greater confidence in their skill in dealing with their children than in their ability to train puppies. Actually, the child is a much more difficult proposition and can be more seriously hurt. Probably many parents believe that intuition—and by this they mean instinct—is a thoroughly satisfactory guide. Yet such instincts as we possess can have little real value in dealing with the complex problems that a modern parent has to face.

Other parents simply try to follow the

methods of their own parents, or in some cases they feel that their parents have greatly failed with them and they follow the opposite course. Either program runs the risk of not being at all adapted to the child in question. Social conditions have never so radically changed as they have during the last generation.

Consider how efficiently we furnish, heat, and light our homes as compared with thirty years ago. Even the cooking has changed as a result of better food preservation, standard preparations, quicker transportation of fruits and vegetables, and greater knowledge of diet needs. The home in its inner life has changed fully as much as these externals, but tender memories of our childhood home experience cling to us, and the home as we construct it emotionally remains as it once was. We know changes are taking place—they are so obvious everyone realizes them—but we are apt to neglect them in dealing with home problems. And yet these changes cannot be ignored, for they are providing the actual home conditions which our children experience and to which they must adjust themselves.

The farmer's son to-day hurries through his work, jumps into the family car—or his own jazz contraption of cast-off parts—and scoots with his chum to a dance in the town or city anywhere from fifteen to fifty miles distant. Some sixteen-year-old boys and girls, in country or town, drive their own high-powered cars or have the parents' car always at their disposal, since the youths may be the only members of their respective families able and willing to drive.

The movies eat up the leisure, not only of the city children, but of those who live in once-lonely hamlets, far from village and railroad: if the city youngsters spend many hours a week idly watching the pictures that move, their cousins in the country spend a great deal of time talking and thinking of the pictures they have seen at the nearest movie-house, and traveling back and forth over the road from the farm to this outpost of modern city life.

Last year a New York City theatrical management broadcasted the announcement that positions were open for a number of chorus girls, previous experience and training entirely unnecessary. Girls of sixteen and seventeen, in city and hamlet, thrilled at this news, and a multitude of them applied for the places. Like the moving picture and the automobile, the radio has speeded up city life as it affects children and has done away with many of the differences between country and city environment.

The increasing number of mothers who work outside the home, the lack of space for outdoor play, and the cramped quarters within doors in the ever more popular flat tend to make the childhood experiences of the growing boy and girl to-day very unlike the activities of Dad and Mother when they were young. This means of course, as everybody recognizes, that if we are to adapt ourselves to actual present conditions, we must have a home life which is different from that of our parents and very different from that of our grandparents.

Clearly as some see this with reference to most things, they fail utterly to realize that it is particularly true of the task of parenthood. Children are living in the world that now is and they must adjust themselves to it; the privilege of the parent is to help them make this necessary adjustment. To attempt to deal with them as children were dealt with a generation ago is a hopeless undertaking, likely to bring disaster to the family. The wholesome parent has no choice: he must change his attention from his own childhood experiences to those his child is receiving.

No emotions are harder to control or mature than those that distort the facts of everyday life by clinging to childhood experience. It is this that makes sentiment so treacherous, especially in the parent who can see his child only through lenses colored by an emotional recollection of his own early years. No amount

of sentimental interpretation of the distant childhood provides the insight needed for dealing with the child of to-day.

Recently one of my students, a high-school teacher, investigated the attitudes of four classes of boys regarding the youth conditions of their fathers. This group, apparently representative of American youth, had absolutely no interest or sympathy with the conditions under which their fathers were reared. Only four boys stated that they had any desire to do at all as their fathers did.

Doubtless these fathers often attempt to strengthen an argument with their boys or enforce advice by a reference to their own childhood experiences; they take it for granted that their sons share their feeling of reverence for those golden days. This appeal is the weakest possible, for the children are too busy dealing with the exacting present to have any real interest in conditions that seem as distant and stupid—shocking as it may seem to some parents, stupid exactly expresses the reaction of their youth—as the ox team.

In spite of the help the parent receives from such institutions as the church, the school, and other social-service organizations that have taken over responsibilities which once belonged exclusively to him, the parent's task is more difficult rather than easier. The demands placed upon the child have multiplied and his opportunities of failing have thereby increased. On the other hand, the quantity of responsibility that falls upon the parent has been lessened, while the significance of the influence that still remains to the home has to the same degree grown larger.

Psychology and sociology are constantly showing the social menace of parents who are emotionally immature and refuse to grow up, and are therefore utterly unfit to exercise the present responsibilities of parents. It is not surprising that some of the specialists—the social worker, the school official, and the church leader—are expressing a practical skepticism in regard to the possibility of developing wholesome parenthood and at every opening are trying to encroach on what was once parental responsibility.

If the modern parent is emotionally incapable of seeing his need of training, or if he is so selfish that he will not make the sacrifice and effort to train himself for his parenthood task, the trend of society will be unmistakably toward a smaller and smaller family responsibility, until the home, for all practical purposes, will be little more than a breeding place. Some are so doubtful even of the family's doing wisely under these circumstances that they hopefully look forward to the time when science will be able to propagate human life artificially and do away with the family altogether. It is hardly fair, however, to say that parents cannot be socially efficient until a genuine effort is made to help them meet their opportunities.

Those who have lost confidence in the family as a socially progressive institution and hold it to be at best but a necessary evil, whose mistakes other institutions must counteract, may well consider that parents are not the only adults who fail to grow up emotionally. Teachers and social workers, and even court judges have been known to reveal infantile failings.

If the closeness of the family, its familiarity, and its freedom of emotional expression are the sources of its faults, here also is the explanation of its power. It is the most human of our institutions and, therefore, the best anchored in man's nature. What we need is better homes, rather than more or better substitutes for the home.

Better homes depend on better parents. It will prove more profitable for those interested in social progress to attempt to train parents to meet their obligations than to build up organizations to tempt parents to farm out still more of their old functions. If little effort is now being made to train parents, it is not because such training is unnecessary or impossible to obtain. Training

for parenthood may sound new but it is perhaps older than history itself. At least we know that the savage, handicapped by his meagreness of knowledge, tried to give this training. Religion has usually included some degree of parenthood training in its program.

It is scientific training that parents have hitherto lacked, and that is just the training that can most help parents. We could not build a modern house without using constantly the findings of applied science. Why should we expect to establish a modern home on tradition rather than on science? What we need now is a wide understanding that parenthood has special difficulties because it permits adults to conceal infantile emotions which no other human relationship will allow. We must also admit the need of every parent's having the preparation for his life-task that science and only science can give.

Science has its morality and it is prepared to draw up for parents a code of conduct that will square the parents' influence with the child's needs:

Don't show off your child. It is not the duty of the child to feed a parent's vanity, but the parent's task to forget self-pride in dealing with his child.

Don't hurry your child. Adulthood is not a station toward which the child should be rushed, but a product of growth, and the growing process is the important thing. You can't mold children: they have to grow.

Don't use your child as a means of ridding yourself of emotions that you dare not express to equals.

Don't expect commands to function in place of fellowship. Children can be led but not driven in these days.

Don't lie to your child or permit anyone else to do so. Your real opinions and beliefs may be far enough from the child's later judgment, but your deceit will be hopelessly distant. Sentiment easily leads to false statements.

Don't use fear as a whip. Fear can only succeed by making slaves, and slaves, even when obedient, are poor substitutes for full human beings.

Don't stress the weaknesses of your child. He may take seriously what you point out to him and develop feelings of inferiority or he may glue his attention on your own weaknesses and lose respect for you as a harping hypocrite.

Don't tell your child that he cannot reason. He can and will if you have the wit to help him.

Don't let your home crowd out your child: put the child first and adjust home life to his needs.

Don't be a tyrant to your child even if you have power. Children are helpless and long suffering and usually generous in their judgment of parents. Nevertheless, a parent who drives his child from sheer love of dominance runs risk of soon losing the child's love. The child will some time be free, but the parent lonely.

The gist of it all is: Don't be emotionally childish if you desire manly and womanly children.

THE WASHINGTON EXPRESS

BY H. G. DWIGHT

IT was not, genteel reader, the Congressional Limited. In the first place, I am poor. In the second place, I smoke too much. In the third place, I never have, in compartments set aside for the privacies of men, those happy encounters which furnish so much copy for my livelier contemporaries. On the black-leather lounge I invariably find myself next to a gentleman who asks me what line I am in. Disturbing question! If I lie I am sure to get caught. And if I tell the truth my interlocutor gulps, looks for the brass vessel of uncleanness, briefly inspects the scenery, and relapses into a doze. I therefore prefer the smoking car of an ordinary train, where one is freer and where the society is at once more varied and less exacting.

On this occasion, however, the society was rather more numerous than I had foreseen. In fact there was no free seat. And I was a little irritated to perceive that a woman had not only invaded the sanctity of the smoker but had reversed the back of a seat in order that she and her husband might each preempt a window. They were a rather fubsy pair whom in the half light I took to be immigrants—although the native daughter has latterly been observed to find her way into my part of the train. I installed myself, with my mumbled apology, with my week-end bag, with my book, and not without my air of slightly offended dignity, next the man, who faced the direction in which the train was about to start.

Before it started a fourth member squeezed himself, by no means jubilantly, into our none too hospitable party. This was a glum-looking man, neither tall nor emaciated, with grizzled hair and a receding forehead and chin, who carried a brief-case. He looked as if he might be a tout for an uplift organization, carrying statistics down to Washington to confound Congressmen withal. The only flaw in this hypothesis was that uplift touts rarely patronize smoking cars and usually travel by limited trains. However, he immediately began to refresh his memory of his statistics.

The lights of the platform slowly began to recede, we glided into an area of sunken daylight, dived into darkness under the Hudson. This proceeding seemed to interest the two by the windows, who exchanged remarks in Italian. So that guess was right! We emerged upon the Hackensack Meadows and went through the usual tedious performance at Manhattan Transfer. That done, I waited only to glance, before running through Newark, at the river with its curve, its factories, its black piles, its rotting hulks, which, to my unending amazement, etchers steadfastly refuse to etch. Then I opened my new copy of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks' *The Pilgrimage of Henry James*, the last page of which I would probably reach around Baltimore.

My calculation, as my calculations usually do, proved inexact. We were still in the devastated region of New Jersey, so much more sinister and disheartening than those of Picardy, Aisne, or Champagne, when I fell into conversation with the Italians. It happened because the conductor tried to turn the

woman out—not rudely, really, but because he was a man of his generation and because she was a foreigner who probably did not understand the rules of the game. She did not—even when he explained that there was a free seat in the car behind. She appealed to her husband, they examined their tickets, inquired whether this were not the Philadelphia train, said something about First and Second Class. That, of course, at once got everybody into deep water. I accordingly took a hand, telling the conductor not to bother about the woman and explaining to her and her husband that in America we had a little convention. We carefully avoided the terms First Class, Second Class, Third Class, etc., in order to give ourselves the pleasure of believing that we had only one. But on certain trains, as on this, there were wagons where by payment of additional sums one might enjoy a little more space, slightly stuffier cushions, and the attentions at the end of the journey of a dark-skinned gentleman in a peaked cap.

Our little convention interested the Italians, who remarked on its similarity to one which used to prevail on the Hungarian steamers running between Fiume and Venice, where the *Prima Classe* was less luxurious than the *Classe di Lusso*. Still, during their three weeks in America they had noted that we had other little conventions. And of course by that time I had found out that my first guess would have to be revised a bit. For although not members of the great world, perhaps, they turned out not to be immigrants by any means. In fact the man's English was far more correct and fluent than my Italian. It was his wife who was the more at sea among us. She could, and did, read Vitman and Poé (strongly accented on the second syllable), but conversing with their fellow countrymen she found more complicated. Italian, for instance, was pronounced as it was written; whereas English—! The English of New York, too, she found more mystifying than the English of London. And to a foreigner some of our conventions really did seem a trifle abstruse.

It lasted all the way to Philadelphia—whither my companions were bound, I learned, in order to satisfy a whim of the lady's to get a glimpse of *le foreste splendide d'America*. I patriotically assured her that they existed, the splendid forests of America; that some of them, though not the most splendid, even existed within a few hours' run of New York, if not on the way to Philadelphia. She was greatly disappointed. She had suffered, it appeared, disappointments and surprises not a few: the expense of living and getting about; the difficulty of finding a decent meal at a decent price, and something decent to sip with it; the manner of their welcome to New York, the immigration authorities, the scant courtesy with which they had often been treated—having no great sums to spend—in hotels, shops, street cars, theaters; the affair of getting one's shoes cleaned; the lack of facilities for diverting oneself, as she put it, easily, simply, quietly. And the devastation of the country through which we rolled, especially in the vicinity of the towns, obviously surprised and distressed her. We rolled swiftly and smoothly, it was true, and the train was gigantic in comparison to a little Italian *rapido* or *diretto*. Still, it struck her that the four of us would have been better, less crowded, perhaps more private, in a compartment.

"You should take a night journey," I said, "in order to try one of our sleeping cars. Gigantic as you please, but without a place to dress or undress in except lying flat on your back in a box, with men and women piled helter-skelter all around you!"

"We have something like that between Rome and Palermo," she replied, "in the Second Class. But what would you? It is in truth a New World—without cypresses, without olives, without stone pines, without nightingales. No walls, no wine, no balconies, no places

THE WASHINGTON EXPRESS

BY H. G. DWIGHT

IT was not, genteel reader, the Congressional Limited. In the first place, I am poor. In the second place, I smoke too much. In the third place, I never have, in compartments set aside for the privacies of men, those happy encounters which furnish so much copy for my livelier contemporaries. On the black-leather lounge I invariably find myself next to a gentleman who asks me what line I am in. Disturbing question! If I lie I am sure to get caught. And if I tell the truth my interlocutor gulps, looks for the brass vessel of uncleanness, briefly inspects the scenery, and relapses into a doze. I therefore prefer the smoking car of an ordinary train, where one is freer and where the society is at once more varied and less exacting.

On this occasion, however, the society was rather more numerous than I had foreseen. In fact there was no free seat. And I was a little irritated to perceive that a woman had not only invaded the sanctity of the smoker but had reversed the back of a seat in order that she and her husband might each preempt a window. They were a rather fubsy pair whom in the half light I took to be immigrants—although the native daughter has latterly been observed to find her way into my part of the train. I installed myself, with my mumbled apology, with my week-end bag, with my book, and not without my air of slightly offended dignity, next the man, who faced the direction in which the train was about to start.

Before it started a fourth member squeezed himself, by no means jubilantly, into our none too hospitable party. This was a glum-looking man, neither tall nor emaciated, with grizzled hair and a receding forehead and chin, who carried a brief-case. He looked as if he might be a tout for an uplift organization, carrying statistics down to Washington to confound Congressmen withal. The only flaw in this hypothesis was that uplift touts rarely patronize smoking cars and usually travel by limited trains. However, he immediately began to refresh his memory of his statistics.

The lights of the platform slowly began to recede, we glided into an area of sunken daylight, dived into darkness under the Hudson. This proceeding seemed to interest the two by the windows, who exchanged remarks in Italian. So that guess was right! We emerged upon the Hackensack Meadows and went through the usual tedious performance at Manhattan Transfer. That done, I waited only to glance, before running through Newark, at the river with its curve, its factories, its black piles, its rotting hulks, which, to my unending amazement, etchers steadfastly refuse to etch. Then I opened my new copy of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks' *The Pilgrimage of Henry James*, the last page of which I would probably reach around Baltimore.

My calculation, as my calculations usually do, proved inexact. We were still in the devastated region of New Jersey, so much more sinister and disheartening than those of Picardy, Aisne, or Champagne, when I fell into conversation with the Italians. It happened because the conductor tried to turn the

woman out—not rudely, really, but because he was a man of his generation and because she was a foreigner who probably did not understand the rules of the game. She did not—even when he explained that there was a free seat in the car behind. She appealed to her husband, they examined their tickets, inquired whether this were not the Philadelphia train, said something about First and Second Class. That, of course, at once got everybody into deep water. I accordingly took a hand, telling the conductor not to bother about the woman and explaining to her and her husband that in America we had a little convention. We carefully avoided the terms First Class, Second Class, Third Class, etc., in order to give ourselves the pleasure of believing that we had only one. But on certain trains, as on this, there were wagons where by payment of additional sums one might enjoy a little more space, slightly stuffier cushions, and the attentions at the end of the journey of a dark-skinned gentleman in a peaked cap.

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to sit before dinner or in the evening—on the sidewalk, under an awning or a grapevine. You don't sing or play guitars in the street, you don't kiss, you don't stab! What do you do? That is what I must find out!"

As for the man, he was plainly not enchanted; but he was as plainly interested, if perhaps less outspoken than his wife. He found our post office, the history of registering a letter or sending a parcel, our arrangements for checking and delivering baggage infinitely simpler, more convenient, and less exasperating than in Italy or France. We abounded in practical and ingenious devices for saving time and labor. Yet, of course, we did have those little conventions. What interested him not least was our convention about liberty. In Italy one still had a king, to be sure. One also had Mussolini! But after all one was allowed to wear a hat of a mark different from the next man's hat, to swallow a quarter of a liter in peace. He was a professor in a university (which interested him the more in the ass-eared towers of Princeton, discovered on their up-tilted sky line and so described by his wife) and latterly he had been a Deputy in Parliament. Having had something to do with questions of emigration, he had wished to see for himself. Well, he saw! He saw for instance that while an American in Italy might quietly be smiled at, had even given rise to a noun which describes anything bizarre, eccentric, fantastic, extravagant, exaggerated—an *americanata*—he was, nevertheless, by way of being a personage. For he frequented the first hotels, and he was an appreciable source of revenue. Whereas an Italian in America might also be a source of revenue. Otherwise his services would hardly be so much in demand. But because he was generally poor and seldom frequented the first hotels, he and his fellow countrymen seemed to be regarded as persons of no consequence whatever, whose rights and feelings it did not appear necessary to consider.

Yet the *Deputato* did not see so much but what he asked me whether there were official languages for the Parliament at Washington, or whether each Deputy spoke in his own—English, Italian, German, Norwegian, Armenian, Polish, Yiddish, Greek, as the case might be. Indeed, he was extremely surprised when I told him that English alone was the official language of our Parliament and that, so far as I knew, no Deputy had ever addressed it in any other. He had seen, he said, papers on the newsstands in every imaginable language and alphabet. Even Arabic.

We parted regretfully at Philadelphia, having formed imperishable ties, having also exchanged cards, addresses, auguries of future meetings. But the glum-looking man, I observed with regret, did not disappear as well. Nor did he, as any right-minded uplift tout would have done, readjust the back of his seat, sit down with his own back to me, and continue to refresh his memory with regard to the contents of his brief-case. On the contrary, he merely shoved along toward the window and proceeded to eye me without shame or admiration.

"Do you find that even reading about Henry James bores you?" he presently inquired, seizing a lax moment when I was watching for such water glimpses as the vicinity of Philadelphia affords.

"Well," I replied not too encouragingly, "I haven't had much chance yet. But reading Henry James himself doesn't bore me, if that's what you mean."

"Oh! Really?" he remarked. "You at least have the courage of your convictions."

"I don't see," I let out with a certain irritation, "that it takes any courage to say what you like or don't like. Of course I know it's the fashion to knock the man. It has been ever since I first came across him—which was in the day of Robert Louis Stevenson, Richard Harding Davis, and Jack London. But the kind of thing he wrote about I knew something about from my own experience. And it struck me that he was

more grown up, however long-winded and roundabout he might be, than Jack London or Richard Harding Davis, or a few other people I might mention."

"Well, there's something in that," conceded the glum-looking man. "*De gustibus*, and so forth. But it strikes me that he missed getting on the band-wagon. And whatever wagon he did get on to, he was certainly roundabout and long-winded enough, as you say, in telling what he saw."

"What of it?" I demanded. "There's more than one way to dress a hare. Personally, I like to try different people's ways. Nor do I see why his way is so impossible as they make out. At any rate there are all sorts of queer and upsetting little dramas that go on in people's heads, under the rough and ready surface of life, and once in a while it amuses me to see how he ferrets them out. In doing it he certainly didn't use the language of the telegraph office. I fancy there may have been something in the fact that he never wrote poetry and didn't greatly care for music. That must have meant that his ear for the sound and cadence of words was in one way less keen than some people's. But he had an ear for sounds, and the meaning of them, like an Indian's—or a chauffeur's. He heard and saw things which the rest of us never notice."

The glum-looking man didn't object to that. But neither did he assent to it. He merely continued to eye me—without shame and without admiration.

"As for band-wagons," I went on, getting up steam, "you rather remind me of a prize-story competition that once made quite a splash in New York. The jury consisted of a publisher, a newspaper editor, and a politician who had written a little, not too ungrammatically, in a historical vein—which was as if for the jury of a portrait show they had picked out a dealer in miscellaneous art objects, a sign painter, and a modeler of patriotic figurines. Anyhow they made a report rejoicing over the fact that so many of the stories submitted were American, that so few had to be thrown out because they strayed beyond our frontiers. And they gave the prize to a story about a negro in the Philippines—the negro being in the American army and the Islands having recently come under the American flag. One hundred per cent American, you see! I suppose they would have argued that Mérimée was not on the French band-wagon because he wrote *Carmen*, that Flaubert was not on the band-wagon because of *Salammbô*, that Stendhal and the *Chartreuse de Parme*, or Anatole France and *Thaïs* were not on the band-wagon. Kipling, of course, was band-wagon pure and simple, through the happy accident of India being a part of the British Empire. But Conrad, poor wretch—where was his band-wagon?

"However, band-wagons were pretty dubious articles here when Henry James appeared on the scene—in the forties, fifties, sixties, and seventies, to say nothing of the eighties, when taste and common sense reached in this country a depth of degradation which Heaven help us from ever coming in sight of again. Would you have preferred, for example, that he should mount the band-wagon of General Grant and the Reconstruction-Mansard-Roof period? Mark Twain and Whitman, it is true, more or less escaped that and found a band-wagon which suited them, which suits us even better than it did our fathers. But why should you complain that Henry James didn't get aboard of it too? He couldn't help the fact that he was born well-to-do instead of poor, that he had a queer philosophical unstandardized father who didn't want his boys to grow up in American streets, that he was dragged from Albany to New York, from New York to Boston, from Boston to Newport, from America to Europe and back again, without ever getting a chance to strike root; that he had an unappeasable taste for decent houses, and landscapes that didn't look like the mouth of a mine, and people with civilized manners. Where on earth

was he to find them? Certainly not in New York, in 1870. No, sir! And to waste time, breath, or temper over the fact that at the end of a long life, in circumstances of peculiar disturbance, he chose to cast in his lot with the half of our race among whom he had found a home, or over the fact that he was not what he was not, is simply to skip the whole point of him.

"The point is that he, and in his time he alone, portrayed a certain American predicament of which he was agonizingly conscious but Whitman and Mark Twain weren't, the predicament evoked for us by those Italians who were sitting here a little while ago—of a transplanted European (for that is what we Americans really are) with all the tastes, instincts, and traditions of a civilized race, confronted by all the ugliness, meanness, and barrenness of New York and Boston in the Brown Stone Age. It isn't nearly so bad now; but then it must have been unspeakable—for a certain type of person sensitive to the look and connotations of things, and aware, as Whitman and Mark Twain were not, of what such things are in other countries. All that scale of contrasts Henry James recorded as no one else ever did or ever can—for it is no longer so sharp as it used to be.

"And he did another thing. His scale of contrasts wasn't visual only. It was psychological too. I can't think of anybody else who has understood Americans so well, for instance, as to find the way to portray a certain type we propagate—of great simplicity, loyalty, genuineness, good faith, in high relief against the rich, the colored, the complicated, the sophisticated, not to say cynical or occasionally sinister background of an older and harder world. And I notice that some of our contemporaries appear either to have had similar perceptions or to have read their maligned predecessor with profit. There is no Adam Verver or Milly Theale in *The Tattooed Countess;* but that book is Henry James cut down and done over in words of one syllable, *ad usum Delphini*. I even have suspicions of Mr. Sinclair Lewis, who, however, is more crafty in that his background of contrast isn't visible and he uses words of two syllables."

This time the glum-looking man favored me with a reply, although with an inadequate one:

"There is probably something in what you say. I don't know much about these things. But of course no man is responsible for the time of his birth, the circumstances of his bringing up, or the particular slant on life which he inherited or had pounded into him—any more than he is for the color of his eyes or the shape of his nose."

I regarded the glum-looking man's nose. It was not handsome, to be charitable to it. But as he showed no inclination to pursue the subject farther, I opened Van Wyck Brooks again, who certainly would not be finished by Baltimore—or Washington either. However, I got in a chapter or two before the brakeman interrupted me by bawling "Wil-ming-ton! Wil-ming-ton!" Then I had an interval of peace before the next and more welcome interruption of the hollow roar we made in rattling across the Susquehanna. I looked out, as I always do, for that long narrow woody island. Rivers are admirable, but islands are perfect.

"Do you know Joachim du Bellay?" suddenly asked the glum-looking man.

"Not too well," I confessed. I hadn't suspected the glum-looking man of that!

"This river, because it has nothing to do with the case, I suppose, always reminds me of a thing he wrote when he came back from Rome. My accent isn't very good, but it goes something like this:

'Plus que le marbre dur me plaît l'ardoise fine,
Plus mon Loyre gaulois que le Tybre latin,
Plus mon petit Lyré que le mont palatin,
Et plus que l'air marin la douceur angevine.'"

His accent, as a matter of fact, was not bad.

"Yes," I said, "but how about the châteaux? With those to come back to he could afford to forswear hard marble for pointed slate and the Tiber for the Loire."

"Never mind. They will come," said the glum-looking man. "In fact they are on the way already—just as some of them were on the Loire when du Bellay came home from Rome."

He said it with such conviction, eying me anew, that I resigned myself to the inevitable. I put a cigarette into Van Wyck Brooks for a book mark.

"You see I happened to be born a generation later than Henry James, which got me out of the Grant era by the time I was ready to grow up. I also happened to be born on the other side, which got me out of being dragged there as a boy. The places I was dragged to were New York and Boston. To me, therefore, they were the novelty—not London and Paris."

So we were in for the chapter of confidences! At any rate we were in Maryland, and humming for Gunpowder Creek.

"Paris!" went on the glum-looking man. "Paris excites me about as much as your mother-in-law. I admit that it's an interesting and well laid out city. But why on earth people go so crazy about it beats me. It isn't as if they knew beans about its history, or language, or literature, or collections, or architecture. If they did they would know that ten times better houses are being built in New York or Kansas City to-day than in Paris. All they know is that it's a more amusing town to get divorced in than Reno, that food on the whole is better for the money than over here, that you can get soused there without breaking the law or poisoning yourself, that women's clothes and gimcracks are likely to be good if expensive, that there is no Anti-Vice Society to interfere with your recreations, that Montmartre is packed with dives where everything goes and where you meet an agreeable society composed not of French people, to be sure, but of all the scum of North and South America, and that there's no place in the world where it's so easy to pick up or to get picked up by mistresses and lovers of the more ephemeral sort. That's all there is to Paris, so far as Americans are concerned."

It was my turn to eye the glum-looking man, without shame and—without admiration? But he wasn't through with me.

"I suppose one thing about it was that as an infant the greatest rarity in the world for me, and the most desirable, was another American infant to scuffle with. I never quite got over that. Nor could I ever quite fathom what so many Americans were up to over there, among dark queer oily-eyed people who for me hadn't a particle of charm or mystery. And afterwards, when I went back to make out what I could about it, all I could make out was that I would never let myself become one of those Americans if I could help it, always mooning about France and Italy, always exciting shrugs and winks among the natives, never really at home there or anywhere else.

"And then, you know, there was another thing—as you say. I happened to be on hand when, at the beginning of the century, something happened to New York. I was perhaps the better able to watch what happened because I sat in a small room high in a tower—the Hispano-Mauresque tower on top of which St. Gaudens' Diana drew her long bow. There was no Metropolitan Tower then to overshadow her. And when I went there that big jolly red-headed Stanford White, who had so much to do with what happened to New York, was still sitting in his studio between Diana and me. I forget whether Peter Cooper Hewitt and his unearthly green lights were above or below Stanford White. However, the Flatiron was new, the old Fifth Avenue Hotel flourished on its corner, Tiffany's, Altman's, Maillard's, and the publishing houses were all down town. Part of what is now the lawn of Grace Church

was a Vienna Bakery with a trellised court in front of it, where I often took my coffee of a morning. There was a Greenwich Village, but not the expensive class-conscious Greenwich Village of to-day. It was merely a sort of slum, more red brick than brown stone and more accessible than Corlear's Hook, Sutton Place, or Hell's Kitchen, where rents were within reach of people like Jules Guérin and Willa Cather. Later on I tried it myself for a while—before moving to a sailors' hotel in South Street. But Times Square had yet to be invented. It was Longacre then. And I was one of the Four Million for whom it was invented.

"I saw the Times Building go up, what was then the Knickerbocker Hotel, the Astor, the Belmont, half the inns and theaters in the place. I also saw several acres of little red-brick houses disappear between Seventh and Ninth Avenues and uncover a fabulous cavern in the rock, out of which slowly rose the steel and granite of the Pennsylvania Station. I saw other acres, all over town, of brown stone, melt away, metamorphose themselves into white limestone and Joachim du Bellay's hard marble. I rode in the first subway, on the first day it was opened to traffic—from South Ferry and Brooklyn Bridge to the Grand Central, and then under Forty-Second Street to Times Square and up Broadway. I saw Broadway fade and go out—though to the country at large it is still, not altogether unjustly, the symbol of all that is most brilliant and most sophisticated in New York. I saw the Fifth Avenue, as Mr. James calls it, transform itself from one of the ugliest streets in the world into one of the most splendid. I followed every detail of the Library as it grew up on the site of that hideous old reservoir in Bryant Park, and watched the workmen in the dead of winter pile one brick of the Hippodrome on another, melting the snow and ice with a steam hose as they went along, and marked how Park Avenue, especially around the rebuilt Grand Central Station, made reality out of those fanciful old engravings of cyclopean architecture. I saw bridge after bridge slung across the East River, above the one which was there alone when you and I were born.

"Those were days when the New York sky was scaled every morning by taller, steeper, wilder pinnacles, fired every evening by constellations as commercial as you please but every evening newer, stranger, more audacious, more magical, in the ripple and glitter of their sidereal jewelry. And those were sights to see. Paris can't beat them. No doubt they have been and will be surpassed. No doubt many mistakes were made, many follies committed, many horrors perpetrated, many charms and memories destroyed. Nevertheless, there was in it something epic to catch a young man's imagination. I count myself fortunate to have been alive at that time, in that place. I am not ashamed to belong to that race and generation. No other had seen that not a corner or two of Manhattan Island but the whole of it, from the Battery to Inwood Hill, was destined to be the heart of its city. It went far to atone for the parochial shortsightedness and washerwoman's taste of Gouverneur Morris, Simon De Witt, and John Rutherford, who a century earlier, in 1811, knew no better than to lay out the New York from which Henry James fled, martyrized it upon an inept gridiron, threw away its water front, and otherwise did their worst to ruin forever one of the most magnificent sites in the world."

I stared at the glum-looking man with some astonishment. He certainly had a line!

"It was a crime," I agreed feebly. "Even Brooklyn is better, appalling as it is, because half a dozen gridirons are there, flung down at random and creating a little irregularity by the necessity of tying up their loose ends."

But the glum-looking man wasn't thinking about Brooklyn—or Manhattan either.

"'Westward the star of empire—'" he

began to quote. "Wasn't it Addison who got off some blurb like that? Empires aren't so fashionable as they were in Addison's day. Still, there is a pendulum that swings in history. There are places, here and there, now and then, where something flares up for a while. Well, I have a notion that something may be getting ready to flare up here. Of course, we are often a century or a season behind Europe, in ideas, in fashions. How should it be otherwise? We haven't been going long enough. Time and again have I come home from London, or even from Dresden, wearing in all innocence a tie or a hat which made people nudge one another on the street—only to see the same hat or tie the rage of my neighbors by the time mine was worn out. I remember reading *Jean Christophe*, Pearsall Smith's *Trivia*, Artsibashev's *Sanin* on the other side, years before anybody but James Huneker had heard of them over here. But I notice that the interval is shorter than it used to be. Marcel Proust crossed the ocean much more quickly.

"And I notice other things. This country used to be a region of myth and mist out of which poured into better lighted parts of the world an unceasing stream of rather unsympathetic tourists and into which, by some invisible process of suction, disappeared a counter stream of 'antiques' and *articles de Paris*. It never occurred to anybody to find out what had happened to them. England was thinking about that ticklish empire of hers, France was meditating on *la revanche* and *la gloire*, Germany was up to God knows what. To be sure, they turned a spyglass on us once in a while. Washington interested them a moment. Monroe made them put their hand to their ear and say 'Eh?' Grant and Lee brought out a '*Voilà!*' McKinley and Roosevelt caused them to ejaculate '*Tiens!*' And Wilson—then they began, under their breath, to mutter "H'm!" It had never come into their heads before to look into the phenomenon of the two streams. Who knows? Either of those streams, or both of them, might some day slacken—or even cease altogether."

"Close all the windows!" interrupted the brakeman again. "Windows closed for the Baltimore tunnels!" But he didn't interrupt the glum-looking man.

"Anyhow, the German War was the end of an era. It definitely revealed the fact that the United States, however inadequately, exists. In 1918 it was discovered by some that we could fight—as cheerfully and nastily as anybody. It was discovered by others that we had certain notions, which might be as foolish as the next man's but which had to be taken just as seriously. Above all, it was discovered that we were in a position to go on making ourselves heard and felt, partly because of the uncomfortable narrowing of the world, partly because we were so fantastically well off. We had not really changed, or suddenly grown more formidable. It was merely that we turned out to come surprisingly near filling the popular specifications of a *grand seigneur*. Emotions always have to be paid for, and we are not immune from that disagreeable law: witness the Civil War. But we don't have to pay so heavily for our emotions of 1917 and 1918 as some other people have to pay for theirs. Hence the wide acceptance of the fact that we are now somebody. . . . And after this the tide of travel across the Atlantic won't be in one direction only.

"Look at your Italians. Ten or twenty years ago who ever heard of an obscure Tuscan professor or member of Parliament, probably with a smaller income than yours or mine, spending his hard-earned *lire* to come to wild America, simply to see what it was like? If he was famous and could get money out of us, that was another thing. But those people get out of us nothing but amusement and discomfort and, I am afraid, a good deal of impoliteness. Still, they may some day come back and get more. Or if they don't, other professors and

members of Parliament, rich idlers, poor scholars, all sorts of people, will come too—in larger and larger numbers. Some of them will come merely to amuse themselves. Others will come because for political reasons it is important to find out what kind of animals we really are. More and more will come because in order to find out something about Chinese and Japanese art, or Egyptian antiquities, or certain European painters, or early editions of English, French, German, and Italian books, it has become necessary to study our collections.

"The Old World used to teach the New. Now it is beginning to be suspected that the New World may have something to teach the Old. For quite a while the fine art of filling teeth was the only one which foreigners deigned to learn from us. Other arts like plumbing, steel construction, flying, jazz music, and the new kind of dancing which goes with it, followed. It gradually came out, too, that we were not bad at sports—even at such essentially British ones as golf, tennis, polo, rowing, sailing, boxing. Where we lagged behind was in science and the finer arts. Which is as it should be. Life comes before learning and art, if the cart is not to precede the horse. Still, certain little mechanical and electrical tricks of ours have enjoyed quite a vogue in more civilized countries where it is known as well that, after others had given it up as a bad job, we contrived a short cut from the Atlantic to the Pacific and found a way to make Panama as salubrious as Communipaw. Moreover, three of our painters once reigned in London, two of our poets have ruled over Paris, there have even been other answers to the famous question about an American book. An abrupt and silent young man who paddled the Merrimac River, climbed Mount Katahdin, and camped by Walden Pond while all sorts of terrifying monstrosities were being built and admired in Boston, New York, and Washington, could tell you something about that. So could your friend Henry James. And his brother could tell you something about books of a more scientific sort. In fact, I hear the interesting news that there are now more foreigners in American universities than Americans studying abroad. Just you wait. When—"

"Bal-ti-more!" bawled the brakeman (which is by no means the way in which the inhabitants pronounce the name of that agreeable town). "All out for Baltimore! The next stop is Washington!"

"Gracious!" exclaimed the glum-looking man. "Are we here already? Going on? Well, I'm afraid I haven't helped you on much with your book. But you'll have at least an hour to yourself. So long."

He and his brief-case disappeared. I took my cigarette out of Van Wyck Brooks. Then it occurred to me that I hadn't exchanged cards with the glum-looking man.

THUNDER ON THE LEFT

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS—PART II

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Summary of Part One.—On Martin's birthday (he is ten years old) he and his younger sister Bunny invite some other children for a small party. The parents of all these children are having tea on the adjoining verandah; observation of the adults causes the children to discuss whether Grown Ups really have a good time. When the candles on the birthday cake are blown out, Martin makes a wish: it is not stated what this is, but the suggestion is plain that he wishes to go, unsuspected, as a spy in the world of adults; to come among them, unrecognized, to see what their life is really like.

The story, after this prologue, is immediately projected twenty-one years into the future. The scene is unchanged: it is the same house, near the sea. The reader divines that some of the characters are the children of the birthday party, now grown. Phyllis (Mrs. Granville) now has children of her own; she and her husband George (who did not appear in the prologue) have taken the old house for the summer, after it had stood vacant a long time. Phyllis finds a strange man in the garden, whom she takes to be an eccentric artist. This, of course, is Martin, transformed outwardly into a man of thirty-one, but inwardly still the boy of ten.

It is a moment of suspense at which Martin appears. Mr. and Mrs. Granville are making preparation for a picnic, at which there are to be three guests (Mr. and Mrs. Brook and Miss Clyde) who are the Ben, Ruth, and Joyce of the prologue. Phyllis invites Martin to join them. But his presence seems to act as a precipitating agent; the queer childlike candor of his personality has a dangerously explosive effect. Emotional tensions that have been held in uncertain balance now grow too strong for concealment. Martin, a kind of symbol of the unspoiled essence of life, is entirely unaware of sex, which is the lightning surcharged in the clouds that overhang the scene. Phyllis, only half-conscious of the crisis in which her husband is struggling, is strangely moved by Martin and seems to find in him some unguessed answer to her secret questionings. She is about to declare herself to Martin, but finds that he has run down to the beach with the children. Meanwhile George has gone to repair a broken bed in the room which Ben and Ruth are to occupy.—*The Editors.*

GEORGE was fixing the beds and making an extra-special crashing and clanging about it for Phyllis's benefit so she would realize how irritating a job it was. I wonder (he was thinking) if any other man ever had to move furniture about so much. Phyllis has a passion for shifting beds. These springs don't fit the frames. The result is that every time anyone turns over there's a loud bang, the corner of the spring comes down clank on the iron side-bar. I fixed it—not perfectly, but well enough—with a pad of newspaper and a length of clothes-line, when we moved in. Good enough for the children. But of course for Ben and Ruth. . . These can't be the right springs for these beds. It stands to reason no manufacturer would be fool enough to send out a bed that couldn't possibly be put together. There must be some trick of arrangement. Human reason can figure out anything if concentrated on the problem. Now let's see. This goes here and this here. Think of having to fiddle over these picayune trifles when the whole of life and destiny is thrilling in the balance.

He was lying under the bed now, among curly gray rolls of dust, holding up the spring with one hand while the other reached for the hammer. Phyllis came in, to empty some of the bureau drawers for Ben and Ruth. She was taking away neat armfuls of the children's crisp clean garments. The whole room was full of their innocent little affairs. There, in the corner, was the collapsible doll-house he had made last Christmas and which had to go everywhere with them. Sitting against the door of the doll-house was a tiny china puppet, with a face of perpetual simper and that attitude of pelvic dislocation peculiar to small china dolls. Around the house was a careful pattern of shells, diligently brought from the beach. Why did all this make his heart ache? He remembered one evening, when he had been working late, he passed gently by the children's door about midnight and heard a quiet little cough. Janet was awake. That small sound had suddenly, appallingly, reminded him that these poor creatures too were human. She must be lying there, thinking. What does a child think alone at night? He went in, in the darkness, put his arms round the surprised child and whispered encouragements to her. "Jay," he said, "Daddy's own smallest duckling frog, Daddy loves you, don't ever forget Daddy loves you." The little figure sat up in bed, threw her arms round his neck, and gripped him wildly in furious affection. "I won't forget, Daddy," cried her soft voice in the warm dark room. Though she was only eight years old, her accent was strangely mature: the eternal voice of woman calling man back from agonies and follies to her savage and pitying breast.

Mother love? Pooh (he thought, in a glow of bitterness) what was mother love! A form of selfishness most of the time. Of course they love their children, having borne them, suffered for them. Children are their biological passport, their excuse for not having minds. But for fathers to love their children—the poor accidental urchins that come between them and the work they love—that really means something!

He gave the bed-frame several resounding bangs with the hammer, quite uselessly, merely to express his sense of irritation at seeing Phyllis's pretty ankles and the hem of her green dress moving so purposefully about the room. Then, looking out angrily from under the bed, he saw her picking up the shells. Instead of bending over from the hips, as a man would, she was crouching on her heels, deliciously folded down upon her haunches. This annoyed him. And how heartless, to clear away the shells that had been laboriously arranged in a border round the doll-house.

"Why don't you leave them there?" he shouted. Then he realized how impossible it would be to explain his feeling about the shells. They represented innocence, poetry, the hopeful imaginings of childhood.

Phyllis scooped them up relentlessly.

"Don't be a fool," she said. "You wanted these people here for the Picnic, didn't you? All right, we have to make the room decent."

He felt that, as usual, he had picked up the argument by the wrong end. Arguments are like cats: if you take them up by the tail they twist and scratch you.

"And another thing," she added, "you simply must mend that broken railing on the sleeping porch. If the children are going to be out there it isn't safe."

"I can't fix *both* these beds," he growled. "There's a bolt missing. Tell me which one Ben will sleep in, I'll fix that. Ruth's won't matter, she's a skinny little thing, doesn't weigh much more than Janet."

I shouldn't mind so much fixing Ruth's bed, he was thinking; there'd be a kind of vague satisfaction in that. I rather like to think of her lying there, she's rather attractive even if she is such a numbskull. But Ben, that solid meaty citizen . . . he probably snores. . . .

I'll tell Ben to take this one; this is the one most likely to come down.

"How do I know which will take which?" she said. "They'll arrange that to suit themselves, no matter what we say."

He had carefully lashed the spring to the frame, six weeks before. But it had worked loose and now must be done all over again. The deuce of a job: the spring was precariously balanced at one end only; he was holding the loose end with one hand, trying to rewind the cord with the other. The thought of doing all this for Ben was too silly. No, let Ruth have this one and he would try to make a good job of it. Perspiration rolled from him. He supported the spring with his left elbow, so that he could take the end of the cord with his left hand while tightening it with his right. A fuzz of dust was sticking to his moist cheek. This was too insanely comic: grunting under a bed on a hot electrical afternoon. He could see Phyl's feet standing motionless by the window. How lovely she was, how he wanted her, wanted to slough away all these senseless tensions and stupidities. . . . She was always right because she merely acted on instinct; he, usually wrong because he tried to think things out and act reasonably . . . if she knew how heroic he really was would she understand? He *must* get her to understand before it was too late. For this—this crisis that was hanging over them was his deliberately desired trial of strength. And now, if they weren't careful, they would fritter away all their stamina in preliminary scuffle and nonsense; and when the moment came . . . soon, appallingly soon . . . there would be no vitality left to meet it.

He was terrified. He had planned all this grimly; now things were moving too fast for him. A long soft murmur of thunder jarred across the sky. Would the storm pass over without breaking? No, by God, it *must* break, if they were ever to find peace. He must send up a kite, like old Ben Franklin (that first of modern advertising men) to bring down a sample of lightning. He must find out whether lightning was the kind of thing you can live with. Can a man take fire in his bosom and his clothes not be burned? He must tell her why he was terrified. He must tell her quickly. These were the last moments they would have together before . . . already the color of the light had changed. Here, on the side of the house away from the water, there was a darkening sparkle in the air.

Her feet were ominously still. She must be thinking, and this always worried him. Suppose she too became aware of this secret insolubility of life? It was only her divine certainty about little things that kept him going. What business have biological units thinking about things? Let them obey their laws and not question.

Shifting the weight of the spring to his shoulder, he turned over and put his head out from under the foot of the bed.

"Phyl," he said, "why don't you go and lie down a bit, have a rest before the folks get here?"

She looked down at him. Even in the warm listless dream that seemed to have mastered her, she was touched by the foolish appeal in his red dust-streaked face. Where the light caught the turn of his jaw shone a coppery stubble.

"You need a shave," she said and then regretted her insistent tidying instinct. She was holding three large shabby dolls, unconsciously pressing them against her like an armful of real babies. One flopped forward over her arm, uttering an absurd bleating squawk, *Maaa-maa!*

"The children," she exclaimed breathlessly. "The storm's coming. Hurry up with those beds, get the children back from the beach."

"They're all right," he said sulkily. "Mr. Martin'll take care of 'em."

His large flushed face, mouth open, gazed up from the floor. He looked pitiably silly, like a frightened dog. He was

thinking: All I want to tell her is that I love her; no matter what happens I love her. But how can I say it? If she weren't my wife I suppose it would be so much easier. Why do we always show our worst side to the people we love?

She was thinking: The absurd idiot, writhing about under that bed like a roach, telling me to go and lie down when there are a hundred things to be done, beds to be made, towels and linen got out, silver counted, instructions to Lizzie. . . . Certainly she had tried to warn him. . . .

"Damn Mr. Martin!" she cried. "Don't trust him. You fool, you fool. Can't you see he's crazy? We're all crazy. Stop sprawling there like a mud-turtle, *do* something."

"Listen, Phyl," he said heavily. "I want to tell you something. Now listen, you've got to help me."

With a pang of alarm he knew that now it was too late to go back. He had begun to speak. Now he must try to explain the pillar of smoke and fire that had moved so long before the lonely track of his mind. Greatly as he feared her rigid inflexible spirit, he must divide the weight of this heavy fragile burden, like a crystal globe that might contain either ecstasy or horror. He could not know which until it lay broken about him in shining scraps and curves. But oh, why was she so difficult to tell things to?

"Don't laugh," he mumbled. "It's terribly—"

He wriggled forward earnestly. The other end of the metal spring slid from its joist, the head and foot of the bed toppled inward. With a clanking brassy crash the whole thing collapsed about him.

He lay there, covered with bed, in a furious silence which was merely the final expression of his disgust. For an instant, in the stillness following that ridiculous clamor, she thought he was hurt. She bent down, dropping the dolls, and one of these again shrilled its whining protest. His angry face reassured her, and she burst into a peal of laughter.

He crawled out from under the wreck. He was thinking savagely, yet with relief also, how close he had been to telling her. But that was his fate. Even noble tragedy, if it came near him, would be marred by titters. He didn't blame her for laughing. Even in an agony he could never be more than grotesque.

"I was just thinking," she said, "how awful if the bed did that when Ben's in it."

"Don't worry. It probably will."

Sultry blue air pressed close about the house, air heavy with uncertain energies. He knew now how frail are carpentered walls and doors, how brittle a box to guard and fortify weak things he held dear. A poor cardboard doll-house, and his own schemes just a ring of shells about it. Here, in a home not even his own, among alien furnitures, he must meet the sorceries of life, treacheries both without and within. Strong walls, strong walls, defend this rebel heart! he whispered to himself—startled and shamed to find himself so poetical. Strange, he thought (hastily re-edifying the bed) that people spend such anguish on decisions that don't really matter. But in this house he was at a disadvantage. He had no memories in it. For Phyllis it had old associations and meanings. It went back into her childhood, into that strange time when he had never known her, when she must have been so cunningly caught unawares and machined into rigidity. So even the house was against him. In that charged air one spark surely would sheet all heaven with flame. It would be queer to split open the world's old shingled roofs and rusty-screened windows, scatter the million people with little pig-eyes of suspicion, explode love and merriment over the land. God help us, he thought, people can't even sin without finding dusty little moral justifications for it. This is what civilization has brought us to!—But what a way for

a man to be thinking, with a half-written booklet on Summer Tranquillity lying on his desk.

He stepped onto the sleeping porch, where two cots had been put for Janet and Sylvia, to look at the broken railing. Projecting above the verandah, it overlooked the garden and the pale sickle of beach, distinct in glassy light. He could see Martin and the children, tiny figures frolicking on the sand. The sky was piled steeply with swollen bales of storm, scrolls of gentian-colored vapor. But it looked now as though the gust would pass overhead. Phyllis was busy at the linen closet by the corner of the passage, getting out clean towels and napkins. He envied her the sedative trifles that keep wives sane. And after all, perhaps the well-drilled discipline of human beings would get them past this eddy. People—and especially guests—know so well what can be done and what can't. They know how to "behave." The world, brave prudent old world, is so sagely adjusted to avert or ignore any casual expression of what men really feel: terror and mockery, pity and desire. Oh, surely, by careful management, they could all shuffle through a couple of days without committing themselves, and then safely relapse into the customary drugged routine. Ben and Ruth, accomplished students of petty demeanor, would be a great help. Even Joyce, poor bewitched rebel with frightened eyes, even Joyce must have some powers of concealment. But he would not think of Joyce for a little while.

"I think maybe the storm'll blow over," he called. He felt he must speak to Phyllis again, to calm his own nervousness.

There was no answer. Going to the end of the passage he saw her standing at the big bay window in the spare room. She was looking down toward the beach, one hand nervously plucking at a strip of wallpaper that had come loose along the frame of the window. He crossed the room quietly and kissed the back of her neck, with a vague idea that this would help to keep her from thinking. It was so enormously important that she should be calm and humorous just now.

He was prepared for silent indifference, or even an outburst of anger, but not for what happened. She turned silently and flung her arms madly about his neck. "Love me, love me, love me," she cried. "Love me before it's too late."

He was horrified. "There, there," he said embarrassed. "Go and rest a while, little frog."

VIII

The beach was a different world. Under the plum-glossed wall of storm the bay was level, dusky and still, crumbling in low parallels of surf. The waves collapsed in short flat crashes. The children flashed in the warm dull water: they wore three tight little green bathing suits, their legs so tanned it seemed as though long brown stockings were snugly drawn above their polished knees. They tumbled with the soft clumsy grace of young animals and were happy without knowing it. Janet could swim; Sylvia still used water-wings to buoy her up; Rose preferred not to go beyond knee-depth and squatted in the curl of the small breakers. When the backwash scoured the sand from under her insteps, leaving a hard mound beneath her tickling heels, she squeaked with ecstatic fright. "The ocean's pulling me!" she cried and spattered to safety. Sylvia, paddling splashily a little farther out, with a white rubber cap and the bulbous wings behind her shoulders, was like a lame butterfly that had dropped from the dunes above. She put a foot down and couldn't touch bottom. This alarmed her and she hastily flapped herself shoreward. A wave broke on her nape, shot her sprawling into the creamy shallows. The wings spilled off, she rolled sideways and under with legs flying, her nose rubbed along soft ridges of sand. Her face emerging was a comic

medallion of anxious surprise. Another spread of lacy green water slid round her chin. She was relieved to find herself laughing.

"A wave went right over me and I didn't mind," she exclaimed. "I'm a little laughing girl, and laughing girls are different."

It was all different. In this width of sky and sea and sand nothing was reproached. Nounou was off for the afternoon and could not forbid them to play with the stranger. Farther along the bay were other cottages, other children; but here they were alone. "Do you see those houses?" said four-year-old Rose to Martin, pointing to the bungalows that stood on a bluff, sharp upon naked air. "People live there, with beds and food."

Yet they did not even know they were alone. Merely they existed, they were. They were part of the ocean, which does not think but only fulfils its laws. Tides curve and bubble in, earth receives them, earth lets them ebb. Soft shells pulverize, hard shells polish, sand-hills slither, seaweeds dry and blacken; the bay takes the sea in its great arms and is content; and inland the farmyard dogs, those spotted moralists, are scandalized by the moon—the moon, chaste herself, bright persuasion of unchastity in others. For life is all one piece, of endless pattern. No stitch in the vast fabric can be unravelled without risking the whole tapestry. It is the garment woven without seams.

Here was beauty; and they, not knowing it, were part of it unawares. Here was no thinking, merely the great rhythm of ordered accident, gulls' wings white against thunder, the electric circuits of law broken by the clear crystal of fancy. And the sea, the silly sea, meaningless, prolific, greatest of lovers, brawling over the cold pumice reefs of dead volcanoes, groping tenderly up slants of thirsty sand. The sea that breeds life and the land that breeds thought, destined lovers and enemies, made to meet and destroy, to mingle and deny, marking earth with strangeness wherever they embrace. The sea, the bitter sea, that makes man suspect he is homeless and has no roof but dreams.

Janet, who was big enough to go beyond the low surf and grapple the White Whale in his own element, liked Mr. Martin because he did not talk much and understood the game at once. When she harpooned him he rolled and thrashed in foam, churning with his flukes as a wounded whale should; and came floating in so they could haul him to land and cut him up for blubber. This, she explained, is the flensing stage, marking out a flat area of moist sand. Then they burned the blubber in a great bonfire, a beacon that glared tawnily in the night, to guide the relief ship to their perilous coast. Martin found it ticklish to be flensed, so they lay and made tunnels. The tide was going, the flat belt of wet beach was like a mirror, reflecting the rich sword-blade color of the west.

But Martin was a little puzzled.

"What did you say your names are?" he asked again.

"Janet and Sylvia and Rose," they said, delighted at his stupidity. For it is always thrilling to tell people your name: it proves that you too belong to this important world.

Still, this didn't account for the other, the fourth one. He had seen her watching from the beach, and then she had been playing with them in the tumbling water. He had thought the children just a little bit rude not to greet her when she joined them. She was not as brown as they, so perhaps she was a stranger who had newly arrived. But now, when that heavy thunder rolled like wagon wheels across a dark bridge of clouds, and the other three ran off to the bathhouse to dress, she was sitting there beside him.

She was older, but he knew her now. Her face was wet; but of course, for she had been wriggling in the surf like a mermaid. He felt a trifle angry with her: she had got ahead of him, then.

He was opening his mouth to speak when she asked him exactly the same thing:

"How did *you* get here?"

He must be careful: if he told her too much she might give him away. She never could keep a secret.

"I've always been here," he said. "It isn't fair for you to tag along. Go home."

Then he realized it was no use to talk to her like that. Why, she seemed older than he: she had even begun to get soft and bulgy, like ladies. But she looked so frightened he took her hand.

"We can't both do it," he said. "They'll find out. Bunny, you're not playing fair."

"I am, I am!" she cried. "I'm not playing at all. *You* go away. You'll be sorry."

It was awful to see her look so anxious.

"You used to be a laughing girl," he said, "and laughing girls are different. What's happened to you anyway?"

She gazed at him strangely, with so much love in her face he felt she must be ill.

"This is no place for you," he said firmly, "here among strangers. You'll be lonely. *I* can't look after you."

"They aren't strangers. Oh, please go back before you find out."

This was all senseless and annoying; yet he was sorry for her too. I know what's the matter with her, he thought. He accused her of it.

"No, no!" she said piteously. "No, Martin. Not that. I nearly did, but not really."

"I dare say it wasn't your fault," he said, and then, remembering a useful phrase, "You'll have to excuse me now." He saw Mr. Granville approaching down the sandy ravine. "Here's one of them coming."

"Tell me," she said quickly. "Do you like them?"

"Why, yes, they're nice. They're a bit queer. They seem to worry about things. They like *me*," he added, proudly.

He could see Mr. Granville waving to them to take shelter in the cabin. The bay was already scarred with the onset of the squall.

"Hurry!" Martin said. "Come on, we'll wait in the bathhouse until the storm's over." They ran together, stumbling up the heavy sand, she lightly, not dragging behind as she usually did. When he reached the door, pulling it open against the first volley of the rain, it was not her hand that he held, but a cold smooth shell.

IX

One drawback about Pullmans (Ruth was thinking) is that the separate chairs make it difficult to talk. And she was getting restless: if she didn't say something pretty soon she would begin to feel uncertain of herself. The long melancholy howl of the engine, the gritty boxed-up air (still smelling of the vaults under the Grand Central Station), the hot plushy feel of the cushion prickling under her knees, the roll and swing of the car, the dark ridges of hills—everything was depressing and tedious. Ben was still absorbed in the morning paper—already stale, she thought, for the afternoon sheets were out by now. She had skimmed the magazines, a little irritated by the pictures of interiors of wealthy country houses. She wished that such articles would include also photographs of the number of servants necessary to keep things so perfect. Of course it was easy enough for people like that to have a Home in Good Taste: they just call in a decorator and he fixes everything. But you yourself—how are you going to know what is really Good Taste? Styles change so. As for the fiction, it sounded as though it was written by people with adenoids. You could hear the author biting his nails and snuffling. She had cleaned out her vanity-box, thrown away some old clippings and a dusty peppermint and stubs of theater tickets. And still Ben was lurking behind a screen of

print. Certainly he was the most stay-put of men: place him anywhere and there he would remain until it was time for the next thing to happen.

She began filing briskly at her nails. Presently the newspaper rustled uneasily. She leaned forward and rasped sharply, her soft hand moving as capably as a violinist's. The little sickening buzz continued, and Ben folded the paper lengthwise and looked round it like a man at a half-open door. His brown eyes were large and clear behind tortoise-shell glasses. His eyebrows were delicately poised, ready to rise, like guests preparing to get up from their chairs. In his waistcoat pocket were two fountain pens, one black and one with silver filigree on it. He looked faintly annoyed. Whatever he looked, he always looked it faintly: dimly, sluggishly, somewhat. He was a little bit stout, a little bit bald, a little bit tired, a little bit prosperous. *Littlebit* had been his nickname when she fell in love with him and thought him such a passionate fellow. She used to like the word, but had put it out of her mind when she found it too true. Everything about him was rather, except only his eyes. They were quite. In them, sometimes, you saw a far-off defiance—something that had always retreated, slipped behind corners, stood warily at half-open doors, but by caution and prudence, not by timidity; something that went while the going was good.

"Ben," she said. "Did you see that girl sitting at the next table in the diner? The one in the black hat. She came in just before we left."

He thought a moment. "No," he said. "I was looking at the bill."

"She went through here a while ago. She's in the day coaches, I guess, because this is the last of the Pullmans."

No, thought Ben, this isn't the last of the Pullmans, there's another one ahead of it. I noticed it specially when we got on: it's called *Godiva* and reminded me to ask Ruth if she'd brought her bathing suit. . . . But he refrained from correcting her, waiting patiently to hear what was coming.

"Of course I'm not sure, it's so long since I've seen her, ages and ages, but I think it was Joyce Clyde."

Ben made a polite murmur of interested surprise, allowing his eyebrows to stretch themselves a little and pursing his lips gently to show attention. But the name meant nothing to him.

"I shouldn't wonder if she's on her way to the Island too. You remember, she was there one summer when we were all children. I shouldn't have known her, but I saw her picture in a magazine a while ago. She's some kind of artist I think. She always was a queer kid."

Ben's recollection of old days on the Island was mostly limited to a strip of yellow shore. He remembered catboats and knife-edged grasses, a dock with barnacled piles, learning to make a half-hitch in wet ropes, and the freckled gap-toothed faces of some other small boys. He remembered splintery plank walks among masses of poison ivy, the puckered white feet of a man who had been drowned, the sour stink of his aquarium of hermit crabs, dead because he forgot to change their water. He remembered an older boy who taught the small fry obscene rhymes. The cheerful disgusting hazards of being young were now safely over, thank goodness. The orderly exacting routine of business was enough to keep a man amused. Twenty-one years is a long time; yet turning the focus of memory a little more sharply he caught an unexpected glimpse of a friendly fat waitress at the old wooden hotel who used to bring him bowls of clam chowder; and some of the grown-ups were still visible. But the small girls seemed to have evaporated, fogged out. Even Ruth herself. He could only recall a distant shrilling of hide-and-seek played after dusk among the sand-hills, the running flutter of pink cotton dresses. Why don't little girls wear pink nowadays, he wondered.

"Did she wear a pink dress?"

"Gracious, I don't know. She had green eyes and was awfully shy. If that *was* her, she's turned out more attractive than I should have thought. Funny, she hasn't bobbed her hair; I thought all artists were supposed to do that."

Ben wasn't greatly interested. His private conviction was that the party would be a bore anyhow; but he couldn't very well return to the newspaper while Ruth was talking. He took off his glasses and polished them.

"What does her husband do?"

"Her husband? She hasn't got one. I suppose she's wedded to her art. I don't think she's the type that's attractive to men."

Ruth regretted this when she had said it, because obviously a little deduction on Ben's part would have led him to her real thread of thought. But he showed no sign of animation, patted her knee in a soothing proprietary way, and settled his coat round him like a dog coiling for another nap.

"We'll soon be there," he said.

"I hope so. I'd forgotten it was such a long ride. It'll be queer to see the Island again. Phyllis usually takes the children to Lake Champlain, George has some kind of graft on a railroad up there. It was just an accident, his getting hold of the old Richmond place. It's been empty a long time, the family never went back to it after the little girl (what was her name?) died."

As though plunging into a tunnel the train drummed into a squall. Gray slants of rain thrashed the windows, there were heavy explosions of sound. Ruth was usually afraid of storms, but this one seemed to make the long green car comfortable. The smooth hum of the train softened the jagged edges of thunder. She would have liked a woman there to talk to about Joyce. She had been cheerful in the certainty that her own hat was the smartest on the train until Joyce (for certainly it was she) entered the dining car. That curly black felt, with what an air she carried it. There was something gipsyish about her: something finely unconscious in her way of enjoying her lunch while every other woman was watching her. Women run in a pack and hasten to ally themselves against any other who seems to have secret funds of certainty. Those who live from hand to mouth are always indignant at a private income. Ruth knew Joyce at once as one of the lonely kind. Apparently idle and half asleep, she had turned her chair to command the aisle and was waiting intently to see her come back through their car.

The delicious resentment that some women at once rouse in others! By some deep specialized instinct every woman in the car looked up as the girl went by. Sitting there for several hours, they had tacitly constituted themselves a microcosm of Society and now with professional shrewdness took stock of the alien. No sculptor, no practised sensualist, could have itemized her more fiercely. She was not "pretty," but in some strangely dangerous way she was foreign to their comfortable cowardice. She was still untamed, unbroken. It was not fair, thought the plumper ladies (though unaware they were thinking it) that a woman of nubile age should still combine nymphlike grace with the gay insouciance of a boy. She was carrying her hat in her hand, and the dark twist of her uncropped hair annoyed them as much as, not long before, it would have annoyed them to see it short. They marked the flexile straightness of her figure, the hang and stuff of the skirt, the bend of foot and ankle; exactly appraised, by the small visible slope of stocking, the upper curves unseen. They noted the unbroken fall of her dark suit from armpit to hem as she was swung sideways by a swerve of the train and threw up one elbow to keep her balance. The ruddy young brakeman, meeting her just then, steadied her politely with his hand. She smiled frankly. She didn't even seem humiliated, Ruth thought, at having to pass through all these Pullmans on her way to the day coaches.

But there was something deeper than that—something she couldn't profitably discuss with Ben. With the clairvoyance of woman she saw, and resented, a creature somehow more detached and more determined than herself. In a vague way, for which no words were possible, she recognized a spirit not more happy but more finely unhappy; a spirit concerned with those impassioned curiosities of life which Ruth knew existed and yet knew not how to approach. She felt the shamed envy and anger that some bitter listener in the audience always feels toward the performer. There was something in that dark childish face and alert reckless figure that made Ruth feel soft and frilly and powdered with sugar. The girl was possessed by some essence, had some fatal current passing through her—something which, if generally admitted, would demand extensive revision of the comfortable world. That was it, perhaps: she looked as though she knew that things which most women had agreed to regard as important didn't really matter. The Pullman microcosm resented this, as an anthology of prose would resent a poem that got into it by mistake. The only satisfaction it could have, and the explanation of its pitiless appraisal, was the knowledge that this poor creature too was mocked and fettered with a body, subject also to the dear horrors of flesh.

With a sense of weariness and self-pity Ruth turned to the window and saw, far off, the hard blue line of sea. They were emerging from the storm, the train hummed and rocketed over marshes and beside reedy lagoons still prickled by the rain. On that horizon lay the memory of childhood to which she was now returning. The chief satisfaction of revisiting juvenile surroundings is to feel superior to that pitiable era: to appear, before one's old companions, more prosperous, circumstantial, handsome, and enviable than they might have expected. But now even her gay little woollen sports hat seemed to have lost its assurance. What right had a mere illustrator (and riding in a day coach) with something proud and eager in her face, to start all these troublesome thoughts? She remembered that even as a child Joyce never really joined in their games but watched apart with a shy unwillingness—a shyness which if rubbed too hard could turn into bewildered rebellion. Ruth was always so intensely conscious of the existence of other people that a merely random speculation as to what her friends were doing could prevent her all day long from concentrating on her own affairs. Others were more real to her than herself. Now she was painfully haunted by that look of conviction and fulfilment on the girl's face. Joyce looked unhappy (she consoled herself a little with that); but it was a thrilling kind of unhappiness: an unhappiness scarcely to be distinguished from ecstasy.

She pondered about this, wondering if *she* had ever looked like that. One of her secret anxieties was that she herself was not passionate. Was that, she sometimes wondered, why she and Ben had never had children? In her absorption she practised an expression on her face . . . "rapt" was the word that occurred to her to describe it. Ben, reappearing from behind the paper, was alarmed by her appearance and offered her a soda-mint tablet from the little bottle in his waistcoat pocket.

The dense air of the car began to be alive. After the barrens of pinewood and long upgrades over stony pasture, now the train careered gloriously in the salty northern air, along beaches crusted with stale foam. It cried aloud its savage despairing chord, as though the fierce engine knew that after all its furious burning labors, the flashing uproar of its toil, its human employers would descend at their destinations unfreed, unaltered, facing there as elsewhere the clumsy comedies of life. Angrily it exulted along the bright dwindle of rails which spread wide under the great wheels and narrowed again before and

behind. The telegraph poles came racing toward it, leaping up like tall threatening men; one by one they were struck down and fled away. With swift elbowing pistons and jets of silver steam the engine roared, glorious in its task, glorious in its blind fidelity and passion, caring nothing that all must be retraced in the opposite direction to-morrow.

Joyce was standing in the vestibule of *Godiva*, smoking a cigarette. She had been there a great part of the journey; fast trains always made her mind too busy for sitting still. She had pacified the at first disapproving young brakeman by getting out her sketchbook and making a quick cartoon of him.

Not for many weeks had she been so unconsideringly happy. She never thought of trains as hurrying toward something, but rather fleeing wildly *from*. Those great eloquent machines (she hated to have to board a train without seeing the engine first) crouched ready for flight like huge beasts breathing panic. They were symbols of the universal terror; she trembled with excitement to feel the thrill of escape—escape from anything. Escape, for the moment, from time and space. She wondered how anyone could ever sleep or be bored in a train. You'd think their faces would be transfigured when they got out. She hummed to herself as she stood alone in the vestibule. Life seemed to be beginning all over again; her mind was freshly sensitized to the oddity of human faces, to the color and vitality of the country, the strong swelling curves of the hills. I am flying, flying, she chanted; I am flying from a dream. I am a little mad. My mind is fuller than it'll hold: all sorts of thoughts are slopping over the brim, getting lost because there isn't room for them. I must let them flow faster so I can be aware of them all. What happens to the thoughts that get spilled before you can quite seize them? I must ask George. . . . I wonder which George it will be.

Once she had startled him by giving him a book she found in a secondhand store, *The Four Georges*. For it amused her to insist that there were four of him: George the Husband, George the Father, George the Publicity Man, and then George the Fourth—*her* George, the troubled and groping dreamer, framed in an open window. . . .

Go and see Granville, said the Advertising Agent to her. He's getting up a booklet for the L or somebody. He might be able to use some of these drawings of yours. And because it was urgent he had given her the address. Her knees were quivery as she turned the bend in the corridor, looking for his number.

It was a sultry day, the door of the little office was open. There was a window, high up at the back of the old building, looking over the Brooklyn Bridge. He was leaning on the sill, the smoke of his pipe drifted outward into that hot tawny light that hangs over the East River on summer afternoons. At first he did not seem to hear her tap on the glass panel; then he turned, glanced at her steadily and without surprise. As he had no idea she was coming, she thought perhaps he had mistaken her for someone he knew.

"Look here," he said, "I want to show you something."

She put down her folder of drawings and crossed to the sill. He leaned there in his shirt sleeves, pointing with the stem of his pipe, as easily as though they were old friends.

"See those tall lance-headed openings in the piers of the Bridge? Did you ever notice they look just like cathedral windows? And that pearl-blue light hanging in them, better than any stained glass."

She was too surprised, too anxious about showing him her drawings, to do more than murmur assent.

"I can tell you about it," he said, "because I don't know you. It isn't safe to tell people you know about beautiful things. Those are the windows of my private cathedral."

How often she had lived again that first encounter: the ring of feet along the paved corridors, the blunt slam of elevator gates, the steady tick of a typewriter in an adjoining office, telephones trilling here and there in the big building like birds in an aviary, the murmur of the streets rising up to them through warm heavy air. Always, in that city, she was a little mad. Where such steep terraces cut stairways on sky, where every tread falls upon some broken beauty poets are too hurried to pick up, how can one be quite sane? God pity the man (he said once) who has none of that madness in his heart.

I have a cathedral too, I have a cathedral too, she was repeating to herself, but too excited to say it. With bungling fingers she untied the portfolio, rummaged through the drawings, found the one of an aisle of trees in Central Park where the wintry branches lace themselves into an oriel.

He went through all the pictures. He spoke only twice.

"Who did these? You?" and then presently, "Here, this isn't fair. You've been trespassing in *my* city."

Then suddenly he paused, flushed, and became embarrassed. He became —as she would have said afterward— George the Third. He spoke of the Elevated Railroad's limited appropriation for promotion, of the peculiar problems of transportation publicity, asked what was her usual price for art work, took her name and address. . . . Perhaps George the Fourth would have died then and there, perished of cholera infantum at the age of half an hour, never been heard of again except on a tablet in the imaginary cathedral on Brooklyn Bridge . . . but as she left the office she shook so with purely nervous elation she had to stop by the brass-rimmed letter-chute in the hall. She was wishing she had the courage to go back and ask him how soon the check could come through (will he mail it here? oh, blessed chute!) . . . and then he came hurrying round the corner after her.

"Look here," he said, with pink-browed uncertainty, "I can't let you go away like this. The family's off in the country, I'm devilish lonely. Will you have dinner with me and we can talk about New York?"

She was too amused and exultant to answer promptly. But George the Fourth, looking anxiously from his bassinet, need not have been so afraid she was going to refuse. Do artists who have just made their first real sale decline a square meal?

"We'll ride uptown in the L, to celebrate," he pleaded. "There's a bit where it turns right into the sunset for a few blocks, if you stand on the front platform it's corking. And I know a place where we can get a bottle of *asti spumante*. . . ."

The lighted candles of the Italian basement where they dined. At first his shyness had come back upon him: he seemed to feel that taking anyone but Phyllis out to dinner was an incredible truancy. Then, as they looked anxiously at each other, some element in the blood broke free. His mind came running to her like a child, like a boy lost in a world of tall stone buildings and clamoring typewriters. His poor shivered ideas just fitted into the fractured edges of her own. He had been well drilled, but there was in him a little platoon that had broken away from the draft and enlisted in the Foreign Legion.

"You know," he said, "I never talked like this to anyone before. What is there about you that makes one say what he really thinks? My mind feels as though someone had stolen its clothes while it was in bathing. How will it be able to go back to work to-morrow?"

Warm golden candlelight and cold golden wine: the little table in the corner was a yellow island in a sea of cigarette smoke, a sunny silence in the comforting hum of other people's chatter. In her own loneliness she saw his

mind like the naked footprint on Crusoe's beach.

There must have been another footprint there too—the footprint of a mischievous godling who runs the beaches of the world as naked as Man Friday.

"The ideas I folded neatly and hid under a stone" (she could still hear him saying it, there was something delightfully heavy in his way of saying *stone*) "the ideas I thought you have to leave behind when you go bathing in the river of life, I think maybe I shall go back and look under that stone for them and see if they aren't the most important of all. I thought they were just clothes. Maybe they were my bathing suit."

The figure of speech wasn't quite limpid. There was perhaps a little *asti spumante* in it, and a few gassy bubbles of exaggeration. But she understood what he meant. Ten, eleven years older than she, how young he seemed.

He paused a while, getting younger every moment. He waved away a drift of smoke.

"You must meet Phyllis," he said.

Then he had found, later, that it wasn't necessary, for she had known Phyllis as a child. "How small the world is," he said sadly. "Phyllis and I were small, too," she replied.

She wondered if there were four Phyllises also?

"Ten minutes to Dark Harbor," said *Godiva's* porter, coming into the vestibule with his whisk brush. She hardly noticed him dusting her, she was thinking of George the Fourth, the perplexing phantom she had accidentally startled into life. She felt for him a strange almost maternal tenderness, an amusement at some of his scruples, and admiration at the natural grace of his mind when he allowed himself to be imaginative. But behind these, a kind of fear, for George the Fourth had grown gigantic in her dreams; sometimes, in panic, she realized how much she thought about him. He was so completely hers because he was hidden in the securest of hiding places—inside a person who belonged to someone else. So she couldn't resist the invitation to go down to the Island, to renew memories of childhood . . . and the most interesting of those ghostly children, she thought, would be George the Fourth, only twelve months old. She had had to remind herself, sometimes, that the first three Georges did belong to others . . . but if you have to keep reminding yourself of a thing, perhaps it isn't so. For the amazement had been mutual. She had awakened George the Fourth, but he had awakened something too. . . . And frightened by some of these thoughts (it had been her lonely pride to stand so securely on her own feet), she was flying from the dream of George to George himself—and Phyllis.

Over the wide sea-meadows the train sounded its deep bluster of warning: a voice of triumph, a voice of pain, announcing reunions that cannot unite, separations that cannot divide. And George Granville—all four of him, at that moment—driving over the long trestle to the mainland, heard it from afar, and in sheer bravado echoed the cry with his horn.

X

In the bathtub Phyllis wondered, for the first time in her life, whether she was "literary." She sat soaping her knees and reveling in coolness that came about her waist in a perfection of liquid embrace. She found herself—perhaps because her eye had fallen on the volume in the den, while she and George were bickering—thinking about Shakespeare. Now, in an intimate understanding that many an erudite scholar has never attained, she perceived what the man with a beard was driving at. The plays, which she had always politely respected as well-bred women do respect serious institutions, were something more than gusts of fantastic tinsel interspersed with foul jokes—jokes she knew were foul without understanding them. They

were parables of the High Cost of Living —the cost to brain and heart and spirit of this wildly embarrassing barter called life. The tormented obstreperous behavior of his people was genuine, after all: they were creatures in a dream, like herself—a dream more true than reality. She could have walked on in any of the plays and taken a part without sense of incongruity. She felt as if she were a phantom in one of the pieces, a creature in the mind of some unguessable dramatist who had mysteriously decided to make a change in the plot. She thought how she and her friends had sometimes sat through Shakespeare matinées, subconsciously comforting themselves with the notion that real people don't behave that way.

Why, Bill, you poor old devil (she said to him) how you must have suffered to be able to write like that! It made her feel quite tranquil by comparison. But of course her own particular absurdities had special kinks in them that were unique; even He would have been surprised. But he would have understood.

A soft flow of air had begun to move after the storm. The big maple tree, just outside the bathroom window, was gold-plated in the dropping sun. The window was above the bath and the ripple of those gilded leaves reflected a gentle shimmer into the porcelain tub. Her shiny knees were glossed with pale-green light. Shakespeare would have liked that. She fished for the soap, which slipped round behind her like a young thought.

I suppose that as long as I was 99 and 44/100 pure I never could appreciate him. But I don't know whether I altogether enjoy people who understand so well. That's the trouble about George: he's getting weirdly acute, poor soul. Now Mr. Martin, he looks divinely sympathetic, but I don't think he quite . . . People wonder why one always confides in those who don't understand. But of course! To confide in people who *do* is too terrible. Giving yourself away —yes, exactly: you no longer are keeper of your own gruesome self. That's why the Catholic notion is so sound: confession to God is nothing at all; you know He doesn't care. But to confess to a priest . . . golly, that must take courage.

She lay down for one last lustral wallow, closing her eyes with a calm sensation of new dignity and refreshment. The cool water held her in peaceful lightness, lifting away whatever was agitated and strange. For a moment body and spirit were harmoniously one, floating in a pure eddy of Time. I feel like a nun, she thought. She rose, trickling, threw the big towel round her shoulders and studied herself in the long mirror. Really, I'm not much more than a child, she mused happily, admiring the slender short-haired figure in the glass. Or perhaps I feel like a harlot . . . a courtesan, nicer-sounding word. Discarding the towel, she struck a humorous parody of the Venus Aphrodite attitude, and then felt a little shocked. She could feel her cheeks warming. She remembered George's coarse remark when they saw the statue. "It's no use," he said. "Two hands can't do it. Anyone as timid as that needs three." She sang a little refrain, trying different tunes for it. She couldn't remember whether she had heard it, or just made it up:

"What did Mrs. Shakespeare do
When William went away?"

The soft flutter of maple leaves outside the window was like a soothing whisper. From the other side of the house she could hear the click of croquet mallets and balls. Time for the children to have their supper or they won't be finished before the others get here. Thank goodness it was cooler, Lizzie wouldn't be so harassed. Wrapping her silk kimono round her, she looked out of the window. Lizzie's flag was still flying. With a rough delicacy of her own, the cook did not like to run out her private washing on the family line, so

she had strung a cord from the kitchen door to a branch of the maple tree. There, floating like a hoist of signal buntings, were Lizzie's *personalia*, all the more conspicuous for her mistaken modesty. They were indeed (it was George who had said it) like a string of code flags: a blue apron, a yellow shirt, a pair of appalling red breeches. George always wanted to know to whom Lizzie might be signalling with these homely pennants. They *are* a kind of signal, Phyllis thought. A signal that life goes on, notifying any other household within eyeshot that here too the humble routine of kitchen and washtub and ironing board, of roof and meat and sleep, triumphs in the end over the wildest poet's dream. Shakespeare would have relished them and been pleased to see these bright ensigns hoisted so frankly in the yellow air.

Dressed in a gauzy drift of white and silver, she paused at the cushioned bay windows by the head of the stair. Her body enjoyed that mixed feeling of snug enclosure and airy freedom which is the triumph of feminine costume. Even her inward self shared something of this sensation: within the softly sparkling raiment of thought she was aware of her compact kernel of identity—tranquil for the moment, but privately apprehensive and alert. On the oval grassplot Martin was playing croquet with the children. Janet, nicely adjusting two tangent balls with a bare brown foot, gave them a well-aimed swipe. Phyllis heard the sharp wooden impact and Martin's cry of goodhumored dismay as his globe went spinning across the turf, leaving a darker stripe on the wet lawn. It bounded over the gravel and into the bushes, by the corner where she had first seen him. She watched him chase it, lay it on the edge of the turf, and drive it back. How graceful he was! He raised his head with a little unconscious lift of satisfaction as he watched the ball roll where he wanted it to lie.

A film seemed to have been skimmed from her eyes. Perhaps it was that level stream of evening light—the figures moved in a godlike element of luster: every motion was perfect, expressed the loveliness for which life was intended, was unconscious and exact as the movements of animals. They were immersed in their game as though there were no past, no future; she felt she could watch them forever. Martin's face, gravely intent, bent over his ball. She saw the straight slope of his back against the screen of shrubs. The mallet clicked, there was a sharp tinkle as the ball went through the middle hoop, touching the little bell that hung there. How can anyone look so adorable and yet be so hard to talk to?

Through the scooped hollow of the dunes, catching tawny sparks from the sand, violet dazzles from the sea, the cleansed radiance of sunset came pouring in. The children's bare legs splashed in brightness as though they were paddling; honey-colored light parted and closed again about their ankles, the wet shadows dripped and trailed under their feet. The house, growing dusky, was a dyke stemmed in the onset of that pure flood. It caught and held as much darkness as it could; the rest went whirling out. As if in answer to the little croquet bell, the old clock in the hall whirred and jangled six hoarse clanking strokes. They eddied a moment and then were whiffed away by the strong impalpable current that seemed to be sweeping through. You could tell, by the dull sound, that the gong was rusty. No wonder, a house by the seashore, empty so long.

After the cough of the clock silence came up the shaft of the stairway. Not themselves alone, but the house too had its part in everything. She could feel its whole fabric attentive and watchful and wondered how she could have been heedless of this before. A house of ugly pattern, with yellow wainscots and fretsawed mantels and panes of gaudy glass; but she guessed now—what one can only learn under strange roofs—how precious houses are. And how wary

they have to be, fortresses against fierce powers, sunshine, darkness, gale. Life has flowed through them: clocks have chimed, logs crumbled, stairs creaked under happy feet. These whispers are all they have to treasure; if you leave them alone too long they get morbid, full of sullen fancies. She remembered herself, visiting that house as a child, once seated at this same window, watching others play croquet . . . *was* it memory, or only the trick of the mind that splits the passing instant and makes one live it twice?

"Come, children!" she called from the window. "Time for your supper."

She went slowly down the stairs. Be calm, be calm, she said to herself; this too will pass; this isn't Shakespeare but only the children's supper time. But the flow of her blood warmed and quickened as water grows hot while you wait with your hand under the bathroom faucet. On the landing, where a shot of sunlight came arrowing through from the sitting-room window, she waited to adjust a slipper. She could hear them on the gravel outside. If he came in now he would find her just so, gilded and silvered like a Christmas card. But their voices remained on the verandah, where the children's meal was laid. She could not afford to wait long. Now, now, were a few precious moments. This was a dream; and dreams must be recorded at once or they vanish forever.

She heard one of them sneeze. It was Janet; she knew all their sneezes and coughs by ear. Yes, they probably *have* caught cold, bathing in that storm. And they have to sleep outdoors tonight, too, on the porch, because of this infernal Picnic. It's much colder, the thermometer must have dropped twenty degrees. She hurried to get the sweaters from the cupboard under the stairs.

They were sitting at the verandah table, with milk and bread and jam. Mr. Martin was in the fourth chair. He looked as though he too was ready for supper.

"Well, chickabiddies, did you have a good bathe? I hope you didn't catch cold. Here, put on your sweaters."

They looked up at her gaily. Their upper lips were wet and whitish.

"How pretty you look!" exclaimed Janet.

She had meant to toss him a brief clear, friendly little gaze—an orderly hostess-to-pleasant-guest regard — but this from Janet startled her. She could see that he was holding her in his eye, meditating the accuracy of Janet's comment. She did not feel ready to face him.

"Thank you," she said lightly, and added, "wipe your mouths after drinking."

"He says that's a milk-mustache," cried Rose, gesturing to the visitor. "It makes you healthy."

Phyllis made a clucking reproach with her tongue.

"You mustn't point. It's not polite to say *he*. Say 'Mr. Martin.' Jay dear, after supper run and put away the mallets. I've told you, I don't know how often, not to leave them lying on the lawn. . . . Oh, not *you*, Mr. Martin. Janet'll do it after her supper."

But he was up already and gone to get them. I suppose this perpetual correcting sounds silly to him, she thought. But how can I help it? George never disciplines them.

"It makes him hungry to watch us eat," said Sylvia. "He wants some supper."

"He's joking with you. We'll have ours by and by."

She followed him into the garden. As she put her crisp silver slipper on the tread of the verandah steps she saw how the foot widened slightly to carry her weight. How terribly I'm noticing things. Something flickered at the corner of her eye: she suspected it was Lizzie, at the pantry window, trying to attract her attention. A throng of trifles jostled at the door of her mind, tapping for admission. Probably the ice has given out after such heat. Well then, they'll have to do without cock-

tails. I can fix the sandwiches to-night when everyone's in bed. If it turns chilly there won't be enough blankets. Nounou won't be back until late, I must get the children started to bed before. . . . I *won't* think of these things.

He had put away the croquet implements.

"Thank you. We've just time for a little stroll before the others get here. I hope you'll like Mr. and Mrs. Brook. They're extremely nice, really, but a bit heavy."

"Perhaps they eat too much." He said it with the air of one courteously offering a helpful suggestion.

She had wanted, wanted so to be alone with him: she had a desperate feeling that there were urgent things to be said, and now she could utter nothing. Her mind ran zigzagging beside her, like a questing dog, while she tried to steer their talk into some channel of reality. Her thoughts kept crowding massively under her uneasy words, pushing them out before they were ready, cutting into her speech like italics in a page of swarthy Roman type.

"We all eat too much in hot weather, I dare say." *Oh, if I could only write him a letter I could make him understand. He's so sophisticated, I suppose the quaint things he says are his way of making fun of me. Why did I suggest our walking like this? You can't see a person's face when you're walking side by side. And if we go round the path again, Lizzie will get me from the pantry.* "Let's sit down on the bench."

"It's wet, it'll spoil your pretty skirt."

Skirt! . . . what a word for this mist of silvery tissue she had put on specially for him. . . .

"So it is. Well, let's see what the storm has done to the roses."

The little walk under the trellis was flaked with wet petals.

"Poor darlings, there's not much left of them now." *If Shakespeare was here I should feel the same way. Speechless. Why, he's like a god: lovely to think about, impossible to talk to. He doesn't* give *anything, just absorbs you; you feel like a drop of ink on a blotter.* "I have a horrid suspicion that the ice has given out, you mustn't mind if your cocktail is warm."

He kept looking at her in brief glances. Each time she met them it was like getting a letter in some familiar handwriting but stamped with a strange postmark.

"Are they better cold?"

I give up, I give up. It's no use. I can't even think. There's some sort of veil, mist, between us. He is a kind of god. He's brightness, beauty. Every movement he makes is a revelation and a question. How can I speak to him when all I want is to love him? There's nothing earthy, nothing gross about this. It's lovelier than anything I ever dreamed of. And if I tried to tell anyone it would sound like tawdry farce. . . .

Dimly she divined what lay between them, what always lies between men and gods, making them such embarrassed companions—the whole of life, the actual functions of living; the sense of absurdity (enemy of all tender beauty); trained necessities for silence, that darken the intuitions of the soul.

It's as impossible as—as the New Testament. I feel like Christmas Eve: there's a new Me being born. You can't have a Nativity without pangs. And not even anyone to bring me frankincense and myrrh. . . .

She stopped, picked one of the late rosebuds, and put it in his lapel. She checked a frightened impulse to tell him that she named the baby Rose because it was her favorite flower and she looked so like a rosebud when she was born. This was courage, because to say it would have carried on the doomed conversation one paragraph farther in safety. To anyone else she would have said it. But now she spoke shakenly, from far within.

"You're not easy to talk to—Martin."

His face changed, he looked less anxious. He took her hand. She found herself not surprised: it seemed entirely

natural. She felt his fingers lace into hers. Just as Janet does, she thought.

"I get frightened when people talk to me," he said.

She looked at him, adoring. The bad spell was broken. Instantly she felt they could communicate. He was frightened too—the precious! Over his shoulder she caught sight of the little old-fashioned weather-vane on the stable, a gilded galloping horse with flowing tail. Always racing in blue emptiness and never getting anywhere. Like Time itself, like this marvellous instant, so agonizingly reached, that could never come again. No one who knew her in her daily rote would quite have recognized her then as she looked into his eyes. She was completely herself, born again in innocence, in the instinctive yearning for what she knew was good. The unknown ripeness of woman woke for an instant from its long drug of peevish days, small decisions, goaded nothings. Humbled, purified, bewildered, she saw the dark face of Love, the god too errant for heaven and who suffers on earth like a man.

"Martin, I love you."

"I love you too," he said politely.

Beyond the stable she heard the sound of the car.

XI

"It was just adorable of you to come."

Ruth was getting out of the car. They kissed.

"Why, Phyllis! How sweet you look! Gracious, I thought this was a Picnic, and here you are in a dance frock. For Heaven's sake lead me to hot water. Those awful Pullmans; I'm simply speckled with cinders. I feel gritty all over."

That, of course, must be Miss Clyde on the front seat.

"How do you do! After all these years! I don't suppose we'd have known each other. But we ought to, George admires your work so much."

They shook hands. It was a hard capable little hand, calloused like a boy's. Phyllis knew now that she remembered the gray-green eyes: agates, gold flecked, with light behind them; eyes softly shadowed underneath, as though from too much eagerness to understand; eyes dipped in darkness. The small shy child of long ago, who stood apart from games.

George was getting out the suitcases. He was afraid to watch Phyllis and Joyce greet. When a finely adjusted balance hovers in equilibrium you don't breathe on the scales.

"We were on the same train," cried Ruth, "and never recognized each other."

Ben felt the twinge of anxiety common to the husband who hears his wife tell an unnecessary fib. Ruth had said this once before already, in the car, so perhaps it was important. Her allusion to Pullmans, also, was based (he suspected) on the erroneous notion that Miss Clyde had ridden in a day coach. But he liked to back Ruth up, if he knew what she was heading for.

"I guess we've all changed," he said mildly. "The old house hasn't, it looks just the same."

"Miss Clyde's brought her paint box," George said. "She's going to do a picture."

"Oh, yes, and we have another—why that's fine, Miss Clyde—we have another artist here too, Mr. Martin. You must all come in and meet him."

She stood holding the screen-door aside, welcoming them in. George, coming last, saw how her cheerful smile faded to expressionless blank when the guests had passed. She had relapsed into automatic Hostess. How lonely she must be to look like that. I wish it was over, he thought. His mind felt like a spider that has caught several large flies at once: the delicate web was in danger of breaking.

They entered the hall.

"It isn't changed a bit!" Ruth said. "Exactly as I remember it—except it

seems smaller. That old table, for instance, that used to be just enormous. Well, hot water first. I can sentimentalize much better when I'm clean."

George was thinking: Ruth's probably the kind of woman who always twists the toothpaste-tube crooked, but her babble will help us around corners.

"I hope Miss Clyde won't mind being in the little sitting room downstairs; you see we're just camping out here, you must all make yourselves at home."

Joyce tried to frame some appropriate reply to Phyllis's clear faintly hostile voice. She was in the tranced uneasiness of revisit. Coming from the station she had been trying to realize the Island again: her mind was startled by the permanence of the physical world. Things she had not thought of for so long—things that she had apparently been carrying, unawares, in memory—were still there, unaltered, reproaching her own instability: the planks of the station platform, the old scow rotting in the mud, the road of crushed oyster shells, the same vacancy of sand and sky.

In the car she and George were both achingly mute. There seemed to be a sheet of glass between them. The Brooks emitted cheerful chatter from the back seat, George replied with bustling geniality, his only mask. How wonderful if they could just have made this ride in silence; she had a feeling that all sorts of lovely meanings were escaping her. There was the old notch of blue light where the road slipped over a prickling horizon of pines. How just right were the slopes of the puppy-colored sandhills, the tasselled trees against the pure lazy air, the colored veining of the fields. Now, now; here, here; I'm here and now, she had to remind herself. It's God's world, whatever that can mean. Golly, you must be careful how you make fun of religion; it's a form of art. She imagined a painting of that aisle of sandy road, climbing through the tall resiny grove. *Religion* would be a good name for it. . . . George had never seemed so far away as now when she sat beside him. Would it always be like that? Oh, teach yourself not to love things, she thought. Be indifferent. It's love that causes suffering, it's tenderness that weighs heavy on the heart. How ridiculous to say that God loves the world! He doesn't give a damn about it, really. That's why He's so cheerful . . . such a competent artist. His hand doesn't shake. Still, I don't think I want to meet Him. It's a mistake to meet artists you admire; they're always disappointing.

"I shouldn't have come here," she said. "I love it too much. Those trees. They look so surprised. I have a guilty passion for pine trees."

Driving the faithful car had strengthened George. Even the paltriest has an encouraged sense of competence with that steady tattoo underneath his feet. The artist that lay printed like a fossil in George's close-packed heart—the artist that only Joyce had ever relished—always responded to the drum of the engine. He adored the car; when he drove alone to the Island (sending the family by train) he sang to her most of the way. This was *his* guilty passion. Now it was the car's rhyming vitality that came to his rescue. He broke the glass. He cut himself but he got through.

"Any kind of love is too much," he said.

Then he was grieved to find himself uttering such a cheap oracle; but it comforted Joyce because she saw it was a symptom. It showed that he was trying to tell the truth. She did not dare look at him: she was too conscious of the others behind them, who seemed as massively attentive as an audience in a theater. Then, in a wave of annoyance, Surely I have a right to look where I want? She did so. She could see the confidential tilt of his eyebrow so plainly, she knew he was hers for the taking. Nothing but themselves could stand between them.

"How queer, that's just what I was thinking," she told the eyebrow.

"Oh, do you believe in telepathy?" chirped Ruth. "Ben sometimes knows exactly what I'm thinking without my saying a word."

It can't happen often, George thought.

"What were you laughing at?" he found time to ask her as the others were descending from the car.

"I was just thinking, there's not much danger of my meeting God because I'm not pure in heart."

"Oh, I shall be perfectly comfortable anywhere," she said.

The single swathe of sunshine carved the hall, dividing it into two dusks as the word *Now* divides one's mind. All, all unchanged: the series of hemispherical bronze gongs at the dining-room door, the wakeful asthma of the tall clock, the wide banistered stairway with its air of waiting to creak. The soft gold-sliced shadow trembled with small sounds, and light voices of children drifted down from above. If this was still real, then what was her life of to-day? Why pretend any longer to make the world seem reasonable? It was all a delightful ironic farce with an audience applauding the wrong moments and the Author gritting his teeth in the wings. What use was Time if it availed so little?

The broad stream of sunlight flowed through the house like a steady ripple of Lethe, washing away the sandy shelves of trivial Now, dissolving little edges of past and future into its current, drawing all Time together in one clear onward sluice. What are we waiting for? she wondered. What is everyone waiting for, always? She was painfully aware of George standing near her. It was not silence that sundered them but their grotesque desire to speak.

"George," Phyllis was saying, "you give Ben a drink or something while I take the ladies—"

In the shadow beyond the table there was a clicking sound. Through the wide opening of the dining-room double doors two figures crawled, on all fours, with a toy train. Janet was in her pajamas, ready for bed. Martin's hand moved the engine across the floor. They came into the stripe of sunset.

"Wait a minute!" cried Janet. "Here's one of the passengers."

"Put him in," said Martin. "And then the train goes round a sharp curve and smashes into a lot of people, bing!"

"Quick, I'll telephone for a nambulance. You adbretized Perfect Safety on this railroad. It said so in your booklet."

"Well, if people will sit down for a Picnic right on the main line—"

"Goodness, what a nasinine thing to do."

"They were using the hot rails to fry their bacon on."

"Here's the doctor. Are there any children hurt?"

"Children all safe," said Martin, looking carefully through the wreckage. "A lot of grown-ups badly damaged."

"Here's the pistol. Put them out of their misery."

"Bang-bang-bang!"

"They didn't suffer much. I'll go for the wrecking train."

"Janet!" exclaimed Phyllis. "What are you *doing*, running about the house in your pajamas? And you've got sniffles already."

The two players looked up; but they could see nothing outside their tunnel of brightness. The voice seemed like imagination.

"Of course the railroad company will have to pay money for those valuable lives," said Martin regretfully.

"I'll get the blocks, we can build a norphan asylum for the surveyors."

"Not surveyors, survivers."

"Janet! Say good-night to Mr. Martin and run upstairs."

This time the command was unmistakable. Janet became aware of tall ominous figures emerging from the surrounding dusk.

"Good-night!" she cried hastily, and ran.

"I'm afraid Janet's manners are

terrible," Phyllis said. "She ought to have shaken hands, but I don't like to call her back now, she'll catch more cold."

Two other forms appeared at the top of the stairs.

"Is to-morrow the Picnic?" they called anxiously.

Martin was still sitting on the floor, musing over the disaster. Janet halted half-way up and shouted, "He says you said Damn the Picnic."

Sylvia and Rose burst into snivels. There was a moment of difficult pause. Martin realized that something was happening and began collecting the train.

"You *promised* the Picnic for to-morrow," he said, looking up from where he was kneeling.

"Yes, yes, to-morrow, don't worry," George shouted to the children.

"Mr. Martin's been awfully kind at keeping them amused," said Phyllis. "Mr. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Brook, Miss Clyde,—George turn on the light, Mr. Martin can't *see* us."

The button clicked, the bulbs jumped to attention, mere loops of pale wire beside the orange shaft of sun. Martin scrambled suddenly to his feet.

"How do you do," he said.

"What stunning towels," Ruth remarked as Phyllis was pointing out the hot-water tap. The embroidery of Phyllis's maiden initials was luxuriously illegible, in some sort of Old High German character. "Surely those didn't come with the house?"

"No; they're mine; all that's left of my trousseau. What George calls my pre-war towels."

But Ruth was too busy in her own thoughts to pursue little jokes.

"Your artist-man is rather extraordinary," she said. "Why should anyone so attractive need to be so bashful?"

"He's not really bashful.—There, I think you'll find everything you need."

The light twinkled on a tray of yellowish glasses on the sideboard. George unlocked the cupboard, took out a bottle, and split open a new box of cigarettes with his thumbnail. There's a consolation in having these small things to do, he thought. Meanwhile what am I really thinking of? I suppose she's washing her hands. It's awkward having her downstairs. She'll want to change. . . . I don't believe she's got a mirror in there. We can hardly expect her to use the bookcase panes.

"Excuse me a moment," he said. "Ben, pour the tonic. It's good stuff." Mr. Martin was still standing by the door uncertainly, holding the toy engine. Heavens, does the fellow have to be moved round like a chessman? He's so difficult to talk to, somehow. George made a cordial gesture, indicating that Mr. Martin might as well join Ben at the sideboard. Martin crossed the room obediently.

The anxious host glanced into the sitting room. Yes; Phyllis, with her usual skill, had turned the desk into a dressing table: there was a fresh doily on it, a vase of flowers, and the mirror from his own bureau upstairs. Already, though she hadn't entered it yet, the room was no longer his but Joyce's. It had become private, precious, and strange. Here, in the very center of his own muddled affairs, was suddenly a kernel of unattainable magic. Why, in God's name, had Phyllis put her in his room? It was too savagely ironic. In my heart, in my mind, in my very bed, and I can't even speak to her. It's too farcical. If I didn't have to keep it secret we could all laugh about it. Secrecy is the only poison.

He carried in Joyce's suitcase and paint-box, put them on the couch, and fled.

"Well, Ben, I saved my last bottle for this party. It'll help us live through the Picnic. Mr. Martin, aren't you drinking?"

"What is it?" asked Martin.

"Try it and see. You don't need to worry. It's real."

Ben held up his glass, prolonging

anticipation. The fine vatted aroma of the rye cheered his nostrils. Here at least was one trifle which helps assuage the immense tedium of life.

"Funny to see the old place again," he said. "How well I remember those colored panes. Well . . ."

"Never drink without a sentiment," said George.

"All right: stained-glass windows."

"Good enough. Stained-glass windows."

"Is this your first visit," Ben began politely; but the other guest was still coughing and gagging. His eyes were full of tears.

Not used to good stuff, George thought. You don't get much of this genuine rye nowadays. He and Ben waited, rather embarrassed, until the other had stopped patting his chest. Ben lighted a cigarette and blew a ring.

Martin's face brightened. He put out his finger and hooked the floating twirl.

"That's lovely!" he said. "How do you do it?"

Ben was pleased at this tribute to his only social accomplishment.

"Why, it's quite easy. Get a big mouthful of smoke, purse your lips in a circle, like the hole in a doughnut, and raise your tongue suddenly to push the smoke out."

"Do it again."

Ben looked so comic, shaping his mouth, Martin couldn't help laughing.

"You look like a catfish. Can *you* do it too?"

"Not so well as Ben. Gosh, didn't you ever see anyone blow smoke-rings before?"

"No. My father doesn't smoke."

Ben looked a little perplexed. He had an uneasy feeling that perhaps the artist was making fun of them in some obscure way.

Phyllis called from the stairs. "George, will you come up and speak to the children? They want to be reassured about the Picnic."

"Do I have to finish this medicine?" Martin asked.

George grinned at him, rather tickled by this drollery.

"You must do as you think best. Make yourselves at home, you fellows. I'll be back in a minute."

"Don't you like it?" said Ben.

"No."

"Well, I can help you."

"It was nice of you to blow a smoke-ring to amuse me."

There was silence, which Ben concluded by taking the other glass of whiskey.

"Happy days," he said.

"To-morrow will be a happy day," Martin said. "We're going to be reassured by a Picnic."

"Have a cigarette," was all that Ben could think of.

"Who were the ladies you brought with you?"

"Well, one of them's my wife."

"Which, the pretty one?"

Ben poured himself another slug. He felt he needed it. He had a strong desire to laugh, but there was sincere inquiry in Mr. Martin's eyes. He really wanted to know.

"Ask *them*," he said.

Phyllis came into the room.

"It'll soon be dinner time. You people all ready?"

Martin held out his arms. It was so nearly the substance of her dream, she moved forward to enter his embrace. Ben's face of surprise checked her in time. She took Martin's hands.

"Mr. Martin is my guest of honor," she explained lightly.

"He seems to be," said Ben, and finished his glass.

They stood a moment. Then Martin said, "You didn't look at them."

"At what?"

"My hands. I mean, are they clean enough?"

Janet and Sylvia were already in the two cots on the balcony; but their eyes

were waiting for George, with that look of entreating expectancy worn by those who look upward from bed. In the lustrous garden air crickets were beginning to wheedle. The rickety old porch seemed an alcove of simpleness divided from the absurd tangled emotions of the house. But even here was passion: the little white-trousered figures sprang up, their strenuous arms clutched him, their eyes were dark with anxiety. With horror he saw how they appealed to him as omnipotent all-arranging arbiter. Him, the poor futile bungler! They crushed him with the impossible burden of their faith.

"Yes, we'll have the Picnic tomorrow. Now you go to sleep and get a good rest."

"Mother forgot to hear our prayers."

He stood impatient as they lengthily rehearsed, one after the other, their confident innocent petitions. The clear voices chirruped, but he shut their words from his mind, as regardless as God. Would they never finish? To hear these dear meaningless desiderations was too tender a torment. He tried to think of other things—of anything—of the sea; of washing his hands and putting on a clean collar; of the striped brown-and-silver tie that he intended to wear to-morrow (Joyce had never seen it); and what on earth are we going to do to amuse these people after dinner?

"And Mother and Daddy and all friends kind and dear; and let tomorrow be a nice day for the Picnic. . ."

Poor little devils, he thought; they seem as far away from me as if they were kittens or puppies. People pretend that children are just human beings of a smaller size, but I think they're something quite different. They live in a world with only three dimensions, a physical world immersed in the moment, a reasonable world, a world without that awful sorcery of a fourth measurement that makes us ill at ease. What is it their world lacks? Is it self-consciousness, is it beauty, is it sex? (Three names for the same thing, perhaps.) Little Sylvia with her full wet eyes, what torments of desire she would arouse some day in some deluded stripling!

Strange world of theirs: a world that has no awareness of good and evil; a world merely pretty, whereas ours is beautiful. A world that knows what it wants; whereas we are never quite sure. . . .

He looked at them with amazement. Where did they come from, how did they get there? They were more genuine than himself, they would still be in this incredible life long after he had been shovelled out of it. How soon would they begin to see through the furious pettiness of parents? See that we do everything we punish them for attempting, that we torture them for our own weakness, set their teeth on edge for the taste of our own green grapes?

He tucked them in, gave each rounded hill of blanket a consoling pat, and left them. Joyce was standing in the passage. She had changed her clothes and was wearing a plain gray linen dress. He wanted to tell her that she was one of the unbelievably rare women who never have a pink strap of ribbon running loose across one shoulder. There must be *some* solution of that problem? A man would have abolished it long ago. But she's on her way to the bathroom, I suppose; it'll be more polite if I just stand aside and let her pass without saying anything. Besides, we can't talk here, right outside Ruth's door.

But she did not move. Evidently she had been watching his little scene with the children. In a flicker of the mind he wondered whether his part in it had looked creditable. He was afraid it had. For now, to her at any rate, he hankered to be known as the troubled imbecile he really was.

"And you wonder why I envy you," she said.

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"And you wonder why I envy you," she said.

He didn't answer. He was busy reminding himself that that was what her eyes were like. It is only a few times

that any man has the chance or the will to search the innermost bravery of other human faces. He had thought much about her eyes, had imagined the fine glory of telling them about themselves. Foreigners, he would call them; bright aliens not quite at home in the daily disasters of earth's commonplace. Foreigners—but he was on the pier waiting for them. They seemed to know that life is a precious thing and that we are always in danger of marring it. He imagined them as they would be if their shadow of questioning were skimmed away; if they were flooded with the light of complete surrender, of reckless trust. But how can these things be said? There is no code, he thought: so perhaps the wise presently abandon attempt to communicate. The gulf surrounds us all; only here and there on the horizon a reversed ensign shows where some stout spirit founders in silence. Or now and then, in the casual palaver of the day, slips out some fantastic phrase to show how man rises from clay to potter, can even applaud the nice malice of his own comedy.

He had got beyond the point where he could talk to her in trivialities. He must say all or nothing.

"Lucky children," she said. "I wish *I* had someone to hear my prayers.—If I had, I might say some."

"I *didn't* hear them. I wasn't listening; I couldn't. Oh Joyce, Joyce, there's so much I want to say, and your eyes keep interrupting me."

He thrilled a little at himself and felt better. For he had his Moments: unforeseen felicities when he said the humorous and necessary word; and when his Moments came he could not help gloating over them. She gloated too, for she relished that innocent glee when he congratulated his own mind; when himself was his own guest of honor, and he stood genially at the front door.

So she smiled. What other woman could ever reward a lucky phrase with such magic of wistful applause.

"I apologize for them. They didn't mean to be rude."

She was so young and straight in her plain frock, so blessedly unconscious of herself. He thought of her fine strong body, the ungiven body that was so much her own, near him again after all the miracles of life that divide flesh from flesh and then bring it again within grasp; her sweet uncommanded beauty, irrelevant perhaps, yet so thrillingly a symbol of her essence. The noble body, poor blasphemed perfection, worshipped in the dead husks of statue and painting and yet so feared in its reality. He had to remind himself that it *was* irrelevant. How could any man with a full quota of biology help dream of mastering that cool unroused detachment?

Ah, he had already had all of her that was imperishable: her dreams, her thoughts, her poor secret honesties. She had given him these, and nothing could spoil them. He had agreed with himself that his love was merely for her mind. (Distressing thought!) It was only the ridiculous need of keeping this passion to themselves that darkened and inflamed it. If it could be announced it would instantly become the purest thing on earth. It would be robbed of its sting. He imagined an engraved card:

Mr. and Mrs. George Granville
have the honor to announce
the betrothal of Mr. Granville's mind
to that of Miss Joyce Clyde
Nothing Carnal
"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments."

But this would satisfy no one. Perhaps not even themselves. And people don't like things to be pure: it casts a rebuke on their own secrets.

"Joyce, let's make our announcement at this party."

"What announcement?" She looked startled.

"Why, that our minds are engaged."

Her hand, in his, tightened a little, reproachfully.

"George, before you go down. Who is this Mr. Martin?"

"I don't really know; some friend of Phyl's. I never saw him before. She says he's going to do a portrait of her. I think he's kidding her."

He turned toward the stairs, and then called her back. "Listen," he said softly. "When I say something, after dinner, about putting the car away, that's your cue. Slip away and come with me. I want to show you something."

TO BE CONTINUED

GRIEF AND SORROW

BY GRANVILLE PAUL SMITH

WHEN Grief comes like a stormy night,
Beating my door with strength unspent,
I will retire and quench the light,
Keeping aloof and reticent.

When Sorrow's austere harbinger
Taps on the wintry window pane,
I will arise and welcome her,
For the clasp of lock and bolt is vain.

Loud and violently whimpers Grief,
Rending her robe in the market place,
Avowing anguish past belief
With tears and wild, distorted face;

Then tires of mourning in a day,
And dons a gown of brilliant weave,
And dances down the primrose way—
The courtesan of Make-believe.

But there is One who comes the while
With lips of silence, heart of ice,
Whose only comment is a smile
That chills the blooms of Paradise.

Serenely beautiful and cold,
She lingers not in public marts,
But seeks the cloister's chilly fold,
Abiding long in quiet hearts;

Where wandering, lone and comfortless,
Her slow feet wake a rustling sigh
From withered stems of happiness
That still in faded gardens lie.

THE STEPFATHER OF THE UNITED STATES

PORTRAIT OF H. M. KING GEORGE III

BY PHILIP GUEDALLA

IT was a cold February night in 1820; and from the black meadows by Eton they could see lights moving in the Castle. From the park, where the trumpeters stood in the darkness, the dismal note of horns rose on the night mist; and the Yeomen of the Guard, all in black, loomed "like black giants" through the half light of a room all hung with black. In a room beyond, the King of England lay dead; and anxious heralds were forming up a long procession of solemn gentlemen by candle light. The King was dead; and in the darkness at Windsor they were burying the poor mad old man who, for nearly twenty years, had been King Lear without Goneril, without Regan, without Cordelia. The long round of imaginary ceremonials, of unreal reviews passed with royal dignity, of illusory Parliaments opened with royal affability, was over at last; and this strange replica of one of Blake's long-bearded allegories was still. The conqueror, the captor of Napoleon; the father of the arts and sciences; the royal person of whom the most sonorous of his subjects observed, after a conversation in the library at the Queen's House in St. James's Park, "Sir, they may talk of the King as they will; but he is the finest gentleman I have ever seen"; the master of Lord Chatham, of Lord North, of Mr. Pitt; the pupil of Lord Bute; the sovereign of Garrick and Siddons and Sir Joshua and Mr. Wesley and Mr. Burke; all this and more lay in the silent room beyond the tall Yeomen in their black. For on that winter night in 1820 they were burying the Eighteenth Century.

It all seemed so far away. The sun shone in St. James's and Sir Robert Walpole was minister when the Prince was born in a great house at the corner of the Square. Gin was the leading recreation and Captain Macheath the favorite character of the people of England; the sad, tinkling melodies of Miss Lockit and Miss Peachum were barely five years old, and the Italian singers had driven Handel into bankruptcy. Young Mr. Walpole was making the most of the Grand Tour, "very glad that I see Rome while it yet exists"; and little Mr. Pope was exasperating his contemporaries, whilst the outraged delicacy of Mr. Hogarth retorted in emphatic caricature. At Norfolk House the Princess of Wales lay beside a rather puny infant in the morning light. Someone rode off to the King with the news; and outside in the square the tiny lake gleamed in the June sunshine of 1738.

With a kind provision for its soul's welfare and a sad feeling of its approaching end, they baptized the little creature before night. But it survived them all, survived the century, even survived itself. That hurried morning and that sudden baptism were the strange opening of George's eighty years. A bishop called the next day and gave him a string of royal names; the Poet Laureate, visited by his punctual Muse, improved the occasion in a smooth copy of heroic couplets, which contained a happy,

though hardly an unexpected, allusion to Ascanius; and the infant in St. James's Square was fairly launched upon his long career of royalty. The surroundings, it must be confessed, were not inspiring. A house in a London square without even a sentry at the door may be an apt school of simplicity. But for the other graces there was a sad dearth of instructors. The happy father, absorbed in the rather clumsy frolics to which the House of Hanover is lamentably apt in its deviations from propriety, was a rare visitor in the nursery, although he once took the child to a concert at the Foundling Hospital. Yet this dismal figure, whose heavy eyes stare aimlessly out of history, was strangely popular. Nothing endears their rulers to the people of England so much as the extremes of raffishness and respectability; and Frederick's claims under the former head were singularly high. Alike by the scale of his debts and the range of his affections he stormed the popular heart. But possibly his absence from his son may be counted for a gain to George, since Frederick was unlikely to form the young mind; although he once composed an ode in French and cherished an obscure ambition to become Chancellor of Cambridge University on the strength, perhaps, of a silver cup which he had offered to be rowed for in a boat race. But before the boy had turned thirteen his father was removed. A fickle nation observed, without discomposure, that it was "only Fred"; and graduates of either University pursued him to the sky with dirges in all the learned languages. His royal grandfather was little beyond a distant vision of an alarming old gentleman with staring eyes and a large wig, who interrupted the child with boisterous noises at an investiture of the Garter and quite frightened out of his head the little speech which he had got by heart. Nothing remained for George to lean on but the "quiet sense" which his mother had brought from Saxe-Gotha to St. James's Square. She was a patient lady who had endured without complaint her introduction into a family which exhibited most of the filial imperfections of the Atreidæ without their more pleasing features.

Two earls, two bishops, and two gentlemen of mathematical attainments were enlisted to perfect the young intelligence, but with uneven success. The bishops did their work *à merveille* and produced a sound young Churchman. The earls imparted whatever of peculiar attainment is in earls. But the two scholars were a lamentable failure; and in his education George hardly reached the modest standard of a squire's son at a country grammar school. His ignorance even became noticeable to himself in later years; and his tastes, in an age of taste, were non-existent. To this meager curriculum his mother made two contributions, a distaste for society and the third Earl of Bute. Perhaps the first was almost natural in her. The poor lady had small cause to love the world; and she taught her son to avoid the bright and crowded assemblies, where he might, perhaps, have learned by candle light many lessons upon the management of men. So he remained always queer and a little lonely.

But Lord Bute was a more considerable ingredient in George's education. This accomplished person drifts into English history in a shower of rain, which stopped a cricket match near Richmond and drove the Prince's father to the dismal expedient of whist in a tent. Bute made a fourth at the card table. His manners pleased; he called at Kew; and when he came to Court, he was attached to Frederick's Household. The Fates propelled the dreadful tennis-ball; and his master died, as he had lived, with bad French on his lips. But Bute remained beside the widow; and when her son was training to be King of England, she turned often to the graceful Scotchman. He was a man of taste; he had a leg, collected drawings, and patronized the Society of Scottish Antiquaries. His proximity to the bereaved Princess invited scandal; but he had the sense to face it. He was no fool, but

THE STEPFATHER OF THE UNITED STATES

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merely (by race and by conviction) a Tory. Slow to convince, the Scotch are still slower to abandon a conviction which they have once reached by the painful processes of logic; and having absorbed with difficulty the royal doctrines of the Seventeenth Century, they still adhered to the creed in 1745. Perhaps the Prince's training owed a tinge of absolutism to Bute's direction. The comforting logic with which Jacobite writers excused the errors of the Stuarts could be adapted without undue strain to the House of Hanover; and it is not surprising that a startled bishop once came upon the boy reading a Jesuit's vindication of King James II. Such studies were unlikely to incline him to resign the throne in favor of Charles Edward (since even Princes are human); but they might prove a useful repertory of ideas, should he incline to revive the glories of the royal prerogative. This tendency owed something also to his mother's guidance. Reared in a German Court where royalty had its weight, she was pardonably shocked by the British system which confined the Lord's anointed to making stiff bows at a Levée, whilst the nation was administered by unconsecrated Whigs. This feeling, with a mother's pride, insisted that her son should "be a King"; and there can be small doubt that Bute showed the way.

So the boy grew up, whilst the young men hunted Sir Robert Walpole out of office and Mr. Pitt propelled his cheering countrymen through the great round of victories. He was a trifle solitary, "shut up in a room" playing at Comet (but for diminutive stakes) with the family, or living among his mother's plants at Kew. These mild pursuits exasperated his virile grandfather. The hero of Dettingen learned with disgust of a royal visit to a tapestry factory. "Damn," he exclaimed, "dat tapestry—I shall have de Princes made women of." A repetition of the offence evoked reprisals: he had "oder dings to show dem dan needles and dreads," and promptly took off a small Princess to a military review in Hyde Park. He was irked by the rather Methodist virtues of his heir, who seemed "good for nothing but to read the Bible to his mother." But when he proposed to the Prince of Wales a marriage of the usual pattern with a princess from Brunswick, the mild young man refused; and Mr. Walpole was in transports over his reluctance to be "*bewolfe-buttled*—a word which I do not pretend to understand, as it is not in Mr. Johnson's new *Dictionary*." George's prejudice was personal rather than patriotic, since it appeared that he had no objection to the daughter of a German prince, upon whose territory "some frow" as Mr. Walpole said, "may have emptied her pail and drowned his dominions." For he boldly made application for the portrait of a rival beauty, who resided in the more favored region of Saxe-Gotha. Perhaps his mother, who valued her own position as "the Lady Dowager Prudence," discouraged the Brunswick match. Perhaps (who knows?) he had a will of his own. No one could say, since the world knew little of him.

And how little he knew of the world. His travels, in the age of the Grand Tour, took him no farther than Cheltenham, with one wild excursion (in delicious *incognito*) to the south of Scotland. His studies kindled little beyond a mild taste for agriculture; although he betrayed that faint inclination towards mechanics which often haunts those fortunates whose livelihood is not dependent upon their handicraft. He once designed a watch of tiny proportions, "rather less than a silver twopence"; but the execution was wisely left in other hands, his own mechanical achievements being almost entirely confined to turning upon a lathe, with which he was positively believed to have made a button. As a little boy he had walked through the town at night with his father

> To look at garters black and white
> On legs of female rabble.

But in spite of this initiation he never figured in the raffish world, where it was

the lofty ambition of young gentlemen

> To run a horse, to make a match,
> To revel deep, to roar a catch;
> To knock a tottering watchman down,
> To sweat a woman of the town.

Indeed, he was scarcely seen in those more elegant quarters where Mr. Selwyn paraded his wit and the hackney chairs lined up outside assemblies.

If not to be a bad man is to be a good man, George was a good man. Indeed, the private virtues consist so largely of abstention that, on the private side, his negative equipment suffices to render him quite blameless. He was a dutiful son, a faithful husband, and a devoted parent, "revered" in the pleasant terms applied to another squire, "by his family, honoured by his tenants, and awful to his domestics." But such innocuous epitaphs rarely suffice for kings. Public figures are judged by more exacting tests; and in the sphere of politics George owed his failure (for he failed) to those more positive qualities which he did not possess.

At twenty-two, this paragon of somewhat negative virtues became King of England. The season, in 1760, was singularly apt for his accession; and his subjects seemed to demand of him precisely what the mild young man could offer. The Cabinet had replaced the throne; and the sovereign, at the death of George II, had become a costly (if not particularly decorative) dignitary with purely ceremonial functions. The Birthday, the Levée, the Drawing-room were his occasions; and he was expected to perform these exacting duties, moving with due solemnity through a respectful forest of white wands and gold sticks. He might even add a military touch from time to time with a review or so, or give a bright example of royal condescension with an occasional act of charity in the more benevolent modern taste. But his main, his foremost duty was to smile and, at the appropriate moment, to incline his head. The King, in a word, had dwindled into royalty.

But some unhappy prompting set him a larger task. His project was almost the sole fruit of his meager education. He had learned no law from Blackstone; but Lord Bute and the Jacobite pamphlets taught him a stranger lesson. George learned that he should be a King: it was his tragedy that no one taught him how to be one. His furtive study of high Stuart doctrine impressed the slow mind: ill-equipped persons are frequently consoled for their inadequacy by a belief in their sacred mission. If King James had been right (and his early reading taught George to think so), the Lord's anointed must surely be something more than a graceful gesture in a gilt chair, or an obliging signature on official sheepskins.

Personal government depends for its success upon two factors, the person and the governed. The King's experiment was sadly deficient in both elements. Viewed as a candidate for autocracy, George was singularly unimpressive; even Bolingbroke, one feels, would have been discouraged by the spectacle of his *Patriot King* in action. The patient, punctual creature, minuting his correspondence with the hour of despatch; directing at "2 min. pt. 11 A.M." the march of some cavalry from Henley to Hounslow; consenting at "53 min. pt. 5 P.M." to the appointment of a Mr. Fountayne to the living of Worplesdon; complaining at "12 min. pt. 10 P.M." that if James Adam is appointed Surveyor General to the Board of Works, he "shall certainly think it hard on Chambers, and shall in that case only think he must not be passed by"; insisting at "57 min. pt. 11 A.M." that the new prebendary of Durham must "continue to attend the young Chancellor"; this plodding figure, stooping over his green box in the candle light and holding the papers close to his face before he traced the big G.R., seems so remote from the high dream of kingship. "The common father of his people . . . " and a light burning late in the Queen's House, where an angry man was writing little hints to the Common Council for unseating Mr. Alder-

man Wilkes. "The most popular man in his country . . . " noting gentlemen of the House of Commons to receive a frown at the Levée for an injudicious vote. "A patriot king at the head of a united people . . . " pelting a driven Minister with little punctual notes. How far they seem—those busy, irritable little figures—below that imagined monarch who was to sit enthroned above the clouds of party and bathed in the pure sunlight of autocracy.

George governed England with an odd blend of force and persuasion; and his subjects seemed curiously content to acquiesce. He had made peace; and great liberties are permitted to statesmen who make peace. He had unseated Mr. Pitt; but Mr. Pitt had made his name grotesque with a peerage. He challenged democracy—but democracy, in 1765, stood for little beyond the mob. Men had died for Hampden; but it would be fantastic to die for Mr. Wilkes. It almost seemed, at home, that it was possible to govern an empire with the arts of a Chief Whip. But one section of his people presented a queer, unyielding obstacle. Three thousand miles from the Levée, six weeks away from Lord North's significant smile, the Americans still persisted in their tedious debate. The ripe intelligence of Mr. Grenville had devised some taxes for them. Taxes, it seemed, were the common lot of victorious nations. So that imperial mind, which added the Isle of Man to the British Empire, sent stamps to Boston. They inspired a strange repugnance. Mr. Grenville was frankly baffled. He had drawn the scheme (and he was at home in the schedule of a revenue Bill), because the neat device of stamps appealed irresistibly to that orderly mind. He had looked up the law (and he was a fair lawyer) and discovered the helpful precedent of the Channel Islands. Yet it was odd that mobs paraded in the clear American light and local orators abounded in deep-chested sentiments about liberty: perhaps the color of the stamps was wrong.

Then the grave leaders of the Whig groups faced the strange problem (and even Mr. Walpole began to notice that it was a "thorny point"). Mr. Grenville had thought of stamps; they thought of tea; few men in England thought of a larger issue. Then the Whigs subsided; and the King (with him, Lord North) resumed control of his bewildered empire. That he grasped the American issue is improbable. It was enough for that determined, angry man that the law of England had been defied on British territory. Wilkites in Southwark or Sons of Liberty in King Street, Boston, were the same to him: the troops must do their duty. Men who had ridden out the wild storm of the Middlesex election were not likely to parley with a mob; and at a distance of three thousand miles the solemn ratiocinations of a Boston town-meeting were indistinguishable from the Brentford rabble. Even if he reflected, it was unlikely that the King would side with the colonists. Had he not learned the sanctity of authority in a stiff Jacobite school? Passive obedience was the first duty of a loyal subject. Admirable in Great Britain, this virtue was yet more essential in America, since colonies (it was the lesson of his master Bolingbroke) were "like so many farms of the mother country." George was a farmer; and the strange claim of one of his farms to be consulted about its cultivation was clearly inadmissible.

The angry voices rose higher in the deepening tumult; and as the scattered shots rang out down the long road to Concord on a spring day in 1775, the argument drifted into civil war. The King was firm. Indeed, he had already fortified his resolution with the advice of the sagacious Gage. The conversation of military men upon political topics is a rare stimulant for civilians; and that warrior had persuaded his sovereign that the Americans "will be lyons whilst we are lambs; but, if we take the resolute part, they will undoubtedly prove very meek." In this hopeful mood he flogged the Boston Port Act through Parliament

and hallooed Lord North to hunt the Opposition through the lobbies. He was still "well convinced they will soon submit," as Israel Putnam drove his sheep to Boston and Colonel Washington insisted warily that it was "a folly to attempt more than we can execute." The issue looked so simple in St. James's; and as the American tone hardened the King could only ejaculate, "The dye is now cast, the colonies must either submit or triumph." But his mood was not one of blind repression. Like all Englishmen on the verge of a practical concession, he insisted firmly on his technical rights: "I do not wish to come to severer measures, but we must not retreat; by coolness and an unremitted pursuit of the measures that have been adopted I trust they will come to submit; I have no objection afterwards to their seeing that there is no inclination for the present to lay fresh taxes on them, but I am clear there must always be one tax to keep up the right, and as such I approve of the Tea Duty." So the student of Blackstone pressed his point of law, seeking little more than an admission which might cover his retreat. How many solicitors have been instructed to threaten actions in that confident tone. Unhappily he knew too little of men to measure the result of his threat. The lonely boy had become a lonely man; and his solitude was increased by the still lonelier elevation of a throne. He saw his fellow-creatures down the warped perspective of a king. But some instinct might have told him that Englishmen, in Boston or in Westminster Hall, willing enough to make all practical concessions, rarely give up a point of law. That, in essence, was his own attitude in the argument; and he lacked the wit to see that other men might feel the same. He knew so little of other men; and these incalculable creatures in America remained a mystery upon the far horizon of the world.

But when his challenge was accepted, when the expected lambs declined to play their part, he entered with gusto upon the detail of the war. Provisions for the army, the loan of infantry from Hanover, a purchase of recruits in Hesse-Cassel, sea strategy, dates of embarkation, biscuit and flour, the beating orders for enlisting Campbells, Gordons, and Macdonalds, plans of campaign, and news of privateers passed rapidly under the busy pen at Kew or the Queen's House. He watched the war like an eager parent, sailed the crowded troop-ships in imagination from Hamburg to Sandy Hook, and followed his redcoats as the winding line of bayonets vanished into the darkness of the great trees. Dimly he saw that personal government had met the fatal challenge of an unconsenting people. He seemed to feel that he was fighting for the throne of England; because if England thought with the unhappy rebels, "I should not esteem my situation in this country as a very dignified one, for the islands would soon cast off all obedience." It was (he saw the issue now) the decisive struggle of authority against all the dark forces which had ever opposed him, against the Whigs, against the mob, against the grinning mask of Wilkes and the sonorous tutorship of Chatham, against Mr. Burke and his heresies and the insidious logic of Dr. Franklin. George saw all his enemies gathered into the head of a single rebellion, and struck hard. The swelling strength of the Opposition alarmed Lord North; but the King's nerve was steady. "Whilst any ten men in the kingdom will stand by me, I will not give myself up into bondage. My dear Lord, I will rather risk my crown"—the sprawling hand wrote firmly on—"than do what I think personally disgraceful; and whilst I have no wish but for the good and prosperity of my country, it is impossible that the nation shall not stand by me; if they will not, they shall have another king, for I will never put my hand to what would make me miserable to the last hour of my life." The French guns chimed in, as Versailles discovered a pleasing coincidence of romantic impulse with national interest; and for a moment he seemed almost to face the cer-

tainty of surrender in the revolted colonies. But "I will never consent that in any treaty that may be concluded a single word be mentioned concerning Canada, Nova Scotia, or the Floridas, which are colonies belonging to this country . . . for it is by them we are to keep a certain awe over the abandoned colonies."

The issue had traveled far beyond taxation. In Europe it was now a war of existence with an ancient enemy; and in America it raised the vital problem of secession. That question was to haunt the continent for ninety years, and George stated it in terms which strangely anticipate the American echoes of a century later: "If Lord North can see with the same degree of enthusiasm I do the beauty, excellence, and perfection of the British constitution as by law established, and consider that, if any one branch of the empire is alowed to cast off its dependency, that the others will infalably follow the example,"—how odd to find the thought of Lincoln in the mind of George III—"that consequently, though an arduous struggle, that is worth going through any difficulty to preserve to latest posterity what the wisdom of our ancestors have carefully transmitted to us, he will not allow despondency to find a place in his breast, but resolve not merely out of duty to fill his post, but will resolve with vigour to meet every obstacle that may arise, he shall meet with most cordial support from me; but the times require vigour, or the state will be ruined." That cry, half strangled by the long, tortuous sentence, is not ignoble. The tenacious man, who stumbled into war in blind resentment of disorder, had a wider vision.

The King could see the issue now; and, granted the fatal difference between autocracy and Republic, he saw it almost with the eyes of 1861: "I owne that, let any war be ever so successful, if persons will sit down and weigh the expences, they will find, as in the last, that it has impoverished the state, enriched individuals, and perhaps raised the name only of the conquerors; but this is only weighing such events in the scale of a tradesman behind his counter; it is necessary for those in the station it has pleased Divine Providence to place me, to weigh whether expences, though very great, are not sometimes necessary to prevent what might be more ruinous to a country than the loss of money. The present contest with America I cannot help seeing as the most serious in which any country was ever engaged; it contains such a train of consequences that they must be examined to feel its real weight. Whether the laying of a tax was deserving all the evils that have arisen from it, I should suppose no man could alledge that without being more fit for Bedlam than a seat in the Senate; but step by step the demands of America have arisen; independence is their object; that certainly is one which every man not willing to sacrifice every object to a *momentary* and inglorious peace must concurr with me in thinking that this country can never submit to: should America succeed in that, the West Indies must follow them . . . Ireland would soon follow the same plan and be a separate state; then this island would be reduced to itself, and soon would be a poor island indeed . . ." The harassed man at Kew wrote on; and three thousand miles away the guns were booming in the summer sunshine of 1779. His courage held; he searched himself with "frequent and severe self-examination." When the news was good, he prepared to show America "that the parent's heart is still affectionate to the penitent child." When it was bad, he reflected that "in this world it is not right alone to view evils, but to consider whether they can be avoided, and what means are the most efficacious." In this sturdy temper he held on, defying the Opposition, heartening the pardonably despondent North. On a July day in 1781, he was still insisting that "this long contest will end as it ought, by the colonies returning to the mother country and I confess I will never put my hand to any other conclu-

sion of this business." But in those hot summer weeks a tired army was trailing about Virginia behind Cornwallis. At the fall of the year they stood behind a line of battered earthworks by the York River. The French lay off the coast; and in the sloping fields beyond the little town the parallels crept slowly nearer. There was a steady roll of musketry. Then the British guns fell silent, and the war was ended.

Four years later, on a dark winter afternoon, Miss Burney was mildly startled by a visitor. They were playing Christmas games after dinner in Mrs. Delany's little drawing-room at Windsor, when the door opened quietly. It closed again behind "a large man in deep mourning," whom no one except Miss Burney seemed to notice. He said nothing; but as that sharp little eye traveled down the black suit, it encountered, heavens! the glitter of a star. Then one of the young ladies turned round on him, stifled a scream, and called out "The King!—Aunt, the King!" The little company backed uneasily into the corners of the room; and presently there was a loud royal whisper of "Is that Miss Burney?" Her sovereign bowed politely; and the talk ran upon the whooping-cough, which prevailed in the royal nursery, and James's Powders, which Princess Elizabeth found so beneficial. Then he rained little questions on her; how she came to write *Evelina*, how to publish, how to print without a word to her father. Urged by the royal *What!* she said with a simper that she had "thought it would look very well in print." The awkward questioning went on until a rap at the door announced the Queen, and someone slid out for candles to light the ugly little lady in.

Another day the royal mind was easier. The children were off to Kew for a change of air, and James's miraculous powders had done their work; so the talk ran on books. Voltaire was "a monster—I own it fairly." Rousseau was thought of "with more favour, though by no means with approbation." And Shakespeare—"was there ever such stuff as great part of Shakespeare?" Miss Burney temporized. But her sovereign enjoyed his little heresy and laughed. "Oh! I know it is not to be said! but it's true. Only it's Shakespeare, and nobody dare abuse him." So the arch monarch developed his wicked theme and shocked the bookish lady.

The "fatal day" had come, bringing an end to the strange experiment of personal government. At home he dwindled by slow degrees into an almost constitutional monarch; and overseas Mr. Jay read with some surprise that when Mr. Adams made his bow as ambassador, the King stifled all resentment in a graceful confession—"I will be very frank with you. I was the last to conform to the separation; but the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power." This pleasant, aging, stoutish man, with his odd, jerky questions and his staring eyes, slowly became a ceremonial monarch of the standard Hanoverian pattern, displaying, on the appropriate occasions, a becoming versatility of martial and civilian accomplishments; strolling in the evening light on the Terrace at Windsor, surrounded by a family that was a Court in itself; admiring Miss Burney in the famous lilac tabby which the Queen gave her; pressing the remedial virtues of barley water upon an exhausted colonel after a hard day in the hunting field; trotting, gnawed by the incurable inquisitiveness of royalty, into half the shops in Windsor; taking, after a more than usually incompetent attempt on his life, "his accustomed doze" at the theater; peering, smiling, bowing. This amiable, domestic, elderly person with his little jokes and the quick, questioning *What?—what?* forms a queer postscript to the high adventure of the young, friendless King who set out to govern England and lost America. It all seemed so far away now. Mr. Wilkes had faded, Mr. Pitt had died

in that theatrical way of his; Lord North was still living somewhere, but he was quite blind now. The King lived on, before all else a father and a husband, the Georgian head of an oddly Victorian court.

But he had still, had always, his courage. It had not failed him on "Black Wednesday," when at the height of the war the mob ran wild for "No Popery" and Lord George Gordon. The streets were alight with the disordered worship of this singular idol, whose evangelical quest for a form of Christianity uncorrupted by Popish additions finally led him, by the fatal logic of a Scotsman or a lunatic, into a clear air where it was uncontaminated even by a Saviour. London passed sleepless nights and crept about behind its shutters. But the King informed his council that if the Riot Act was to be read before the troops could fire into the crowds, one magistrate at least would do his duty and then would take command of his Guards in person. The same even temper bore him up when a mad woman thrust a knife at him one afternoon outside the garden door at St. James's. He steadied the crowd, went in to hold his Levée, and then drove down to Windsor to show himself to the Queen. Three royal persons and two ladies-in-waiting mingled their tears. But the careful King inquired, "Has she cut my waistcoat? Look! for I have had no time to examine." His courage barely failed beneath the slow, dreadful gathering of a darker cloud which hung above him. That he saw its coming is almost certain. Little doubt is left by his choking exclamation, "I wish to God I may die, for I am going to be mad." Then, staring with pitiable eyes at the ebbing tide of reason, he faded into insanity.

Once he returned; and for ten years he presided over the State where he had reigned. The Whigs were out; but England was ruled by a minister again, and Mr. Pitt—there was a new Mr. Pitt now, whose "damned long ugly face" was almost as trying as Chatham's eye—sat in his father's seat. The *Patriot King* had declined into dogeship, although there was a faint flicker of the old authority when the minister roused his sovereign's Churchmanship with some nonsense about equality for Irish Papists. He rode; he played piquet; he bathed in the loyal waves of Weymouth. There was a pleasant jingle of Light Dragoons on the little Esplanade; the bathing-women all wore "God save the King" on ample girdles round their waists; and as the royal person plunged, that pious invocation burst from the muffled fiddlers in a bathing machine. He strolled again upon the Terrace at Windsor. But this time his airing was a martial exercise. For the French guns were speaking across Europe, and George called for the band to play "Britons, strike home." So the old man (he was rising seventy now) confronted Buonaparte. He grasped, one feels, as little of the strange forces which opposed him as of the American tangle. He did little more than clench an English fist and shake it in the face of France. But whilst he struggled to retain the last remains of sight, his watchful frigates kept the sea; his guns rang out where the Spanish hills dip to Trafalgar, and his redcoats stared at the cactus along the dusty roads of Portugal. Then, once again, a cloud swung over the sun and his sky darkened. The war went on; there was a steady thunder of guns in Europe, until at the last they stood smoking in the fields by Waterloo. But the King sat muttering in a closed room at Windsor. He was far away in a pleasant world, where he gave interminable audiences to dead ministers. For hours, for days, for years, he talked with them; and sometimes he made himself a little music on an old spinet, which had been silent since Queen Anne. Then he faded out of life; and on a winter night in 1820 Mr. Croker watched the mourners marshaling and heard the dismal note of horns from the Great Park.

WHY PICK ON DAYTON?

BY W. O. McGEEHAN

PICKING on the small towns has become the most popular and profitable sport of our current American novelists. The episode at Dayton, Tennessee, where a well-known statesman, stripped to his pongee shirt, and a great lawyer, belted with lavender galluses, debated over the authenticity of Jonah's whale before a judge who wore suspenders of a more conservative type and who prayed for guidance as he listened, seemed to confirm the hypothesis of the current novelists. Newspaper readers concurred in the Main Street School theory that the small town is the home of the moron.

It was agreed that this trial of the People of Tennessee versus John Thomas Scopes or—to put it more generally—the case of Jonah's whale versus science, could not have occurred anywhere except in a small town composed almost entirely of two thoroughfares called Main and Market streets. I hold that the case might just as easily have been tried at Forty-second Street and Broadway, New York, Kearny and Market streets, San Francisco, or on Michigan Boulevard, Chicago.

Of course I cannot summon the vital statistics to my aid, for there are no reliable statistics to fit the case. But I am ready to maintain that the percentage of moronism in Dayton, Tennessee, is no higher than it is in New York City or in any other city of the first, second, or third class, down to, and including, the town of Soddy, Tennessee, which is eighteen miles as the Ford rattles from Dayton. The center of moronism in the United States is the exact dead center of the population with a slight inclination toward Hollywood, California.

Having broken corn bread and having eaten roast pork with the men of Dayton at the time when the world was looking derisively at the little town, I feel moved to rise to the defense of Dayton despite the fact that its hospitality induced acute indigestion. If I were fishing for morons I should throw my dragnet at Forty-second Street and Broadway, New York, rather than at Main and Market streets, Dayton.

The case of the whale of Jonah versus science started in the Tennessee state legislature and not in Robinson's drug store as advertised. John Washington Butler, farmer-solon, drafted the law. John Washington Butler subscribed to a religious weekly in which he read that there was a growing skepticism as to the whale and as to other points in the Old Testament. John went before the voters of his assembly district on the issue of the whale and was elected. The Tennessee legislature did the rest.

Again I maintain that the passage of this statute cannot be taken as evidence that the aggregate intelligence of the Tennessee legislature is any lower than that of the legislature of—say New York or California. I have listened at Albany and at Sacramento. An Albany legislature is quite capable of passing a statute providing a penitentiary sentence for anybody questioning the authenticity of George Washington's cherry tree, and a California legislature one of these days may declare an extra session to provide a suitable punishment for the heretic who expresses open skepticism

as to the pies thrown by Mr. Charles Chaplin.

The bill of John Washington Butler was passed in due time and the Governor of Tennessee, believing that he was interpreting the drawling voice of his people, signed it. I am not so sure that the Governor of Tennessee interpreted his people's dialect correctly. He is not the first governor who listened in and, getting an earful of static, acted on it.

Then the scene shifted to Robinson's drug store on Main Street, Dayton, where John Thomas Scopes, the twenty-four-year-old teacher of biology and athletic instructor of the Central High School was drinking lemon phosphates with George Rappleyea, agent for the Cumberland Coal and Iron Company, and Robinson, the druggist and chairman of the Rhea County school-book committee. Young Scopes gaily offered to become the martyr of this modern heresy trial. In open defiance of the law of John Washington Butler he resolved to reenter the Rhea County High School and to review the nebular hypothesis as set down in Hunter's *Civic Biology*, a book that was iniquitous according to John Washington Butler's bill.

Before I went to Dayton I was convinced that all of this was a cunning bid for publicity on the part of a Chamber of Commerce or a business men's association of some sort. It looked like a duplicate of Mr. Tex Rickard's scheme of staging a prizefight at Goldfield, Nevada, to draw customers for mining stock. It seemed to have the earmarks of Mayor Jim Johnson's plan to draw oil stock investors to Shelby, Montana, by bidding three hundred thousand dollars for the services of Mr. Jack Dempsey, the heavyweight champion.

But I absolve the people of Dayton from any such sordid commercialism. They could have profiteered upon the hordes of correspondents and the casual visitors but they did not. They had nothing to sell. They were indifferent to the visitors' opinions as to their climate, their green hills, and their ways of living. As one who has suffered from the importunities of boosters in big and little cities, I want to set it down here that the people of Dayton, Tennessee, instinctively are the best-bred people in this regard whom I ever encountered.

They did want something though. I found that out later. The pitiful part of it is that they did not get what they thought the trial would bring them. The people of Dayton wanted something to which the people of the big cities are indifferent. They wanted knowledge, and of this they were cheated.

They fondly believed that they would hear some of the greatest scientists in the country on the stand at the Rhea County Courthouse. Citizens of Rhea County fought to get on that jury. One clergyman who had denounced Darwin from his pulpit only a week before declared under oath that he would be able to hear the case with an unbiased mind. He was curious and he said he was unconvinced.

Let us compare the intellectual tastes of New York City and Dayton, Tennessee. Obviously New York City's notion of the greatest show on earth is the Follies with Mr. Will Rogers, Mr. William C. Fields, and girlhood glorified by Mr. Ziegfeld. The notion of Dayton as to the greatest intellectual treat was the summoning of the scientists to testify to the finish as to all theories of creation. On this showing which is the moron city?

Riding over the Cumberland ridges through the night into Dayton, I questioned the man who drove the Ford. "What do the people of Dayton expect to get out of this?" I demanded. "Rental for rooms? Advertising for coal mines or crops?"

"Don't you see the scheme," he countered. "They are going to have some of the greatest scientists and the greatest speakers of the world there for the trial. It is a smart scheme. They are going to get a college education for nothing."

And that really was all that Dayton wanted. The people of Dayton were so eager for knowledge that they were will-

ing to face the ridicule of the world, including two thousand words of cable daily filed by London correspondents to call upon all of the United Kingdom to witness that the inmates of the United States were incomprehensible—which, after all, was no news in the United Kingdom. Was this naïveté on the part of the people of Dayton or was it deep cunning as the driver of the Ford suspected? Whatever it was, I cannot see how it can be accepted as a symptom of acute moronism.

I fear that it will go hard with John T. Raulston, the County Judge who, after seeking daily guidance in prayer, decided upon the inadmissability of the scientific testimony. He faces an election this fall. Of course he acted in accordance with the mundane guidance of the law in this ruling but he spoiled Dayton's great show. He barred further information concerning mammals, protoplasms, and other strange subjects touched upon only with tantalizing brevity and then under violent objection on the part of the Attorney General of the State of Tennessee.

Half an hour after the jury had found John Thomas Scopes guilty of teaching the young of Rhea County, Tennessee, out of the iniquitous Hunter's *Civic Biology* which contained salacious details concerning protoplasms and mammals, the foreman, Captain Jack Thompson, dropped in to fraternize with the correspondents.

Captain Jack was a fine up-standing old gentleman affecting the gray goatee which is indigenous to the old South of fiction and the moving pictures. He had been United States Marshal under all Democratic administrations and had about him the air and dignity that is part of the more or less habitual United States Marshal.

"Of course the verdict had to be guilty," said Captain Jack in that musical dialect that can be caught only by a phonograph. "But it was hard on the jury, not being able to hear any of the scientific testimony and it was particularly hard on us not being able to hear the speeches. They say that some of the jurors listened in on the loud speaker. That is not true. I was in charge and I was a United States Marshal under the late President Wilson.

"What the higher court will do, we do not know. But Scopes taught evolution, and that is against the law. Now if you all can spare the time I would like to have you all come out to my farm and spend a few days. Of course, it isn't much but you certainly would be welcome. Being busy on the jury prevented me from welcoming you all to our country. Could you find time to fix me up a list of books on evolution?"

Everywhere in Dayton there was this touching curiosity. Robinson's drug store sold out the complete stock of Hunter's *Civic Biology*. The place was swamped with orders for forbidden literature concerning evolution. When the New York City Board of Theatrical Censors put certain plays on the dubious list the ticket speculators made small fortunes on those plays. Books on evolution being placed under the ban in Tennessee, there was a rush for the forbidden literature. New York scrambles for plays suspected of being salacious. Dayton scrambles for books suspected of being informative. Which is to be taken as evidence of moronry?

The English correspondents were utterly bewildered by it. They were struck first by the entirely obvious. It was a shirtsleeve court. His Honor, Judge Raulston, was stripped to his conservative galluses. Mr. Clarence Darrow appeared in lavender suspenders. Even Mr. Dudley Field Malone peeled off his coat when he prepared to make the speech that was heard for the length and breadth of Rhea County.

Why should not Justice dress comfortably? We are a coatless nation when we are ourselves and when coats are superfluous. The Spanish-American War was fought by young men in their shirtsleeves because they felt more comfortable and natural without the regulation

blouses. In Tennessee it is not indecorous to appear before the ladies, or even at Meeting, in one's galluses. But the English correspondents never will understand that. To them the revealed galluses will always be symbols of revealed barbarity. No English judge would have found John Thomas Scopes guilty while the judicial braces were even slightly exposed to the elements and to the gaze of the vulgar.

I was particularly impressed with the dignity shown all through by the young defendant, John Thomas Scopes, who came from Paducah, Kentucky, the birthplace of Irvin S. Cobb. Consider the forces that strove to afflict young John Thomas, the unmartyred martyr of our most spectacular heresy trial, with the prevalent and infectious ailment known as the swelled head.

I am not particularly quick at figures, but I gathered from young Mr. Scopes as he gossiped with us on the back porch over Morgan's hardware store that he had declined something like twenty thousand dollars' worth of moving-picture and newspaper offers.

Who of our young men made famous overnight would have this strength of mind? Mr. Jack Dempsey and Mr. Babe Ruth rushed into literature and into the silent drama with much slighter provocation. John Thomas Scopes entered this controversy a poor young teacher and he emerged from it a poor young ex-teacher. There is a young man of character with a sense of humor and a sense of the fitness of things rare in his day and generation.

Many a leader of other causes has been deflected by the lure of the easy money of the moving-picture industry and the easy money of easy literature. The future of Tennessee and of the South is safe in the hands of young men of the caliber of young John Thomas Scopes, the boy whose head refused to swell and who smiled quietly at his serio-comic martyrdom. Give a twenty-four-year-old of the city a chance like that at the moving pictures and the Sunday supplements and there will be trouble in supplying him with sufficient celluloid and news-print paper.

Young John Thomas Scopes was certain of himself. It was not cocksureness either. He treated the members of the prosecution with a grave courtesy. It was the kindly tolerance of wise youth for the set intolerance of age, and it was beautiful—and ominous.

There was little Howard Morgan, aged fourteen, a pupil of this heretic from Paducah, Kentucky. He was the first exhibit of the prosecution to show the terrible effects of the iniquitous Hunter's *Civic Biology*, as taught by John Thomas Scopes, upon the youth of Rhea County, Tennessee.

Of course the first witness called had to be a Morgan. Most of the voters of Rhea County are Morgans. The McKenzies are fairly numerous but the Morgans are the indigenous family.

Under questioning by the Attorney General of Tennessee, little Howard Morgan told how he had been taught the nebular hypothesis after the teaching of that iniquity had been made illegal in Tennessee. Also, he had been taught about mammals. He delivered this damning testimony in low tones because Howard Morgan worshipped John Thomas Scopes. All of the pupils worshipped him.

Under cross-examination by Mr. Clarence Darrow, Howard volunteered the information that he had not known that the whale was a mammal.

"Well, you do know now," said Mr. Darrow. "It has not done you any harm, has it?"

"No, sir," replied Howard Morgan.

"It is for the mother of this boy to say what harm this diabolical business has done him," thundered a member of the prosecution. Mr. Darrow only twiddled his galluses.

That night one of the more enterprising correspondents interviewed the mother of young Howard Morgan. She said that the morals of her boy had been unimpaired by the course in Hunter's

Civic Biology. He was a good boy and a bright boy. She was proud of him. She wanted him to learn more about evolution and everything else. He was as keen a Bible student as he was a student of biology. This testimony, of course, did not go to the jury.

It is not at all unlikely that one of these days young Howard Morgan may be Governor of the State of Tennessee or Attorney General. Tennessee's future is in the hands of such as Howard. All of our states are in the hands of such as these, who are taught at an early age that whales are mammals and whose imaginations are stimulated by such intriguing works as Hunter's *Civic Biology* —which leads me to believe that the future of the whole country is safe and sane.

The world-wide conflict between youth and settled maturity was being waged in Dayton, and youth was winning as youth is winning all over the world. Age remained resentful and bitter.

On our last night in Dayton the correspondents domiciled with the Morgans staged as gay a party as was possible away from the metropolitan accessories for such an affair. There was a dance and all were invited. The correspondents wanted to express their gratitude for the admirable restraint exercised by the Boosters' Club—if any—for the duration of the trial.

The lavender galluses of Mr. Clarence Darrow were to be presented to the correspondents by Mr. Dudley Field Malone. Mr. Darrow in turn was to present in turn the silk shirt worn by Mr. Dudley Field Malone. The Morgans especially were invited. Everybody had forgiven everybody when the case was concluded.

As the hour drew near for the merriment John Morgan, the patriarch of the Morgan family, was seen emerging from the hall of revelry with his Bible under his arm.

"Won't you stay for the party?" he was asked.

The Patriarch of the Morgans frowned "No, sir," he said, gripping his Bible more firmly. "I am going to Meeting. But make yourselves at home."

All of the other Morgans, the sons, the grandsons, and the nephews attended, including Buckshot Morgan, Tighteye Morgan, Spiller Morgan, and many other Morgans and McKenzies. It was a gala night and the Mason and Dixon line was erased completely for the evening. Youth had lost a technical decision but still had cause to celebrate the future, which is youth's, while the patriarch went to Meeting.

Dayton is a small town with a Main Street but I found there beauty, courtesy, and intelligence. Also I found indigestion; but in spite of that I left there with a better understanding of the United States as I saw it in miniature. In spite of the ravages of the persistent pork and pop my heart sang with a better understanding and a deeper affection, "My country, 'tis of thee."

And some day I hope to return to Dayton to walk with Mr. Buckshot among the everlasting hills and the equally everlasting stills of the Cumberlands.

In the meantime I will leave any proposition affecting myself or the world in general to a jury picked from Main Street, Dayton, provided there are no restrictions placed upon the evidence to be presented. Dayton, Tennessee, is a long way from Moronia.

The Lion's Mouth

MY OWN FINANCIAL SURVEY

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

LAST night was a pretty important night, speaking from a financial point of view. My wife and I held our monthly bout with our bank statements and emerged victorious after and hour and forty minutes of the sharpest sort of figuring. Our monthly bout, did I say? Well, not exactly that. Theoretically, we go over the bank statements once a month; but as a matter of brutal fact when we got them out last night we found we had been running wild for three whole months.

It was a successful session, however. Not only did we finally pare down our arithmetical errors to ten cents—which indicates that the quarter has been a remarkable one for arithmetic—but we came out fifty dollars to the good, owing to a check which in a burst of enthusiasm we had recorded twice on the stubs. So there we were, clean as a whistle and fifty dollars richer than we thought we were. In fact, the whole transaction was so impressive that it seems only right that in the light of this business triumph I should give the public a sort of survey of our financial year, in order that we may all be in a position to do better next year. What is needed, I feel, is something in the style of the *Wall Street Journal:* what the boys who write the financial pages for the newspapers call a broad-gauge analysis of business conditions, taking all the factors into account and using past experience as a guide to sound business judgment in the future.

GENERAL BUSINESS CONDITIONS. Let us begin with a few words about general business conditions, including such significant factors as pig-iron, car-loadings, bank-clearings, the trend of seventy-four selected industrials, and the annual report of the Steel Corporation. None of these things, I beg to report, touched us very closely during the year. We had nothing to do with pig iron at all, at least in large quantities, although there were times when I suspected its presence in small amounts in the chicken salad we serve for cold suppers. We had lots and lots of car-loadings; in fact, when we moved most of our furniture from Scarsdale to New Canaan the flivver was loaded down to an unprecedented degree, and the result was pronounced activity in the rubber market due to two blowouts; but, generally speaking, the flivver is used to this sort of thing, and I fail to note any development of major importance to the investor. Whatever trend there may have been in bank-clearings remained quite unobserved by us, and although I made a valiant effort to read the report of the Steel Corporation when I saw it in the morning paper on the train, I could make nothing of it, and had just closed my eyes to say to myself, "Now let me think—is the reserve an asset or a liability?" when I woke up with a start and found myself in the Grand Central Station and it was time to be up and doing. The only other thing I might report under this head is that I got a raise in August. In short, general business conditions continued firm, with every prospect for op-

timism concerning developments in the new year.

THE STOCK MARKET. The stock market was spotty. Early in the year I thought of selling my U. S. Hot Water Bottle Preferred and taking on some strong public utility stock such as Niagara Power and Glory or United Light and Darkness, but was advised not to; and I may say the advice was excellent. It saved me a loss that has been conservatively estimated at anywhere from seventy-five cents to twenty-nine and a half dollars. My only stock transaction of the year was when I became agitated by unfavorable reports in the Street on the condition of the cold cereal market and impulsively sold all my holdings in American Cornflakes Common, amounting to a total of two shares. As it turned out, the reports were inspired by the hot cereal interests, and the cornflakes market was being depressed by a pool formed by the oatmeal people; it subsequently rallied sharply and there was profit-taking all along the line, some of it at my expense. On the other hand, all our stocks paid nice dividends in long envelopes, some of the checks being green and others blue, so you can't properly go any farther than to call it a spotty year.

THE BOND MARKET. The bond market remained normal. During the year we disposed of our Liberty Bonds in view of the fact that we couldn't understand how to figure our Federal Income tax on them and couldn't stand the thought of going again through the nervous strain of looking them up to see whether or not they were 3rd tax free 4¼s maturing in 1929 and withheld at the source. Our other bond—one of the San Francisco, Toledo, and Palm Beach Street Railway 5% Gold Mortgage bonds maturing in 1938—stayed right in our own box at the bank, and twice during the year I went down into the vault and signed my name in the book of gold, and cut off my coupon with the little T-square with the sharp edge that some fellow invented as a substitute for scissors which would be less of a temptation to bond-holding housewives with a taste for pattern-cutting and petty thievery. The outstanding fact about the bond market was that I learned once for all whether to file my coupon with a white slip (Form 1001) or a yellow slip (Form 1002), and made a note of my findings somewhere where I thought I'd be sure to find it next year when the feast of coupons comes round. I think it's in the back of my check book but I'm not sure. Anyway, if I don't find it I can ask the man at the bank to look it up in the encyclopædia for me as he has for the past ten years.

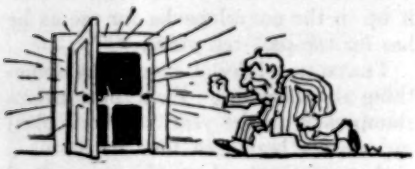
TEXTILES. I feel I should say something about textiles. Well, then, after a slump early in the year, textiles looked up when I bought a four-piece suit—coat, waistcoat, long trousers, and knickerbockers. The advantage of a four-piece suit is that you can wear the long trousers to the office and the knickerbockers over the week ends, and if you fall down and tear one pair of trousers you're still all right, whereas under the old system you had to go to bed till the tailor had made up a new suit from your measurements. All of which would seem to indicate a commendable foresight on the part of the textile interests, which ought to be rewarded in the new year by large profits and extra dividends.

WHEAT. It must have been a bad year for wheat, especially in the shredded form, for we moved to New Canaan and began taking the 7.32 train for New York each morning, which left us too little time to eat anything so combative as shredded wheat and necessitated a change to puffed rice. Under these circumstances there was much dissatisfaction among the farmers of the country and a widespread demand in the Northwest for a dirt farmer as Secretary of Agriculture. What the solution of the problem will be, it is hard to say, but let us all hope the burden on the taxpayers of the country will not be increased, particularly the burden of making out

what the instructions on the income-tax blank really mean.

MONEY. There was less of this than we might have wished, and several times we had to borrow carfare to get home.

GENERAL SUMMARY: From the foregoing it should be apparent to the investor that we may reasonably forecast for 1926 a rising market, with generally favorable conditions, except perhaps in the banana and pineapple trades, and prevailing westerly winds accompanied by snow in the extreme northern portions.



THE SCREEN-DOOR

BY ROSE WILDER LANE

IT was her custom to walk, every summer evening, in the woods that surround the farmhouse. When supper was over and the lamps were lighted the house became a prison. She knew every corner of it; the patterns of rugs and linoleum, the positions of chairs and tables, the doors open, ajar, or closed, were all familiar to her, and this familiarity became stifling. After walking up and down for a little while she pushed open the screen-door and went out into the large darkness filled with small twinklings of light and rhythmic with the shrill clamor of tree-toads.

The charm of the night was its mystery, which awakened mysterious responses in herself. She walked noiselessly through the dewy grass, under lighter and darker shadows of sky and trees. The grass and the shrubs were alive with an aliveness that was not theirs in the daytime. Every blossom and twig was full of a meaning which could not be grasped, which exhaled from it as intangibly as its scent released by the dew.

It seemed that a little farther on she would find what she was seeking. And often, as she went, she turned quickly, as though it might be quite close, as though perhaps by turning quickly she might catch it. Had anyone been watching her, that person might have thought that she sought to capture a shadow, her own shadow, which no one is ever quick enough to catch unaware. But she did not know what she sought, and perhaps indeed it was the dissatisfaction of the seeking that she wanted.

One night, reluctantly, she returned to the farmhouse far later than usual. Darkness filled the house, a dense and lifeless darkness unstirred by the ticking of the clock on the wall. A tiny rattle of hook in socket responded to her effort to open the screen-door. She was locked out of the house, and inside the house everyone slept.

She called, at first softly, then more imperatively. The house remained silent. Only Nero, the Airedale who slept on the porch, rose, yawned, and looked amiably at her through the screen. His wag said that he would have let her in if he could. Then he lay down again and, placing his chin so comfortably on his paw, he relaxed with a sigh to sleep.

The sight of Nero, thus relaxed and at peace in the peace and security of the house, aroused in her something like fury. The night became to her thin and eerie, a vastness without solidity. Only the small house was reality, a reality she could not reach. Safe in its comfort others slept, indifferent to her. She raised her voice again in impatience that was partly anger and partly panic and shook the screen door. No voice or movement answered her.

She walked around the house, stopping at every window and door. Through them she could see the shapes of chairs and tables, of doors open, ajar, or closed. Between her and the secure familiarity of these things were the screens, transparent and impassable. Still her calls brought no one to the doors. She must have awakened at least one of the sleep-

ers, who with incredible obstinacy ignored her plight. The family perhaps wished to teach her, by their indifference to her frantic appeals, not to prolong those evening walks with which they had so little sympathy.

The safety of the house had now become her only desire. She raged against the screens that kept her from everything she wanted, and her determination to get into that house was such that nothing could have withstood its desperation.

Under the kitchen eaves there was a rain barrel. Perched trembling on its rim, above the circle of water that reflected starlight, she looked up at the edge of the roof. She could not touch it, but she could grip the rain-spout and climb. Beyond treacherous slopes of roofs and gutters was a small porch and a door that might not be fastened.

When she reached it it was hooked. She flattened herself against it, hurling through it such furious demands and complaints that Nero, once more awakened, added his clamor to hers. Feet stumbled across the floor at last, and the door's hook clicked. She walked haughtily, unappeased, past the grumbling rescuer.

In a moment the house was quiet again. The familiar walls enclosed her, the familiar sights and scents were there. For a little while she walked up and down, her nose twitching to the little breezes that came from the large mysterious night outside the screen-door. The reason for screen-doors was so far beyond her understanding that she could not even grapple with the problem of their existence, but she perceived that every screen-door has two sides, and that to be on one side is not to be on the other. And suddenly, with a wail, she rushed to the screen-door, she dashed up the inside of it, and clinging to it, shaking it with claws thrust through its wires, she yowled a long rebellious yowl.

A human voice raged in the darkness, "Why doesn't that damn cat know what she wants?"

ON BEING WRITTEN DOWN AN ASS

BY GEORGE MEASON WHICHER

YES, write me down an ass for these eight things . . .
Stay; you may write me down for all of nine:
Thinking clipt Fancy might regain her wings;
Thinking contentment ever could be mine;
Nursing a secret, sickly hope of fame;
For failures buried, but remembered yet;
For lack of nerve to play throughout the game;
For duties I delay—disown—forget!
For lauding right and doing still the wrong;
Deserting Captive Good for Captain Ill—
O what's the use of singing out the song?
Nine, did I say? There are nine-and-ninety still,
And if I swear these follies shall be mine no more,
Write me down twice the arrant ass you did before.

IF I WERE IN YOUR PLACE—

BY CAROLINE E. VOSE

"SAVED!" I murmured. I was alone in the hall. Furtively, quietly I reached for the doorknob.

"Oh, just a minute, Eliza. Here are your ten tickets." The chairman of the Ticket Committee clutched me by the arm and pressed some slips of cardboard, neatly held together by a rubberband, into my resistless fingers. "If you need more, just call me up. But be sure to sell the ten anyway," she said.

I did not answer. I could not, but I tried to summon a feeble smile, which proved to be the proverbial sickly grin.

Selling tickets—in fact selling anything from the kind of articles found at church fairs and rummage sales to ideas—is an utter impossibility for me. I can't do it. How I envy the people who can! I marvel at those who can persuade me that I actually want to pay out good money to hear an over-dressed, raucous-voiced woman give directions for the development of a pleasing personality, or to listen to a secondhand poet read his unprinted verses, or to be a subscriber to a Fund in memory of the mules who took no part in the Great War, or to join a club composed of former vice-presidents of college classes. I regard such wheedling, compelling folk with wonder and fascination. More than that, I valiantly strive to imitate them, but—always and ever I fail, humiliatingly and ignominiously fail.

After a conference with enthusiastic women who consider it mere child's play to raise a million—or ten million—for their, and my, Alma Mater, I start forth bravely, even confidently perhaps, to interview possible donors who are "sure to give if you 'approach' them properly. So much depends upon the right approach, you know." Everything apparently depends upon that elusive approach—which approach I unfortunately never am able to make.

When wealthy Mr. Blair, a bachelor, courteously explains to me as he taps on his desk with his neatly manicured nails that his own university is out for a drive, too, and he has just given money to that, and then goes on to tell me he has never known anyone who attended my particular college and, furthermore, that he never hopes or expects to, that he doesn't approve of the higher education of women anyway, and that he is vitally interested in a municipal golf course and a public stadium and is contributing generously to those projects, and don't I think they are especially worthy of support?—I find myself secretly admiring his splendid physique and nodding my head as I declare, "I see your point of view perfectly. I don't blame you at all. Of course there's no earthly reason why you should be interested in Wellsyoke College. If I were in your place I should feel just as you do."

There it is, naked, exposed—my fatal weakness, my habit of thought and speech: If I were in your place I should no doubt do as you are doing.

Why can't I conquer this weakness! Why can't I be firm and strong! Why can't I convince Mr. Blair or affluent Mrs. Wiggam of the crying needs of Wellsyoke College, of the privilege of contributing to it, of the valuable returns to them personally and to the world in general which would result from their financial assistance! It's all on account of that persistent, clinging notion, "If I were in their places I should see things as they see them."

I can't even induce a luke-warm Wellsyoke alumna herself to help in our college campaign because I can always believe she needs her time and money for other purposes—for the Home for Indigent Cigarette Smokers, for the League of Men Voters, for a Fund to preserve and refurnish our first Police Station, or for some other highly commendable cause.

But let *me*, for instance, chance to be interested in the preservation of some historic building and go about to solicit money for it, and I'm certain to run into somebody like Mr. Nippin who exclaims oratorically, "It's wicked to expend energy and money on the restoration and upkeep of some old house when little children are undernourished and ignorant and men and women are sick and starving. Do for the poor and needy, I say! Look at these appeals."—He points dramatically with his gold fountain pen to a pile of letters and pamphlets on his desk—"These all came to me in this morning's mail—in one mail, mind you, and every one is a worthy appeal. Not a penny from me for Sulticello Manor. *I* am going to try to relieve human sickness and woe!"

Almost involuntarily I am about to wave my hand and shout "Hear, Hear!" when I realize Mr. Nippin is sternly eying me as if he held me personally responsible for all poverty and pain, and I meekly murmur instead, "I think you are absolutely right. If I were you I should feel exactly the same."

Then those dreadful tickets for amateur theatricals! I start blithely out, after a rehearsal where I know and like all the members of the cast, with my bits of pasteboard. Past experience fades away. I am sanguine, optimistic as I wait in Mrs. Boone's living room and gaze at her beautiful out-of-season flowers and watch the antics of two or three Angora cats who are teasing a beribboned Pekinese dog.

"Oh, I am so sorry, my dear," gushes Mrs. Boone, "but I'm not interested in amateur performances. Frightful bores. Mr. Boone agrees with me, too. When we go to theater we like to see things artistically done. We always spend a month in New York every winter and take in every good play in town. This year we saw the best musical comedies. There are the cutest dancers in 'Tillie, Maggie, and Jane,' and the leading man in 'Bettina's Boudoir' is simply wonderful, my dear. He—"

Forgetting my manners I venture to interrupt, "The proceeds from our play are to be given to the Near East Relief work. You may want to buy tickets even if you don't care to—"

"I wish I could afford to, my dear, but I simply can't. Mr. Boone and I are giving a good deal just now to the Animal Cemetery. It's the sweetest place. You must motor out to see it some day. It seems cruel, doesn't it, to think of poor little helpless animals not having a decent burial? Why, when my darling Petie passed away we had a regular casket and—" Mrs. Boone's voice choked.

I remember the grief in our household over the death of our almost-human Jose and, unmindful of common sense, of amateur plays, and of the Near or Far East, I engage eagerly with Mrs. Boone in an exchange of reminiscences about family pets.

I can't discipline young children. I understand perfectly why they like to hurl toys and balls at the heads of stupid grown-ups, why they enjoy sitting up late at night, why they hate nourishing, sensible food and prefer ice-cream and candy instead, why they want to talk out loud and scream in church, why they do a hundred and one things that are not wrong in their estimation but appear natural and normal acts. I see *their* point of view, but I haven't the power to make them see *mine*.

I am no good in an argument. I am always conscious there is another side to the question, and I realize if I were the other person with his background, temperament, and experience I should probably argue as he does.

If I talk with parents who want son John to go into his father's business of training fleas, prize fighting, or studying the uses of Chaucer's final e's, or what-not I appreciate fully their desire to have the father's noble work continued. I say, "I quite agree with you. If I were in your places I should want John to carry on the family tradition."

Then I converse with John himself and I immediately grasp his point of view and sympathize with his desire to break away, to do something different, something big, to be, for example, a world-champion motorcyclist. I become thrilled and wide-eyed at John's glowing pictures of the motorcycling industry, and I don't blame him for longing to enter it. I exclaim, "If I were you I should certainly motorcycle or die!"

So I might go on and on giving innumerable instances of my weakness and lack of character, but I am due at a committee meeting to discuss plans for a membership drive our Non-professional and Unbusinesslike League is launching. However, if I were situated as you are I most assuredly should not join the League.

Editor's Easy Chair

IN EXTENUATION OF THE INCREDIBLE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

"THE impression I get," said Colophon, "is that some people sometimes cure in some people almost any disease that there is. I don't find myself in agreement with the boundaries you doctors put to the diseases that can be cured by mental or spiritual means."

"They can't cure cancer," said Dimity. "I know about Cancer. I deal with him in my business. You've got to cut him out, and do it root and branch. There is no other way. When you've done it a healer may help the cure perhaps, if they really do help anything, but they can't cure cancer."

"Oh, well; of course, Bill, I don't know cancer as you do. Pathologically—if that's the word—I don't know anything about it. All I know is what I read in the papers and what comes in the mail. Those are my great sources of information, to be supplemented on occasion, as now, by talk with the knowledgeful. For observe, that the things you ought most to talk about are the things you know least about—contrary to prevalent supposition—because so talking you may get information."

"Yes, you may, but you ain't very apt to, and that's maybe why people usually feel about talk that the Bible's right and it is better to give than to receive. But of course, Colly, when you get a chance to talk cancer to an expert like me who *knows* about it, you're lucky."

"Knows about it! Go long! Say 'Knows *something* about it': that's about as much as anyone can say of anything. *You* know cancer? No! All you know is how to cut 'em out. I don't doubt you know that, and if I had one I'd employ you. But here are newspapers, letters, pamphlets, periodicals, and books providing mountains of testimony that cancer is being cured all the time by saints, healers, Christian Scientists, marvel-workers, Unity practitioners working from Kansas City, and Heaven know who else."

"But, Colly, you don't really believe all that trash, do you? Surely you don't believe the stories you read in the papers about cures!"

"Some of them! Some of them! At least I contemplate them and keep them in mind for reflection and further reference, and to see what turns up that seems to have a bearing on them."

"Do you believe the testimonials that go with the patent-medicine advertisements?"

"I don't bother with them: The proportion of lies that one must expect in them is too high. But these Unity, Christian Science, healer, saints-shrine and other religious cures are a little different. Even patent-medicine is medicine, but those mental and spiritual cures are something else, and something with an extended historical background behind it. The tradition of cures by these various immaterial means is about as old as anything in human record."

"Oh, yes! there are these cases, of course, but not cancer."

"Perhaps not cancer. I don't remember any case of a lost limb made to grow again. Possibly cancer is like that. But I don't understand it so. I think of it as something that bites and grows and must be reached and killed or removed in some way. And of course what you say about it is practically right and the thing you ought to say. But what we are really talking about isn't cancer at all, but how much you know. You see, I can't imagine a really first-class marvel-worker turning away from cancer as something too much for him as easily as I can imagine a limit to your knowledge of the means to check disease in the body. You don't think everything is known yet about the body and how to deal with it, do you?"

"Lord, no! In medicine, and most things else, the surface has been scratched; that's all. The more any doctor learns, the more aware he must become of the regions his knowledge does not reach. But still, we know a lot more than we did even thirty years ago, and the new knowledge seems to come faster and faster, and certainly comes in very handy."

"Sure! Now you've said all I ask of you. You admit you know comparatively little, and when you say cancer can't be cured by mental or spiritual means, it means that in your present state of knowledge you cannot conceive of such cures. Now you understand a knife. You know how to use it and what can be done with it. But do you think you understand the means by which mental and spiritual cures are effected?"

"Oh, well, in a way one understands suggestion. No good doctor nowadays ignores the power of the mind over the body! But it won't cure cancer."

"I suppose not. To cure cancer you must have, I should say, an agent that will penetrate tissue like X rays or radium, and destroy cells, and extirpate whatever you call the creatures which do the mischief. You need something that will do what a knife or radium will do, and much more. This agent must be usable by some will which under right conditions can send it on its errand and make it do its job. By means of such an agent it seems to me—a very ignorant man and liable to be mistaken—that cancer might be cured."

"Possibly! Possibly! Why deny that the impossible may not be achieved by the unimaginable? But do you think, Colly, that such a force as you describe exists and can be handled."

"I suspect it does exist, and that now and then someone comes along who is able to handle it. Sir Oliver Lodge defines it in a way when in writing of Doctor Geley, who lately died, he says Geley had in mind "a dynamic power of the mental and spiritual regions competent to control, guide and rearrange atoms of matter." I am so constituted, and so impressed by what I have read or heard, as to believe that most of the Bible stories of miracles, both Old Testament and New, are true, and that they constitute a record which shows us what is possible. The cures in the two Testaments are of much the same sort. Leprosy was cured both by Elisha and by Christ. I don't know what leprosy is and how it compares with cancer; but it has usually beaten the doctors, though one reads that our medical men have lately got a line on it in the Philippines. And for that matter one reads of a new line on cancer disclosed in England, but pirated, the latest rumor says, from Germany. So of bringing the dead, or apparently dead, to life. Elijah brought back the widow's son, and Elisha, the child of the Shunamite; Christ raised Lazarus. I don't remember cures in the Old Testament of expulsion of devils and restoration of crazy people to sanity, but outside of cures there is a likeness between the exploit of the widow's inexhaustible cruse and barrel of meal and the multiplication of bread and fishes in the feeding of the multitudes. I have read that this multiplication of food is done now in the East but that men who can do it are of a sort that does not advertise, and that they do not disclose

their accomplishment except on very special occasions. Then there's levitation of one kind or another, and, oh, do you remember the story of a man who lost his ax-head into the Jordan, which Elisha kindly made float for him? How do you suppose he did that?"

"You may search me! Gosh! Colly, do you believe all that, and go about without an attendant and have a license to drive motor cars? Isn't it easier for you to believe that the boy lied than that Elisha made iron float?"

"No, bless you! No! It doesn't seem to me much of a stunt for a party with the powers of Elisha to make iron float. Why should you feel it to be so much more incredible than Miss Tarbell's story of how Mr. Morgan and Judge Gary accomplished the flotation of the Steel Trust? Now there was really a big job in constraining metals to float. And accomplished, how? Simply by the action of the human mind. No force employed; no knock down or drag out; but simply mental forces—imagination, strength of will; not precisely the forces by which the so-called miracles are done, but something very close to them. Did you read how Mr. Morgan and Judge Gary finally constrained John Gates to take what they offered him? Beautiful! Like a poker story!"

"Fine story! oh, yes! but not the same kind of story as of the ax-head that swam."

"Oh, well, the main difference is that you don't know enough to understand the ax-head story, whereas the John Gates story comes within scope of your knowledge. If you knew more, I daresay you'd think Miss Tarbell's story was the greater wonder of the two."

"I think, Colly, you're just another Fundamentalist like Bryan. You seem ready to believe all these Bible stories."

"Sure! I do believe most of them; not merely because they are in the Bible, but because I think they are probably true, or at least based on substantial truth. As far as belief goes, I don't think Bryan could have bettered me much, but to me the Bible is a great stimulant to research, whereas Bryan seemed inclined to use it as a limitation on research. It makes me want to know, and whereas Bryan seemed always fearful that someone would find out something which didn't match with something the Bible said, that never worries me at all. I like to know what the Bible is and how it was compounded, and I do not understand how a man so clever in certain ways as Bryan was should have taken the view that it was a kind of coffer-dam, with the walls of which it was not safe to meddle for fear they would spring a leak and let all their contents out. Somehow you got him scared—you fellows, Bill, you doctors and scientists. Knowing what he did and believing what he did, and feeling the importance of his belief in what he did believe, he could see where you fell down; but, because either of the limitations of his mind or of his knowledge, he could not avoid that impossible position about the Bible. Still, I think, his showdown was better than Darrow's. Don't you?"

"I'd hardly say that. I wasn't rapturous about Darrow, but still he had understanding of a lot of things that Bryan didn't understand at all."

"Oh, yes, but he showed a total lack of understanding of a lot of things that Bryan did understand, and which were more important than the others. Bryan was out of date in some of his notions about the Bible and in his feeling that if one admitted that anywhere in it there was a flaw in inspiration or a deviation from fact, the divine authority of the whole book would be destroyed and faith in the religion it stands for would go to grass. That is not so, and it was surprisingly simple of him to feel about it as he did, though millions of people in this country see it about as he did, and make these views of his the basis of acclaiming him as a defender of the Faith —which must make the angels reach for their pocket handkerchiefs. But Darrow proclaimed himself agnostic, with-

out settled convictions about religion, or even about what is commonly called immortality, meaning the survival of personality after the body dies. Bryan at least appeared in court in a suit of clothes, though you may not like the cut of it, but Darrow was in rags, and seemed to feel they did him credit."

"He gave greater evidence of intelligence than Bryan did. He made a holy show of Bryan with the questions he asked of him."

"It isn't a sign of intelligence to believe nothing. It's a sign of defect. You don't send agnostics to hospitals to be cured of their disability because hospitals can't cure them but, if they could, a good many of them might apply to be sent, for there are plenty of agnostics who mislike their own state. To believe in man but not in immortality is like believing in fishes but not in water. Mr. Darrow is probably not over pleased to be in that condition. The theory of evolution is part of a study of processes. Bryan was agnostic as to that theory, but Darrow was agnostic about the results of the evolution he defended. He admitted his uncertainty whether anything of importance had been evolved. If man blows out for good when his wick separates from his tallow, evolution, if it is true, is of no tremendous concern for us, though it may serve a turn in providing entertainment to our Creator; but if life, begun or continued on earth, proceeds elsewhere in the invisible, to more or less advantage according as time has been well or ill used, evolution seems more important.

"We have to live a good deal in the imagination to get along at all. Bryan must have lived so. If Darrow doesn't, he is a loser. But probably he does, for even he is intelligent. And it should be remembered that his errand at Dayton was not to upset belief, but to hinder impediments from being put in the way of the pursuit of truth. I would rather have had that errand in the keeping of someone who had a conscious vision of more truth than Darrow had. Malone was better about that. He had belief enough.

"For belief, Bill, which is Faith, so much commended for its power to move things—is an enormous asset, even when it includes confidence in some things that are not so. Indeed, in every one who has it, it must include such imperfections, because our knowledge is so limited. We believe what we can get of what has come through in our time, and our spiritual beliefs are more or less affected by the achievements of the searchers of our day in the departments of physical knowledge. The torch-bearers get wonderful things by intuition, inspiration, or spiritual means of one sort or another, but their news is apt to lag in general acceptance until what we know as scientific knowledge gets far enough along to make it credible. It took a hundred years or so for the theories of Copernicus and Galileo to become respectable. At the start the pious and the powerful rejected them and put Galileo in jail. That is a regular process with great innovations of theory. But in these times things move faster, and new knowledge is not so easily squelched.

"Moreover the wonderful acceleration of discovery in the physical realm is bound to help us to a fuller understanding of the spiritual department. Wireless and radio and all such things; electricity, electrons, the last new thing and the next one, extend our powers of belief. And that is a good thing, for most people will agree that vastly more things are so than we think are so, and that limitless crops of truth stand waiting to be gathered from fields still uncut."

Personal and Otherwise

FIVE years women have had the vote. What have they done with it? We were told they were going to bring a new idealism into politics—where is it? Have women had any effect on the situation except to double the helpless and boss-controlled electorate? ***Emily Newell Blair,*** of Joplin, Missouri, answers these questions in the opening article of the month. She speaks with authority, for she used to be a suffrage leader and is now Vice-Chairman of the Democratic National Committee. During the war she served on the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense.

Ludwig Lewisohn, whose touching story, "The Holy Land," follows Mrs. Blair's article, came to this country from Germany at the age of eight. He graduated from the College of Charleston, South Carolina, spent a few years in editorial work and writing, took up the teaching of German, became an assistant professor at Ohio State University and the translator of Hauptmann and other German authors, and joined the editorial staff of ***The Nation*** in 1919. He is perhaps most widely known as the author of *Upstream*. Last spring he wrote for us an article on "The Art of Being a Jew." At present he is living abroad.

Nobody could be better fitted than ***Edward McKernon*** to write on the machinations of market-riggers, propagandists, and news-fakers, for it is the highest ambition of these gentlemen to catch The Associated Press napping; and as Boston correspondent of that organization, and later Superintendent of its Eastern Division, Mr. McKernon has become well acquainted with their devious ways. Incidentally we might mention that on July 31 last—after Mr. McKernon had completed his article—occurred what was apparently a perfect example of the market-rigger's work. In the early afternoon of that day Wall Street was full of rumors apparently designed to depress the market—one of them a report that President Coolidge had been assassinated. It traveled fast: within a few minutes the New York office of the Associated Press received five inquiries about it—two from New York papers, one from Yonkers, one from New Jersey, and one from Chicago. Receiving assurances from White Court that all was well there, the A. P. branded the rumor as false. So far as we know, it never got into the papers. The only foundation which could be found for it was the fact that that morning an anarchist who was said to have plotted against the President had been arrested in Tampa, Florida!

The detective-priest, Father Brown, and his versatile creator, ***G. K. Chesterton,*** need no introduction to HARPER readers.

One may account as one pleases for the jungle miracles reported by ***John W. Vandercook,*** but one must admit that they furnish a fresh and fascinating field for speculation. Mr. Vandercook is a new contributor. He spent a year at Yale (from which, he tells us, he gained "nothing but an unalterably low opinion of education in general and American universities in particular"), tried for two years to be an actor, held a variety of editorial positions on magazines and newspapers, and last winter—as the result of a chance meeting with a Suriname business man on a West Indian steamer—spent several months in Dutch Guiana, which led to the writing of "White Magic and Black." Another equally unusual article by Mr. Vandercook on racial destiny in the tropics will appear in an early issue.

By the time this issue of the Magazine appears, ***Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick*** will have left for Europe and the Near East for a year's leave of absence preceding his active service as pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church. Throughout his year abroad, how-

ever, he will write each month for HARPER'S MAGAZINE on the fundamental religious problems of every-day life.

When *Wilbur Daniel Steele* is at his best, no other American short-story writer can excel him. In 1921 the O. Henry Award Committee gave him a special prize for maintaining the highest level of distinction among American short-story writers over a period of three years. Last spring he won first prize in the fourth competition in our Short Story Contest—the only competition he entered. Last month we published his extraordinary tale, "The Man Who Saw Through Heaven." In "Blue Murder," which he sends us from Westport, Connecticut, he is once more at his best.

As professor of social science at Boston University, *Ernest R. Groves* is frequently consulted by parents about "difficult" children, and has found that the difficulty usually begins with the parents. We recommend his article to all fathers and mothers who are not completely convinced of their own infallibility.

Nearly ten years ago a young man named *H. G. Dwight*, who had spent much of his life in Turkey and Persia, wrote a volume of stories called *Stamboul Nights*, so delightful and distinguished that it became something of a classic. Then came the war. After it the author of *Stamboul Nights* took a position in the State Department. For five years he wrote nothing but state papers and confidential reports; for in the Department, popular impressions to the contrary notwithstanding, not everybody is overburdened with leisure. Now he has returned to the field of letters, and in "The Washington Express" he reveals once more the delicate humor and cosmopolitan wisdom which his discriminating admirers have so long enjoyed. We are happy to announce that "The Washington Express" will be followed by other papers commenting on the American scene and especially on the horrors and felicities of Washington.

Twenty-five pages is an unusual space to give to a single feature, but not too much to allow *Christopher Morley* for the second installment of "Thunder on the Left." Mr. Morley was for many years a newspaper columnist, first on the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* and later on the New York *Evening Post*. Of his many books the most widely known is *Where the Blue Begins*.

Philip Guedalla, the brilliant author of *The Second Empire* and other volumes of history and biography, adds this month another sketch to his HARPER gallery of Revolutionary portraits: a likeness of that amiable ogre of American history, King George the Third. His previous subjects have been George Washington, Louis XVI, and Lord North.

The Scopes trial had so many points of resemblance to a sporting event that the New York *Herald-Tribune* was inspired to commission its very able sports editor, *W. O. McGeehan*, to cover it. Mr. McGeehan's dispatches made hilarious reading. Talking with him shortly afterwards, we found that he had come away from Dayton with an opinion of small-town folk quite different from that of most sophisticated readers. We asked him to speak his mind plainly in HARPER'S, and this he has done. We suspect that he is right.

The verse of the month is by *W. H. Davies*, who was apprenticed in his youth to a picture-frame maker, spent the next six years as a tramp in America (with ventures in fruit-picking and working on cattle-boats), turned pedlar of laces, pins, and needles—and during the past twenty years has become one of the best-known poets in England; *Amy Lowell*, whose lamented death shortly after the appearance of her life of Keats gives a tragic significance to our publication of one of the last poems she wrote; and *Granville Paul Smith*, of New York, a new contributor.

The contributors to the Lion's Mouth include *Frederick L. Allen* of the editorial staff of HARPER'S; *Caroline E. Vose*, of Portland, Maine, a new contributor; *George Meason Whicher*, of Amherst, Massachusetts; and *Rose Wilder Lane*, author of *He Was A Man*, who is planning to live in Albania, the country she so brilliantly described in *The Peaks of Shala*.

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The frontispiece is reproduced from a recent painting (not yet exhibited) by *Robert Henri*, one of the foremost American artists. Born in Cincinnati in 1865, Mr.

Henri received his training first at the Pennsylvania Academy in Philadelphia and later in France, Spain, and Italy. His work is represented in most of the principal art museums of this country, and he has won an imposing series of honors. Last February we reproduced on the cover of HARPER'S MAGAZINE his painting of a little Irish girl, Mary O'Malley.

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The storm of protest at Mrs. Gerould's article on Reno has been followed by a storm of equal intensity induced by her paper in the July issue, entitled "New Mexico and the Backwash of Spain." The Santa Fé Chamber of Commerce, we understand, has been up in arms, and we have received a flood of letters ranging from jocular to abusive. The abusive letters, we are bound to say, surprised us; living, as we are forced to by the exigencies of livelihood, in a community denounced every other day as a sink of iniquity and banditry, where hundreds of murders go undetected and unpunished each year, and where prominent citizens are frequently branded with impunity as thieves and robbers, we had not realized that temperate comments such as Mrs. Gerould's could arouse anywhere such a frenzy of antagonism.

The most frequent criticisms of Mrs. Gerould's article deal with her remarks about lawlessness, especially in Sandoval County. Says one resident of the County, "For daily thrills and terrors we quiet inhabitants of New Mexico take an apartment in New York or Los Angeles and get our fill of them." A correspondent who lived in New Mexico from 1898 until 1920 says, "I remember two real hold-ups and perhaps three 'killings,' in twenty years (page Philadelphia and New York, please)," and expresses astonishment that he was not murdered in a country where "life is cheap," for "in our ignorance we kept our silver openly on the sideboard, money in unlocked drawers, and brooches on the pincushions. And the keys to most of the doors were lost!"

Several letters criticize Mrs. Gerould for mentioning what one of them calls the "monstrous absurdity" of the story that baby-sacrifice is still practiced by the people of one of the obscurer pueblos. It should be emphasized that Mrs. Gerould mentioned this not as fact but as gossip which "may or may not be true" but is currently believed by American residents in Albuquerque.

We wish we had space to print in full a masterly broadside delivered by the Kiwanis Club of Santa Fé congratulating HARPER'S on "the improved character of its fiction, as evidenced by the article in the July issue by Katharine Fullerton Gerould on 'New Mexico and the Backwash of Spain.'" Referring to the article as "a remarkable piece of imaginative writing," the Kiwanis Club finds "that the unique advertising in your magazine has already started an influx of additional tourists eager to see our thousands of murderers, bandits, thugs, outlaws, cutthroats, bull-fighters and -throwers, and the vast landed estates of the Castilian grandees. In the lack of these, we will endeavor to show them our vast uncivilized wastes, peopled only by Ford cars, barbarous New York golfers in knickers, savage general merchants, insurance agents, real estaters, hardware dealers, grocery salesmen, man-eating railroad conductors, lawyers, jurists, and gory politicians."

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For the new cover design and the typographical changes inaugurated in our September issue we are indebted to William A. Dwiggins, of Boston, one of the ablest typographical experts in the country. The decorations at the head of the articles and departments—familiarly known in the HARPER office as "dingbats"—were designed by him especially for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and the new type titles, the design of the opening page, and the general layout were determined upon in consultation with him. As this department goes to press, the September issue has not yet appeared, but we should like to anticipate the comments and inquiries which are bound to come to us from HARPER readers by giving due credit to the artistic skill and taste of Mr. Dwiggins.